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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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27 APR 1934 OF NEW SOUTH WALES

TRIBUTE

Not only for the men who fell
Our bells are rung,
Not only for the valiant dead
Our anthems sung.
Theirs are the spirits living on
Deathless in pride,
Their names in gold on British rolls;
Our men who died.

Our tribute too for those who live
And battle yet
With all the aftermath of war
That none forget.
The fallen live eternally,
Their triumphs ring.
God help the heroes living still. . .
Remembering. —P. DUNCAN-BROWN.

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WOMAN'S PART in *Anzac Celebrations*

On monuments and altar rails a million blooms have shed their fragrance. The tramp of marching feet has died down.

Women have gone back to their household tasks again — the great army of women who help to keep alive the spirit of Anzac. This spirit is one of reverent gratitude. Glorification of war has no part in it.

ANZAC celebrations are a tribute to the organising power of men. Men provide it with its pageantry, they attract the vast concourse of people that line the streets, that congregate at village church or monument.

Quite rightly so, since it is the Men of Anzac whom we honor on that day.

But behind it all are thousands of women who have, and are, investing the day with its deepest spiritual meaning, women who are emulating in their service for others the great qualities that inspired our men at Gallipoli.

They go on from year to year, working for the welfare of the returned men and their dependents. They are training the rising generation in ways of service for others, and teaching them of the heritage that has come to them from the Men of Anzac.

Women are keeping bright the sacrificial flame that will prevent Anzac Day from ever becoming a national carnival.

* * *

WOMEN take their place, too, in the programme of Anzac Day. This applies to Sydney particularly, where, since 1916, one organisation of women—the Anzac Fellowship—has held uninterruptedly a particularly happy reunion of ex-service men.

It is known as the Soldiers' Anzac Day Tea Party, and for the first seven years it was held at the Soldiers' Club, George St. (now demolished) under the direction of its president, Dr. Mary Booth.

In latter years it has been held at the Town Hall, and Dr. Booth, with many of her old Soldiers' Club committee members and recruits of a later date, arranges a happy meeting. The singing of all the old war-time songs, martial music and tea make the reunion a memorable one for the ex-soldiers.

It was the Anzac Fellowship, too, which originated the idea of holding a service at the gates of Woolloomooloo, through which most of the men passed before embarking for active service. The first of these services was held in 1918, and they have been continued throughout the intervening years.

The Fellowship has also aimed to keep green the memory of Anzac by organising competitions for songs and one-act plays with "Anzac" as their central theme.

The success of these competitions was manifested at the concert which the Fellowship Festival committee arranged at the Conservatorium on Anzac Eve.

* * *

ONE of the most spectacular pageants of Anzac Day is provided by the Junior Red Cross.

Thousands of little girls, in white uniforms emblazoned with the scarlet insignia of the Red Cross, march down Macquarie Street to Government House, each bearing a wreath or posy. These are laid on a mound near the front door of Government House, where a simple service of song is conducted.

This ceremony started in 1927. Lady Davidson presided at the first service, and the wife of each Governor in office has continued the practice.

The flowers collected by the children are taken to the Cenotaph, Martin Place, and Woolloomooloo Gates. Each Saturday in the year, in fact, one circle of the Junior Red Cross, in turn, places a laurel wreath on the Cenotaph. Right throughout the State they take a prominent part in the Anzac Day services.

* * *

ON Anzac Eve, following its usual custom, the Sailors and Soldiers' Mothers, Wives and Widows' Association were at the Town Hall to receive gifts of rosemary, which was made into small buttonholes and distributed among the returned men on Anzac Day.

This society, too, which carries on from year to year its work for soldiers and their dependents, under the direction of its president, Mrs. May Mercer, distributes the entree cards to the women eligible to sit in the special enclosure at the Domain.

The Sailors and Soldiers' Victory Association, of which Mrs. Cotnell is president, does similar work, and there are numerous auxiliaries and country suburban organisations which include hundreds of women in their membership.

* * *

THE list of societies which directly or indirectly contribute to the great festival of Anzac, and give practical effect to its teaching, is endless. They cannot be enumerated.

And even outside these there are individual women who are not able to join in collective effort, but who, nevertheless, hidden in the masses of a city's population, or isolated in some far-distant part of the country, have seen a gleam of the Spirit of Immortality that has arisen from a world once dyed red with the blood of its manhood.

ANZAC MEMORIAL in Hyde Park, erected by the citizens of Sydney at a cost of £80,000. About £10,000 is required to complete this handsome structure, on which the work is being pushed forward in anticipation of its completion for the opening by H.R.H. Prince George during his visit.

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METHODS of *Unscrupulous Money-lenders* EXPOSED

By Our Special Commissioner

Women of this State will be glad to learn that the Government is considering amending the law to deal with money-lenders.

The misery caused by unscrupulous and usurious money-lenders is too common to be disregarded.

INEXPERIENCED people reading the glib advertisements of the "financier" imagine that here is an easy way out of their temporary difficulties.

On the surface it is. But after the initial interrogations as to bona-fides, security, guarantors, etcetera, have been endured, and the money is in the borrower's purse, her troubles have not even commenced.

Almost invariably a person in need of, say, six pounds will borrow ten. The extra four pounds seems just like giving yourself a present.

For the loan of £10 the money-lender demands a promissory note to repay £12/10/- within three months by instalments of 10/- a week. It does not seem a heavy rate of interest until later when one thinks it over and finds that it is considerably over 100 per cent. one has agreed to pay by way of interest.

* * *

PERHAPS the sum may be larger, and the borrower finds herself in difficulties and unable to meet the payments.

The spider has another web around the corner for the unsuspecting fly. "If you have a loan in another office, Blank and Co. will pay it up and advance you another loan on easier terms."

Off goes the harassed debtor to Blank and Co. full of hope. Mr. Blank's ideas of easier terms are not quite the same as the borrower's. The gentleman wants a bill of sale on the household furniture. If the client is a married woman she must get her husband's consent before this can be done. The money-lender will then assess the value of the furniture, and ultimately, if he thinks fit, advance the money at the same old exorbitant rate of interest.

Gradually the loan is being paid off. Lots of little things have to be done without in order to do it. But the money-lender has not quite finished with the victim yet.

"If you want any more, Mrs. Brown," he says as he accepts the second last payment, "you can have it!"

Mrs. Brown thinks of all the little things she hasn't been able to buy. She could pay off the instalments on the sewing machine in one lump, and get that off her mind. She accepts the offer of the kind-hearted money-lender, and is once again working on the financial treadmill.

Strict Privacy

THE money-lender's chief weapon is the sensitive objection on the part of his client to having it known that he has ever been to a money-lender at all.

He guarantees "strict privacy." He is "strictly confidential." A wife borrowing a loan without the knowledge of her husband is a very easily bluffed woman if she fails to keep her payments right up to date.

A well-advertised myth is the misleading slogan, "No security required. Loans made on your note of hand only."

The borrower who expects to attend some delightfully informal and friendly affair at which he just signs a piece of paper and walks away with the money is due to be greatly disillusioned. The security is most decidedly required. And a great deal of information about one's private affairs, even extending to one's home life must be forthcoming.

The difference between undergoing the third degree at the C.I.D. and having your bona-fides questioned by a prospective money-lender lies only in fact that the police don't charge interest for it.

So long as there are people in desperate need of money the unscrupulous money-lender will flourish, but a state of affairs which allows them to do so is not conducive to the welfare of the Australian home

GIRL *Builds* PLANE For CENTENARY *Race*

An all-Australian plane is being built for the Centenary air race. Much of the work is being carried out by an Australian girl.

MR. L. J. R. JONES, lecturer in Engineering at the Technical College, and Mr. T. D. J. Leech, B.Sc., lecturer in Civil Engineering and Aeronautics at the Sydney University, conceived the idea of building an All-Australian machine for the big contest, and they have enlisted the services of Miss May Bradford to assist in the construction work.

Our representative paid a visit to the workshops at Ryde on Friday, and was let into the secret of the venture by Miss Bradford.

We found the young woman pilot in overalls busily engaged in oxy-welding and cutting and fitting tubes for the framework of the plane, which is now nearing completion. The final assembling of the parts will take place at Grace Bros. Emporium at the end of May, when the machine will be on public view for three weeks.

* * *

MISS MAY BRADFORD, a young girl from Bega, has already made her name as an air pilot, having received her license in Queensland three years ago. She also holds a ground engineer's license, being the only Australian woman, she claims, to do so.

She will be remembered as the heroine of a sensational crash near Goulburn last year, when her plane developed a tail spin at 2000 feet. Showing wonderful presence of mind, Miss Bradford used her wing as a shock-absorber, and put it into the ground when a smash was inevitable. The muscles of her side were badly torn with the safety-belt, but she escaped serious injury and showed her extreme nerve by taking the air again next day.

Miss Bradford had previously been a daring horsewoman and broncho rider, and was decorated by the Prince of Wales when on his visit to Queensland. An expert rifle shot, a good swimmer and tennis player, Miss Bradford has not by any means neglected the arts of women, and has found time in an interesting career to study painting, etching, and fancywork.

Don Seville will pilot the plane in the air race, with Mr. Jones as co-pilot.

Should anything prevent Mr. Jones making the flight, it is intended that Miss Bradford shall accompany the pilot

ATKINSONS
CALIFORNIAN POPPY
FACE POWDER

28.7.27

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Let's Talk Of

INTERESTING PEOPLE . . .

WORKER FOR PEACE

MISS JANE ADDAMS is the founder of Hull House, Chicago, a social settlement which has become world-famous. She is the only American woman to receive the Nobel Peace Prize. She has devoted her life to the cause of peace, and for 20 years has headed the Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom.

Hull House is situated in a poor quarter of Chicago, in a neighborhood teeming with people of many nationalities, including Greeks, Italians, Bulgarians, Lithuanians, Macedonians and Mexicans. Each group in the settlement scheme is encouraged to preserve its national individuality and instruction is given in national arts and crafts. The ideal of the settlement is to foster friendly co-operation and mutual understanding — "cosmopolitan relationships," as the founder expresses it, among the various nationalities represented.

DISTINGUISHED ENGLISHWOMAN

MISS EDITH THOMPSON, O.B.E., C.B.E., is in charge of a party of 25 English schoolgirls who are to visit Australia early in October under the auspices of the Society of Overseas British Women and the Victoria League of Australia.

Miss Thompson has had a very distinguished career. She was for eight years Mayor of Aldeburgh, England, and since 1921 has been a town councillor. She was Controller of Inspection of the Queen Mary Auxiliary Army Corps from 1917 to 1920, when she was awarded the O.B.E. Later she received the C.B.E. decoration.

Miss Thompson visited Australia at the latter end of last year.

LORD TENNYSON'S BRIDE

LADY TENNYSON, who married the grandson of the famous British poet last week, was formerly Mrs. Joseph Donner, widow of an engineer, of Buffalo (U.S.A.) and daughter of Mr. Howard Elting, a Chicago manufacturer.

The announcement of the engagement came as a surprise to Lord Tennyson's friends in London, few of whom had met his fiancee. The wedding adds a new interesting link to the chain of English-American marriages.

A LOT *of* NONSENSE *is* TALKED *About* SEX!

Says Famous English Poet

MUCH that is held to be "modern" in our morality is age-old in reality, and merely flourishes under a new name. Thus it is the fashion nowadays to talk of "sex" when we mean "love," and, says this famous writer, in discovering what are acclaimed to be new fields of thought we are dealing with the same ancient problems in a manner that is far from being new.

By OSBERT SITWELL

IN modern conversation the word sex is very largely used as a substitute for the older and somewhat more conventional word love. This, one cannot help thinking, is a mistake. Such a label carries with it an infinite burden of science and pseudo-science. One always hears of sex psychology rather than of love psychology. It is, no doubt, in everybody's interest that the study of love should be scientific, yet in another mood it seems to one like attempting to harness two butterflies to a waggon.

If "Romeo and Juliet" had been written now, it would, no doubt, be described as a straight and stirring story of sex-appeal rather than as a love story.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, I believe, is credited with having stated that no love story will hold the interest of an audience for more than a few years. Probably he never said it, for that great man is given a number of striking statements so vast that it must have been impossible for one man to say or write them in a lifetime. But, in any case, he knows the world of drama too well to venture on such a rash dictum.

* * *

WHATEVER the love story is called, whatever name is applied to it, it has been the foundation of the drama for many centuries.

That a great deal of nonsense has been talked about sex, I suppose no one will deny; but at the same time it cannot entirely be doubted that certain persons display genius in this respect, just as they might show their genius in poetry, painting, cricket, or anything else. The vehicle of genius is one that it is impossible to criticise.

This quality of sex genius enters, I think, into that curious quality of glamour which can never quite be described or explained. Certainly it plays its part in stage glamour. If you take, for instance, the late Gaby Deslys, that peculiar sway which she exercised over every kind of audience can only be accounted for by this kind of genius. It certainly cannot be put down entirely to her legs, or her clothes, or her voice, or to any combination of these. Yet when she appeared on the stage it was impossible for any member of the audience to look, listen or pay attention to anyone else.

* * *

WE hear a great deal of the "modern preoccupation with sex." This idea is conveyed to the public because of the amount of public discussion of it which takes place in these days. But the word "sex," as we have said, is tending to displace the old word "love."

It crops up at every moment, and Hollywood has accustomed us to placarded displays of sex-appeal. But we hear little of "preoccupation with love." If in reality the modern world was preoccupied with sex, we should hear very much less about it. Sex chatter covers a void.

It is only a very moral world that can give birth to scandal. If the world of to-day was, to our way of thinking, completely amoral, as, for example, was the world of the Greeks, there would be no scandals and very little gossip, for no aberration could cause any surprise.

Divorces, again, can only exist to shock us in a state of society where monogamy is the recognised institution. In a country like America, where divorce is every year becoming more and more common, it will soon be a long and happily married couple that will surprise and ultimately shock the community.

After all, there are fashions in morality as in everything else. Twenty years ago the Turkish Pasha who had fewer than four wives would have shocked the Turkish nation in just the same way, and just as much as the man with two wives shocks us.

The European standard of morality may be just as much due to the fact

that the average European is essentially monogamous by nature, as to any inherent moral superiority. But this does not alter the fact that we have a code of behaviour natural to our civilisation, and which it is thus useless to criticise.

* * *

WE are often told that the old are shocked by the frankness of the young. But they are not half as much shocked by it as we are shocked by their habit of muddling. Moreover, at their age they should stop being shocked! It is a privilege of youth.

Meanwhile, to prophesy—after this age of frankness will come another age of discretion. "Sex-appeal" will lose its sway over the hearts of the young, and will take on a hundred romantic variations of name. It will be the fashion to disguise the sentiments just as, perhaps, it will be the fashion once more to disguise the male countenance with whiskers; it looks, indeed, as if whiskers and crinolines were the outward and visible symptoms of the wish to disguise the inner thoughts.

(Copyright)

THE MODERN, broad-minded attitude towards sex has had many good effects, one of which has been the freeing of women from ridiculous clothes. The picture above and the one on the left are graphic examples which speak for themselves.

Man Who Bathes Canaries

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative In Europe

THOUSANDS of homes are brightened by the presence of the little canary, but how many women who love the little yellow whistler really understand what care and attention the delicate little fellow requires in his captivity.

Not the least important of his requirements is his bath, and England has its canary-bathing expert, Mr. Tom Smith, of Norwich, to whom people from all over the country send their birds to be bathed. It has taken Mr. Smith years to perfect his skill in bathing and grooming canaries for show purposes.

Watching Mr. Smith bathe one of his birds, one realises how delicate the task is. The most important thing is ensuring the birds are not alarmed. When Mr. Smith handles a canary, a friendly "chirp" is heard, but the bird makes no struggle.

Three bowls of warm water are used. The only secret about Mr. Smith's methods is a preparation he mixes with the water to give the birds' plumage an extra sheen.

Wetting and soaping the birds with a special soap is a difficult operation. Canaries breathe through their nostrils only, and a speck of lather in the bird's nostrils would kill it.

The body is washed with a shaving brush and the head and neck with a toothbrush—a much less vigorous operation than it seems.

Another soaping in the second bowl of water and a final rinse in the third bowl and the bath is finished. It has taken exactly two minutes of very rapid but thorough work.

The bird is carefully wiped with a soft flannel and its feathers smoothed into place. Then strips of flannel are wound round it until the canary is encased in a tube open at each end, and it is laid in front of a fire to dry.

When nearly dry the canary comes out of his blankets and is carefully groomed with pieces of silk, each feather being put into the best position.

Finally he goes into a glass and wood box, again before a fire, to dry off before returning to his cage—an after-the-bath chill might be fatal.

PERFECT FOR THE AUSTRALIAN CLIMATE

Oven-fresh Always
The new inner-sealed Waxtite Wrapper keeps Kellogg's fresh and crisp after opening.

THE 1934 BREAKFAST

ESKIMOES eat rich, heat-producing food to combat the cold. But heavy, hot, cooked food, especially in the morning, is unsuited to our climate. Eat the 1934 breakfast—light, sustaining Kellogg's Corn Flakes! You'll be rid of that sluggishness—you'll have energy that *lasts*! Kellogg's Corn Flakes are ready-to-eat, delicious with milk, cream and fruits, good for grown-ups and children. Economical—for any light meal. Get some to-day . . . modernize your diet!

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

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SOME *Strange* CASES *of* FREAK INSURANCE!

Charlie's Pants—Czar's Life

Before leaving for Australia, Leff Pouishnoff, world-famous pianist, insured his marvellous hands against accident with a London insurance office for £20,000.

The incident recalls other interesting insurances by noted artists and film stars on their assets.

THE original clothing which made Charlie Chaplin famous, consisting of a cutaway coat, baggy trousers, over-large boots, dilapidated hard felt hat and cane, was insured while on the way for exhibition in New York and Chicago for £10,000. The whole outfit would not be worth more than two shillings, according to an old clothes dealer, but it is securely kept in a vault at the Chaplin Studio. Museums, both in London and New York, wish to procure this historic clothing, for the benefit of posterity.

During the regime of the Czar of Russia many business men insured their interests in that country for a sum which exceeded well over a million pounds.

A French actress, Cecile Soret, of the Comedie Francaise, had a hat studded with diamonds and emeralds. Before embarking on an Atlantic voyage, she took out a policy, covering the risk of her hat being blown overboard.

Mabel Poulton, the pretty English actress, insured her remarkably beautiful eyes for £30,000.

Pearl White, famous a few years ago for her exploits of daring in the serial film, insured her dimples for £13,000.

Paderewski placed a value of £12,000 on his hands, and a celebrated French dancer claimed £200,000 for her legs.

Another dancer claimed that she could not dance unless she heard the music, so she insured her eardrums for £12,500.

Ben Turpin, until recently one of filmdom's most popular comedians, insured his cross eyes for £20,000. He knew his livelihood would be lost if his eyes, by some trick of fate, were to become straight.

The case of a woman insuring her ugliness is surely unique, yet Polaire dared not lose her homely looks, for they earned her many thousands on the stage. So she took out a policy for several hundred thousand francs in case her ugliness was marred.

What would Harold Lloyd be without his glasses? The original pair which brought him fame have been insured for £5000. Their real value is assessed at not more than two shillings. Such is fame!

Recently in Sydney, £400 was paid for a mere smile, but Miss Fay Marbe, the American actress, valued her smiles at £50,000.

In England you may insure against breach of promise, against the wet weather spoiling your holiday, or against your daughter eloping. A French insurance company is even willing to insure women against the possibility of not securing husbands for themselves.

There is hardly any limit to the risks against which insurance policies may be carried out, but you must have "insurable interest," that is, you must not insure against any happening which will not entail actual loss. Some time ago a prominent theatrical press agent took out a policy insuring the lives of the Royal Family. He claimed this as "insurable interest" on the grounds that a national mourning would cause the theatres to be closed, with a consequent loss of business. Similarly, shopkeepers near St. Paul's were allowed to take out special insurance policies when it was said that the cathedral was in danger of falling down.

THE ARTISTIC hands of Leff Pouishnoff, the world-famous Russian pianist, who will shortly be heard in association with Horace Stevens, the Australian bass-baritone, in a series of recitals at Sydney Town Hall under the direction of Hugo Larsen. Pouishnoff is regarded as the finest living player of Liszt's works, and he has few compeers with his Bach and Chopin playing. The Russian's hands are insured in London for £20,000.

Change over to gas to-day and enjoy new freedom, new comfort and new convenience on washing day.

10/- deposit
10/- a month

Hundreds of people in the metropolitan area have changed over from an old-fashioned fuel copper to a modern gas copper during the last few weeks. These people are no longer bothered with heat, smoke and heavy work on washing day . . . their laundries are cool, clean and comfortable, even on the hottest day . . . and they are now able to get their washing done in almost half the time and with half the amount of work previously required.

Why not take advantage of our special laundry modernising offer now — it means so much yet it costs so little. We will demolish and remove your old fuel copper, completely instal an up-to-date gas copper — provided the house pipes are suitable—and all you need pay is 10/- deposit and 10/- a month.

At your service always

THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY

Show and Demonstration Rooms:
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GAS COSTS LESS THAN ½d. A UNIT

DIPHTHERIA MENACE *Makes Anxious Days* for PARENTS

Anti-Toxin Treatment Reviewed

By Our Special Medical Commissioner.

Diphtheria is prevalent all over Australia, with serious epidemics raging in many country districts.

The suggestion by a body of medical men that the danger should be combated by wholesale inoculation of all children has aroused apprehension among mothers in every State of the Commonwealth.

This article, written by an eminent authority, clearly explains the medical view of inoculation.

DIPHTHERIA is a disease of the throat, caused by a germ which is more or less ever present in the dust or atmosphere.

Like all germs, it appears to have a capacity for becoming more dangerous at some times than at others, and thus epidemics occur.

Another peculiarity of these germs is that the body is capable of developing such resistance that dangerously active germs may be present in the throat of some individuals, and yet they never contract the disease.

On the other hand the breath of those persons, themselves immune, may seriously threaten some other individual. The germ is also capable of being transmitted by clothing, books, letters, and uncooked foods.

Tests that have been carried out reveal that approximately 35 per cent. of all children are naturally immune. The other 65 per cent. have developed no immunity, and their lives are constantly threatened should they make contact, in one or other of the ways mentioned, with the organism of diphtheria.

Once the disease is contracted it is possible by the injection of anti-toxin, in the very early stages, to bring about a rapid recovery and save life.

Oftentimes, however, the diagnosis of the disease is made late, either due to the fact that the parents do not regard a sore throat or a cold as a serious condition, and only consult a doctor when the gravity of the child's illness commences to cause anxiety.

In other instances, even to the medical man, an examination may not, until the condition is well advanced, present any signs to make him suspect diphtheria, and, therefore, inoculation may be too late.

Anti-Toxin Found

It was for this reason that medical science made endeavors to bring about an immunisation of the total child population, such as existed already in 35 per cent. of children naturally immune.

Scientists naturally turned to the preparation of some form of vaccine. The true vaccine such as that used in smallpox was not found applicable, but a mixture, containing the naturally developed antidote in an animal which had already had diphtheria, was shown to have considerable efficacy in preventing diphtheria. This mixture was found when injected in small quantities into the non-immune human being to produce, after a period of time, a resistance to the disease, so great that in practically every case it prevented the occurrence of the disease at all, and where the disease had developed it rendered it only a minor ailment of very short duration.

It is this mixture, finally prepared and scientifically standardised, which is used to-day in an endeavor to immunise the child population throughout the entire world.

There are two forms of injection in respect of diphtheria.

Anti-toxin injection alone is used for treatment of a patient who already has the disease, and another, toxin anti-toxin, is used for immunising against the disease, in order to afford protection in case of future contact with the diphtheria germ.

Tragedies Recalled

It is claimed by opponents of this method that there are risks involved. These claims are based upon one or two unfortunate instances—notable among which was the tragic happening at Bundaberg in 1928, when 12 children lost their lives after injections of diphtheria serum. In other parts of the world there have been quite a number of serious and fatal effects following upon injections. These happenings have all been very fully investigated by experts, and, without exception, it has been shown that no fault rested whatever with the toxin anti-toxin itself.

The serious results were found to be due to human error, such as lack of careful sterilisation of instruments, or the use of too old or improperly corked bottles of injection solution.

Precautions have now been provided against this sort of happening in Australia by the accurate standardisation of every phial of solution for use, by labelling to show up to what date the solution may be safely used, and by very detailed instructions to the medical officer as to how the injection should be made. These precautions have reduced the risk to a negligible quantity.

In any case these dire results have been of very infinitesimal proportion compared with the enormous benefits from wholesale immunisation against diphtheria.

The value and the scientific basis for anti-toxin should not be discredited merely because the human element has, in rare instances, led to fatal errors.

There has been great controversy in England of recent months on the advisability of injecting anti-toxins for diphtheria. This has been largely due to the activities of the anti-vivisectionists.

The principal arguments against the use of anti-toxins for the prevention of diphtheria have been:

1. That the preparation of anti-toxin is dependent on experiments with live animals, mostly horses, and involves cruelty.

The grounds for this objection are also erroneous. It can be definitely stated that the animals treated do not suffer at all in the preparation of anti-toxin.

The draining off of a little of their blood might be compared to the well-known benefits resulting from the administration of a blood transfusion to a person who has suffered a severe accident.

Anti-toxin itself is precisely the same material that our own bodies produce in reaction to invasion by diphtheria germs. Where our bodies do not produce enough, or do not produce it quickly enough, we are helped by administering a mixture supplied from outside sources.

2. That the results of anti-toxin do not justify its use.

This is an error due to ignorance of the facts. In Australia in the past ten years, the annual mortality from diphtheria has decreased from 900 to approximately 300, and figures which will be published later show a corresponding result in other countries.

(A further article on this subject will appear next week.)

Actor's Island Paradise For Poor Boys

Ivan Menzies, actor, and son of an Edinburgh physician, is to become a modern Robinson Crusoe. And he has chosen for his abode a beautiful little coral island three miles off the coast of Queensland, known as Richards Island.

BUT instead of living the life of a hermit like the original Robinson Crusoe, Menzies intends to use his island, which he has bought for £500, to form a colony for promising boys of poor families, and for orphans. The boys will be taught useful trades and crafts, agriculture, afforestation and stock raising.

But more than anything, says Menzies, they will be taught the real joy of living. Their bodies will be bronzed by bathing in the lagoon, and lying languorously on the white sands.

There will be big game hunting for them on land and in the sea. They will learn how to spear fish, and there will be expeditions on to the mainland for wild boar and deer.

They will grow coconuts, pineapples, bananas and grapefruit.

The boys will build their own palm thatched huts, and for sport there will be turtle riding, with the excitement of pearling among the oyster beds.

The prospect is a fascinating one, with, however, a little more romance than practicability about it.

However, the announcement of the venture in England met with a most eager response, over 1000 inquiries having been made by people interested.

His proposal is that two or three people with small capital, like himself, should pioneer the settlement until it can be made self-supporting.

At a later date, when the foundations of the settlement were fully established, it was proposed to bring out poor but worth-while boys, one at a time, at the expense of the settlement.

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LOVE PHILTRE

Complete Short Story

Illustrated by WEP

If you want to know WHY it worked . . . don't ask the missionary's daughter—she only knows HOW.

"Strong magic," said Maku in the dialect. "Never does this strong magic fail."

By DALE COLLINS

LITTLE Miss Widgery, invoking the powers of darkness, was justly appalled at what she did, but loneliness and frustration may drive even a missionary's pale and mousy daughter to desperate remedies. That its pathos was the strongest feature of her adventure did not occur to her at all.

There she sat in the cave on a stool carved in the likeness of a pig. The place was fittingly sinister and dank. When the fire waxed the mother-of-pearl eyes in the row of skulls winked balefully, and shadows crept on the rocky walls, so that it seemed to Miss Widgery as if evil things watched her and stirred their wings. Old Maku, the witch doctor, was an evil thing himself. The bones thrust against his parchment skin; his eyes shone like an animal's; he wore a necklet of human bones; he was dirty and pagan and barbarous, the very embodiment of all the superstition and ignorance combated by Miss Widgery's father and his brethren. Well aware of this, sinful Miss Widgery remained, a client, a patient, in Maku's consulting-room.

Only bitter, desperate need could have brought that about.

"Strong magic," said Maku in the dialect. "Never does this strong magic fail." He showed sharpened teeth blackened by betel nut. "You pay now," he added curtly, for he was one of those who believe that professional men should not have to wait for their fees.

No possible good could come of the transaction: it was a waste of time and money, a folly, a shameful betrayal. Nevertheless, Miss Widgery's trembling fingers counted out the twenty shillings and passed them to Maku.

"Strong magic," he reiterated, snatching the money with one scaly paw, and with the other handing her a small gourd.

A tingle ran hotly through Miss Widgery as she touched the gourd. In the face of all reason and training, hope leapt up. There were "more things in heaven and earth"; there was always the chance. An excited, breathless giggle escaped from her. Impossible to live close to the brown people of the isles of the Western Pacific without becoming infected with something of their credulity and primitive outlook.

Her girls at the mission school believed in the White Man's God, of course, but with that belief they contrived to retain an unshaken faith in the Old Things that were Maku's stock-in-trade. Miss Widgery enjoyed the confidence of her girls; they told her their secrets. From them she had heard so often of Maku selling this girl and that her heart's desire. His steady record of success could not be dismissed as entirely coincidence. There must be something more in it than that.

Investigation had become almost a duty to anyone interested in the natives, but the thought of duty passed only fleetingly across Miss Widgery's mind, the gourd in her damp hand. She was praying like a pagan that old Maku held indeed the key to mysteries, and with it would open the door for her as he had done for those other maids of darker hue.

Having counted the money, Maku spat into the fire and intimated that the consultation was at an end by the eloquent gesture of falling asleep.

Miss Widgery, heart beating fast, tiptoed from the cave. Suppose someone should see? Suppose her father ever got wind of this traitorous bargain with the enemy? Suppose—oh, most blood-quickening proposition of all!—that the contents of the gourd did in truth possess properties inexplicable to the learning and science of the West?

Blinking in the amber sunshine, scarlet with the blushes of guilt, she looked about. The beach was deserted save for the gulls and the crabs. With a gasp of relief, she scurried through the palms to the clump of scrub where her pony was hidden.

Users of the road into Rabaul saw only the missionary's daughter returning from her afternoon ride. To them she was a plain, drab, dull, shy, colorless creature who led a dreary life and was of no account in the social system of a community where fun had to be pursued rather ruthlessly to fight boredom and isolation. No one guessed—how they would have laughed!—that under the home-made riding-habit beat a heart so hungry for romance, so starved for affection, that in the pocket of that habit was a gourd containing a course of old Maku's most superior love philtre.

Miss Widgery could hardly believe it herself.

A YOUNG moon sailed above the palms. From somewhere near at hand a native swain coaxed sweet, thin music from a reed flute which he blew with his nostrils instead of his lips. Reversing the process, mouth wide open, the Reverend Parker Widgery made harsher music in his bed. There would have been no sleep for him that night could he have seen the pagan ceremonial in progress under the very roof of the mission house.

On the other side of the wall of matting, modest in her cotton nightgown, Miss Widgery sat before the mirror doing the bidding of a witch-doctor—enemy of Church and State. The meticulous care with which she followed his instructions suggested that she did not regard matters lightly. Into a small shell she poured enough of the powder from the gourd to reach the brim. This she tipped into spring water held in a larger shell. The brew was stirred with a leaf plucked at midnight. Then, as Maku had commanded, she raised the draught to her lips, watching herself the while in the glass.

The face that looked back at her grew more pallid. What might not the powder contain? Bats' wings, mice, perhaps ingredients too sickening for thought. She hesitated, rigid. But having gone so far she could not turn back now. A recklessness quite foreign to her nature took possession of her. She drained the potion, was relieved to find it tasteless, watched herself. The excitement, the effort that had been needed, brought color to her cheeks and brightened her eyes. The pleasant surprise of that, of course, intensified the sparkle.

"Good gracious," whispered Miss Widgery to her reflection, "you look different already. But that's imagination. Absurd!"

Absurd it might be, yet the illusion persisted. There was a thrill in what she saw, and thrills did not frequent the mission house as a rule.

Enchanted, Miss Widgery sat on in the bare room, while the moon looked in and the swain piped his little air of three notes, and the Reverend Parker Widgery snored in the sleep of the just.

Whether from preoccupation with gross worldly affairs or from a sense of seemliness, Miss Widgery went to her bed at last without having said her prayers. That, it is sad to chronicle, did not prevent happy dreams coming to her long before she closed her eyes.

THE potency of the drug was not destroyed by the harsh day.

"Haven't seen you look so well for a long time," said the Rev. Parker Widgery at breakfast. "Must have got that bout of fever out of your bones." He peered at her through thick spectacles.

"I think I have, papa," said Miss Widgery like a dutiful daughter, but made no mention of Maku's illicit medicine or the strange new fever it had kindled in her.

In this she felt justified because the whole business was simply preposterous. She would have felt just as happy and looked just as well without the potion. A coincidence, no more. Still, it was noteworthy that her father should remark on the change. Most noteworthy. And if one could not dismiss Maku's miracles for the native girls as the whims of Chance, why then——? The unfinished question worked on her like wine, like an elixir.

Her pupils, happy children themselves, even to the oldest, were glad to see her happy, because they had known her sharp and sour on occasion. She beamed on her coppery charges; they beamed back. It became a friendly competition in good spirits that profited them all.

The day passed so gaily that the Rev. Parker Widgery was quite perplexed by her cheerfulness in the evening. He, too, had seen her in other moods.

"If I didn't know you better I'd say you'd had one of those vile cocktails," he said, eyeing her suspiciously, for it was his habit to associate happiness and sin in a strangely illogical fashion.

"I don't need cocktails, papa," said Miss Widgery, "to make me cheerful."

Not with Maku's philtre—more sinful than any cocktail—hidden in the bedroom.

THE morrow being Saturday, there was no school. In the cool of the evening Miss Widgery walked abroad through the grassy, tree-shaded streets of Rabaul. She wore her best frock and best hat, and, buoyed up by her secret strength, looked on brown and white with a friendly eye. She smiled; she was almost radiant. They were a little surprised, but responded the more readily because affability in Miss Widgery had the added charm of novelty.

The success of these experiments increased her confidence. Mrs. Hemmington, the town's chief gossip, came on her admiring the sunset.

"My dear," said Mrs. Hemmington, who was not given to understatement when she gushed, "you look positively beautiful in this wonderful light. Just like a figure in a stained-glass window. So happy, so bright! Now, now, admit it, you're in love!" She wagged a roguish finger.

"I am in love with everyone," popped from Miss Widgery before she could check the admission. So significant that tribute from sharp-eyed Mrs. Hemmington!" "I mean," she hastened to add, blushing, "because it's such a lovely evening."

"I believe there's more in it than that!"

There was.

MRS. HEMMINGTON hastened away to spread the news that something had come over the Widgery creature.

Something had.

And the miracle kept on working.

George Warren, Rabaul's most eligible bachelor, came running down the steps from the verandah as she passed the hotel. His boyish smile, so much admired, was working at such full pressure that Miss Widgery had to glance over her shoulder to see at whom it was directed. There was no one there.

"Miss Widgery! What a bit of luck! We were just talking about you," he said in enthusiastic greeting.

"About me, Mr. Warren!" she echoed, but the flutter was faster than ever now, for she guessed what lay at the back of all this far better than he did.

"Yes, some of the boys are having a cocktail party, and we were saying what a pity it is you don't join in such poor parties as we have. You know, Miss Widgery, we miserable bachelors don't see much of nice girls in this one-horse town. You, for instance! It isn't fair to hide away from us."

The first stars were coming out. They did a crazy dance in the purple heavens before Miss Widgery's shining eyes. "That's—that's very sweet of you, Mr. Warren," she contrived to reply, though it was really Maku who was sweet.

"And what's more," he hurried on—and there was that in his voice and smile that could only have been put there by a magician—"I'm not going to let you run away now that you've chanced along so opportunely. We're quite harmless despite our reputations. Do come up and join us. We'd love it. Take pity on us, Miss Widgery."

She was too dazed by wonder to flee. Not that she wanted to, but that would have been her instant reaction had she never called on the powers of darkness to bring light into her life.

THEY went up the stairs, the hand of her escort solicitous beneath her elbow, and Miss Widgery found herself at a big table about which were gathered half a dozen men in white duck. The setting was one of great brilliance to Miss Widgery, who did not frequent such haunts. There were many colored lamps, a gramophone was playing, ice clinked in glasses, the stars looked in through flowering vines; there was a festive note about the patrons, and Miss Widgery's young men were quite the gayest and most-sought-after group in the whole social galaxy of Rabaul.

Without the explanation she carried in her heart she would have been bewildered, daunted, overwhelmed, but as it was she was mistress of the situation. Shyness swept away, radiating happiness and triumph, she chattered and laughed and glowed. Despite her boast to her father, she even had a cocktail.

Perhaps they were flattered by her obvious enjoyment; perhaps they were astounded to find her such excellent company—but beyond denying they paid court to her.

Please turn to Page 30

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NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY F. W. L. ESCH

Eric Linklater's "Magnus Merriman"

Linklater's new book, "Magnus Merriman," could hardly be recommended as a suitable gift for a young girl just leaving her convent, neither should it be presented, without due consideration, to grandmothers or maiden-aunts, but for average men and women, who can stand their life served up somewhat underdone, it should provide a pleasantly devilled repast.

AS a work of literature "Magnus Merriman" is a joy. It is well up to the standard of "Poet's Pub" and "Juan in America," even though the story may not be so good.

Linklater is a writer of rare genius. His kind is few and far between, these days. A keen student of literature and a confirmed disciple of Shakespeare, his prose is rich and rhythmic; his vocabulary tremendous. He uses words which leave the average reader clawing for the dictionary.

Magnus Merriman is a writer, consequently we are treated to a brilliant and satirical summing-up of modern literature in the early chapters of the book. Merriman has written a successful novel which enables him to go to Scotland and stand as a Scottish Nationalist candidate in an election, which he loses. After this unfortunate attempt to embark upon a political career, he returns to his home in the Orkneys and develops a liking for farm life.

Many Romances

INTERWOVEN in the general tapestry of his affairs are the liaisons of Magnus Merriman.

He commences by falling in love with a lady doctor in London. But as she is a widow and has two children, about whom she is always talking at the wrong times, he gives her up and goes to Scotland, firmly resolved to have no more to do with love and women.

Australian Scots will delight in Linklater's poetic description of Edinburgh, and especially the Rugby football match between England and Scotland, on page 147.

Needless to say he falls in love again, this time with a wild and beautiful American girl of Scotch parentage. But when he finds she wants to marry him he's off like a frisky horse to another part of the paddock.

In the end he returns to the Orkneys, where he falls in love with a farmer's girl whom he later marries and settles with on a small farm.

Philosophy of Failure

THE reader will be disappointed that such a virile young man as Magnus, with his brilliant wit and his literary genius, should give up everything to become a small farmer miles away in the Orkneys, and, moreover, that he should become the henpecked husband of a nasty-tempered young wife; but Magnus seems perfectly content.

He is a failure. Indeed, the book, like so many recent novels, propounds a philosophy of failure. Magnus bursts out, on one occasion: "I'll make a mess of things, but a handsome mess and a lively mess. I'm going to be a grandiose, multiple, and consistent failure. And I don't care! I don't want to be successful and damned for success by smugness, imperciplence, spiritual arthritis, and jaded appetite.

"I'd rather have my ambitions ripped up every year as if by a plough, and then they'll sprout again, and grow again, and be green through time. I'm going to be a failure, but I'll be alive, really alive, able to make a fool of myself and get drunk as I please, when your successful men are limping around three-parts dead under the weight of their success."

The truth of the matter is that Magnus does not seem to be able to help making a fool of himself. He is dogged by an impish bad luck. Fate lies in wait for him like a treacherous banana-peel.

* * *

HOWEVER, his first novel, "The Great Beasts Walk Alone," is successful enough to be able to absolve him from the financial difficulties which accompany most of his escapades. It was evidently a good novel, but a little coarse, and when somebody makes a remark to this effect Magnus replies:

"If you shrink from occasional coarseness in writing you are forced to leave out a great deal that is important and significant in life. . . . You can't make a steak and kidney pie without kidneys."

It is a pity that this little gem of philosophy does not come earlier in the book. Indeed, it would have done no harm to have had it presented in italics on top of the first chapter. **"Magnus Merriman." Eric Linklater.** 7/6. Jonathan Cape. (Our copy, Dymocks.)

F. J. THWAITES, the young Australian author, who has just published his fourth novel.

WHERE GODS ARE VAIN

THIS story, by the young Australian author F. J. Thwaites, is built round the life of Derry Dexter, an urchin from the slums of Sydney.

Sam Dexter, the father, determined to apprentice the lad to a life of crime, and when objection was raised by his mother, he overcame her resistance by physical brutality. Finally, the mother submits, and while she and Derry were engaged in an orgy of shoplifting, the mother is arrested. She is finally sent to a mental home, while the boy is placed in the care of a State institution.

An interval of fifteen years elapses, and Derry is next heard of as a fairly successful planter on Cocos Island, with his pal Andy Saunders. Derry has become a whisky addict, and this is a source of worry to Andy. Another disturbing element in their island life is that Yenda, a beautiful native girl, has fallen violently in love with Derry, and seems to be able to exercise an extraordinary influence over him with the music of her violin.

Derry, however, is a confirmed woman-hater, and when a beautiful American girl, Marie de Dratton, lands on the island, he insults her, and orders her off the place.

Derry and the American girl finally become fond of one another, but when Marie finds that he has lowered himself by having had an affair with Yenda, she leaves the island.

The pathetic story of Marie's struggles against adversity ends in her seeking out her former island lover.

An intensely interesting story of a fight against heredity and environment, in which the hero's triumph is made possible by the love of a devoted woman. (Jackson and O'Sullivan).—J.S.

SHORT . . . REVIEWS

"Romance For Sale." Jennifer Ames. An interesting story of the screen in England, in which Lance and Odette, working together, become the most popular film lovers. But Lance becomes attracted by another girl, whom he marries, with drastic results to the careers of both of them. Odette found other friends, and one of them, a gentleman crook, whom she had befriended, reformed, and brought romance and happiness into her life. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7/6.)

"Fear By Night." Patricia Wentworth. Patricia Wentworth's novel was written nearly a year before the monster of Loch Ness began to disturb the equanimity of the neighboring folk, and to puzzle the scientists of many countries. It deals with the sea serpent legend, about which a very sensational story is woven. Such was the dread of the monster that Loch Dhu became a deserted lake. The story ends with the love of the two principal characters, Ann Harding and Charles Anstruther, after Ann had inherited a fortune. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7/6.)

"Cheese Carnival." Isobel Wyatt. Lemuel Fromanger, who is the descendant of a long line of cheesemasters, gives a death-bed promise to his father not to wed with Trivena, the girl he loves, but to find someone without the taint of consumption, and likely to bring "Cheese Carnival" without delay.

"Cheese Carnival" is a quaint Somerset phrase so prevalent throughout, meaning the birth of a son to carry on the ancient line of Fromanger cheesemasters.

The romance of Lemuel is bound up with the lives and loves of his rejected sweetheart, Trivena, her son, Crisdy, born out of spite against Lemuel after a marriage with Noll, gentle devoted Patience, who dies a "cross-roads" death when age finally destroys hope of bearing Lemuel a son, and silent, secretive Beth, who becomes Lemuel's second wife.

Humor, irony and tragedy run hand in hand throughout the pages in a pleasant Somerset market town style. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7/6.)—P.H.

HORT HOLBROOK says: My Anchovy Paste is sold in little glass jars. Dainty sandwiches can be quickly made ***

BACKACHE

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Memories of Anzac

Complete Short Story!

Illustrated .:. by .:. WYNNE W. DAVIES

By HAROLD MERCER

IT might be judged that the woman who put flowers on the Cenotaph in the grey morning was not as old as the whitened curls made her appear. She was one of the pilgrimage that makes an impressive sight on Anzac morning.

The world has rolled on since the war; nature has rioted in the green of grass and the joy of bright colors over the graves of the dead; and the scars that were left on human hearts have been healed, too. Healed by forgetfulness in many cases; but hither come the people who can never forget; if their grief is mellowed by reverential pride, their tears are as fresh and real as in the days of the first shedding, but with the blood of shock and horror cleansed from them, kind and beautiful.

There was something kind and beautiful, too, in the still young face of the woman with the whitened curls as she looked compassionately at the bowed, sob-shakened body of the old woman who stood near. She put her hand on her shoulder in gentle comfort.

"He was your only son?" she asked, softly.

"No; I had seven sons, and five of them went. But he was the one who died; and he was the best of them all! My poor Bert!"

Such shrines did the war give to some.

As she turned away a man stood before her, with a quiet ingratiating smile on a pleasant face. A man in middle-age who had seen trouble and borne it well, without bitterness; there were some small ribbons on the breast of his coat.

"You'll excuse me—I saw you here, last year and the year before. I wanted to speak to you; and I've plucked up courage. You don't mind, do you? . . . It was a brother?"

"A very dear friend," she answered.

"I may have known him," he said. "I was at the Landing myself. It is a matter of comrades unforgotten with me."

It was quite natural that they should find themselves in a coffee shop, his suggestion. The tie of a shared grief made them friends.

"You are one of those who have not forgotten."

He spoke in admiration. "So many did, easily. Do you know, when first I noticed you at the Cenotaph, two years ago, I thought I knew you. I know I saw your face somewhere before—it was so familiar. But I'm a bashful man.

"Perhaps," he added, "your friend had a photograph; we might have been together at some time, and he would have shown it to me."

"His name was Percy Smith."

"There were two Percy Smiths with our little lot. I remember both. One was about thirty, fair-haired."

"He was only 23, and dark-haired."

"Oh!" The exclamation was noncommittal, but there was an element of surprise in it. He spoke slowly: "I did not know he was killed. I knew him, of course. He looked very fine in his uniform."

"He was splendid! He was splendid all through," she said. Then she spoke impulsively as if her companion was one who drew her confidence. "But when we began to hear what war was like, I was frightened for Percy. I was frightened that he might fail. He had been so delicately brought up; and he was nervous of many things. The war was a fearful thing to face!"

"We were all frightened, I daresay, although there were those who had courage to laugh. I felt inclined to lie on the sands and bury myself in them; but there was so much courage around you, that you could not be a coward."

"Isn't that courage—to overcome fear?" she demanded, proudly. "That is what Percy did; and he died bravely.

"He died bravely," repeated Arthur Nash.

THE self revelation he had given her was an encouragement to her confidence.

"I was with him," she said almost as if she was only rehearsing her own memories. "I was only a girl, when he went away. My sister and I had a flat, which was handy to our work, and was in what was a good quarter then, where the boys used to march past on the way to the transports."

"We used to wake up to cheer them as they went by, and, then, we'd cry—thinking of the brave young fellows who would not come back. When Percy told us he was going, too, I thought my heart would break; but then I was proud of him. It was the right thing for him to do, and he was doing it.

"It was after he had gone that I grew really frightened. I wanted Percy to come through safely, but more than that I wanted him to come through bravely. And I remembered that Percy was often afraid to face things."

"Yes; I remember," said Nash, rather grimly.

"But he did face them!" she returned, triumphantly. "Though he is dead, that has given me a memory that will last for ever."

"Although we had been sweethearts almost since we were children, Percy was afraid to tell his parents, when it was arranged between us that we were to be married on his return—we thought it would be only a few months, if he got through safely.

"The fear grew upon me, became almost desperate. I had the haunting picture of Percy failing in the stress of some big moment, branded as a coward amongst his fellows. I wanted to be with him to give him encouragement.

"My father was a great telepathist—telepathy was his hobby and enthusiasm. You may have heard of him—Hector Marlow. I remembered his doctrines; and I used to pray at night that I could get into touch with Percy. I used to seize moments of quietness to concentrate upon that idea."

"I can't go on . . . . It is death to all of us," he said!

Nash leaned forward, interested; he beckoned for more coffee.

"I've heard a good deal about telepathy. It has ceased to be an impossible thing since we have learned the wonders of wireless. But, as in wireless, minds have to be in tune to make contact."

"I did make contact!" cried Kathleen Marlow, excitedly. "Several times I woke with a memory of speaking to Percy, which was so clear and definite that it comforted me; but the impression was always vague afterwards. Then there came a time when the impression ceased to be vague, but was intensely definite. When I woke my sister and the other people in the flats were alarmed; they had been unable to waken me. I felt tired, exhausted; but I was glad, although terrified, for I knew my wish had been granted.

"It was terrifying that—that dream. I was on a steamer, where the only light seemed to be from the points of red of cigarettes of the Diggers who huddled about the decks, vague shadows, with the tenseness of waiting over them all. Some, in bravado, were sharpening their bayonets; some were joking; some trying to sleep, and groups spoke softly with sibilant whispers.

It seemed to me that I had to pick my way among the sprawled forms, until I was drawn by a whimper that was like that of a frightened child. I knelt down beside a man who was squatting with his back against a deckhouse, his arms on his knees, and his head fallen on them. I could feel his terror of the ordeal that was ahead.

"'Percy, you must have courage!' I whispered. 'You will be laughed at—disgraced.'"

"'You don't care whether I die,' he said bitterly.

"'I do care,' I told him, earnestly, 'but it is worse than to die, to be branded as a coward. If you fail, you will die in any case—but in disgrace.'

"A whisper seemed to come along the deck, and translated itself into movement. The Diggers were rising and forming into line, with hissing sighs of strain, here and there.

"I could hide somewhere on the boat, and they could not find me," said Percy, wildly.

"You can't; you must join the line," I urged.

"It seemed that I had to urge him all the way. And I seemed also to be standing in the line beside him. The movement of the vessel had stopped, and the ghostly shadows of other ships hung almost motionless in the grey mists. Away further in the mists, too, was a blur that suggested land. The cold, damp air of morning touched like the fingers of death. I could feel that, too."

Nash, his coffee cold before him, stared at her. The thought that she was speaking from a knowledge brought by reading passed; there was an earnestness of actual experience in her as she spoke.

"I was beside him, too, in the scramble down to the barges, urging him on, coaxing his courage. The grey became less dark, the vessels we passed more definite in shape, and the coast to which we were moving was plain now, with a streak of silver of the dawn along the crest shining even in the mists.

"I was so much in it personally that I winced when the bullets began to spatter the still, dark water, and the scream of shells sounded overhead. It was a nightmare to me, but I had to keep my own courage to urge Percy to maintain a hold upon his. I could feel him quivering, and hear his sobbing breath."

"This talking is over-exciting you. Don't go on!" Nash said, putting his own hand on her quivering hand. He was shaking as if going again through experiences that had been real.

"No, I want to talk. I have never spoken about this to anybody else. That is strange. But you are one who knows. You were there. You knew Percy, and you knew that he was frightened. You know that he overcame his fear."

"Yes," he assented in a strange tone.

"I was frantic to stay with him—to remain there to urge him on. It was a sort of inferno when we reached the beach, but I hardly heard anything but the fear whispers of Percy's heart. Everything was automatic but my desire to urge him on. It was ghastly, horrible, when men fell beside him.

"Then we were going up the hill, with bullets pouring down with a noise like a scythe sweeping through grass. Oh, the bravery of it—how the men kept on, clutching at tufts of bush and boulders, and swinging themselves higher. But a man just ahead of us gave a gasping cry, and fell backward, rolling a little, and stayed still.

"Percy was flat against the side of the cliff, trying to bury himself in it.

"'I can't go on; it is death to all of us,' he said.

"'You must! Look how brave they all are! You must be among them!'

"It seemed that I was trying to pull him to his feet, pleading with sobs to him, reminding him of myself, of his family. At last I succeeded. In movement again, he seemed to lose his terror. At the crest, where ghastly things happened, which sickened me when I saw them, he was as indifferent to danger as the rest. I felt sick and ill, and I knew that the danger I feared had passed, for the surge of triumph was in him.

"'Darling, I will always be with you,' I said. 'Remember that, and do not fail.'

"I woke. People laughed when I told them that our boys had been in battle—all about my dream, except about Percy being so frightened. They wondered later, when the news came, with that dreadful list of the dead and the wounded.

"I kept my promise to Percy; he would think that it was all a dream, my presence near him, but it would cheer him; and when I next found him he needed me. A further advance was to be made, and he was afraid."

"That would be the attack on ——"

NASH had begun eagerly; he stopped. "Go on," he said.

"I whispered to him that he had come safely through the other ordeal; I told him that he had won the honor of his companions. Somehow I knew that, I felt that he was gripping himself, but although to be among the ghastly deeds that I had seen before sickened me, I wanted to stay with him, to be his support.

"He was the first to swing out of the trench. I was proud when I realised that.

"Suddenly I was out of touch. He was no longer there. I searched for him, but found nothing. Even before I woke I knew what that meant. I cried my eyes out, and they told me I was foolish.

"But they saw I was right when his name appeared in the casualty list as 'Missing, supposed killed in action.'

"I urged him to his death; yet I am glad—proud and glad. He died bravely," she said, and then she broke down.

He took her hands sympathetically and raised her. "Let us go out into the sun," he said. Its gleam could be seen outside, the morning's drizzle having passed. "You need not be afraid that I will tell your story—about the fears of Percy Smith—to anyone."

He sensed her wish.

Please turn to Page 8

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Memories of Anzac

Continued from Page 7

"I DON'T know what made me tell you," she said. "To everybody else Percy was brave—brave all through."

"Probably it was because I knew all about it; you had to tell me the truth," he returned. "I must go now, to join in the march. May we meet again?"

She said they might; he was a link with the hero-worship that had become her whole life. Later she saw him in the march. A Digger who was standing beside her gave a cheering hall as he passed, and it was answered by a recognition that included her.

"You know that gentleman?" she asked the Digger.

"Know him!" echoed the Digger. "I should say! He was one of the best officers in the brigade. M.C., D.C.M., and all sorts of things. Three times wounded. He was a dinkum! There wasn't a chap who had a bad word for Major Arthur Nash."

Her heart smote her about her revelation of the weakness of Percy Smith to this hero of the war; but a memory of his own self-revelation of fear comforted her.

His friendship became a new, surprisingly valuable possession to her. He was glad to meet her; her loyalty to a memory was an appeal to him. She judged him to be a very loyal man himself.

"You have never even thought of marriage?" he said as they sat in the gardens together. "You are young still, and you—you won't mind my saying it—are charming."

"I promised Percy that I would marry no one else, and I was responsible for his death. I always feel that," she said.

"Loyal little woman! It would be no use my asking you, then?" he said gravely.

"I would prefer that we were friends." She answered him with flushed face.

"I hope we would be friends—even if we were married," he laughed.

She was a little surprised at the cynicism. She had learnt that he had been married, but had no children. He did not talk about the marriage. It had been an unhappy one, then, and accounted for the look of past trouble that was on his face.

He was a man who would not speak ill of his wife whatever sorrow she had given him; if he had had happiness to remember he would have spoken about it. His reference, once, to the trouble of glamorous, horrid war marriages from which many Diggers suffered may have supplied a key to his own story.

He told her that she was the best friend he had ever known, referring with glowing gratitude to the accident of their meeting.

The friendship was even more to her; there was gladness in her heart at every prospect of meeting him.

Yet the ideal of her loyalty stood definitely between them. They both accepted that. He would not destroy a beautiful devotion himself.

"Supposing Percy Smith had not died on Gallipoli?" he asked.

"Why, then," she smiled, "we would have been married, Percy and I."

It was a beautiful friendship for both of them, even if it could not be more. In course of time it became a practice for her, if in town, to call at his office to tell him that they might lunch together. He liked such surprises.

He was engaged one day when she arrived. She sat in the waiting-room outside his office until he should be alone.

The sound of the voices came over the partition, and she was suddenly interested. For besides his, she recognised the other voice.

"She is living on your memory, supposing that you died on Gallipoli," Nash was saying. "Look here, Smith, you've always been afraid of facing things, but it's up to you to face this. A woman wasting her life! You might have married that French girl in Egypt, but she's dead now."

Kathleen's heart seemed to be standing still as she listened.

"Have you told her I'm alive—and all the rest?" demanded the other voice.

"Not a word. I would do nothing to spoil the beauty of an ideal. She does not know that you never set foot on Gallipoli; that you dodged draft on the transport, and that is how you came to be hoisted as missing—until they found you, a deserter. She doesn't know that the influence of your family saved you, and that you were returned to Melbourne so as to avoid anything that might be said."

He spoke in contempt.

"She loves you still—or the memory of you, knowing your weakness, but thinking you had overcome it. All she need know is that the supposition of your death was wrong. You've got to meet her!"

"I won't! I can't face it," said Percy Smith.

It was after Nash had said many hot things to him that he flung out of the office, ruffled and angry.

Kathleen hung her head so that he would not see her; she no longer desired to see him. But directly he was gone she was in the office, facing Nash.

"I heard! You must forgive me, but I heard! And I saw him," she said. "But I can't understand! My dream! He was not on the transport, not on Gallipoli?"

"I don't know, Kath," he answered, "but I was on a transport, feeling a craven, meditating a rush to a hiding-place on the vessel to avoid the conflict ahead, when something came to me urging me to be a man—and stayed with me afterwards. Even when I was dug into the side of the cliff, feeling paralysed, as if I could not go another step. It may be your telepathy had mistaken its way, and came to the first whimperer," he said with a smile.

All the other feelings she had, the shock, the disillusionment, were lost in her admiration for him, the loyal man who, to his own despite, had kept secret his knowledge of another man's failure—who had shown himself still ready to sacrifice himself for her happiness, if her happiness was with Percy Smith.

He had her hands in his, looking down at her.

"I wanted to tell you before, after I had heard what you said, that it was me you had changed from a coward; I was 'knocked' in the first Lone Pine attack, and was unconscious for hours."

"But why ——" she began.

"Perhaps it was that our minds are tuned; there is so much in common between us—that we ought to share," he said.

They went out, happily, into the sunshine, Kathleen wondering strangely why a loyal ideal that had lasted so long should give so little pain in its passing.

(Copyright)

The Anzac in Hospital

Were men of many nations there
In that grim hall of pain.
And one there was, Australian-born,
For whom no golden summer morn,
Astir with song and fluttering wings,
When life and youth were glorious things,
Would ever break again.

From sight of death and sound of war,
The longing spirit turned,
To far, familiar, chanting rills,
And glorious sweep of strong blue hills,
And fields of bronze-hued, waving grain,
And miles on miles of open plain,
Where shimmering summer burned.

He gave the Homeland all, and so,
Was it not meet that he,
Who passed through pain, and long dares
Should glimpse once more that loveliness
For which the passionate spirit pined
Before it soared through stars to find
The City of the Free.

He passed when dawn's red fingers traced
Their message in the sky,
When night was bitter, grey, and dull,
One shuddering spoke, "How pitiful,
Afar from home, of friends, and kin,
And all that makes life sweet therein
In such a place to die."

But if they knew—for him instead
Of that most tragic scene,
The dim hills rose like purple walls,
The blue skies arched o'er foaming falls,
And glittering far before him spread
A royal road that kings might tread,
All shining gold and green.

And when they thought death's summons brought
That pallor, strangely white,
He heard insistent over all
The old, harmonious forest call
And answering back, by shining rills,
He turned a glad face to the hills,
And went out to the light.

—Nellie A. Evans.

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CONFESSIONS of VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

From Bad to Verse

Having retired now from active blacksmithing, I think it is fairly safe to tell you something about my life as "The Village Blacksmith."

I was rather a brawny chap in my time, with arms like iron bands and a voice like brass bands. As a matter of fact, the villagers used to call me a mighty man. This was because sometimes I might do a job and then again I mightn't.

By
L. W. Lower
Australia's Foremost Humorist.
Illustrated by
WEP

The Smith a mighty man was he, but this one was too much for him.

MY poor wife died of psittacosis, otherwise known as parrot's disease.

If you were to ask me did she have any last words, I would reply, "Yes; all of 'em"; however, as you haven't asked me, we won't go into the matter.

My three daughters were all named after flowers.

There was Geranium, the eldest, who used to sit on the horses' chests while I shod them. Then there were Petunia and Snapdragon, who used to hand out the sparks to children who were coming home from school.

These children, by the way, used to get on my nerves. They'd look in at the open door to hear my bellows roar, and as my bellows wouldn't drive them away, and even shrieking had no effect on them, I threw sparks at them.

* * *

I WAS flinging a horse over the fence one day when a goofy-looking bird wandered in and said that he wanted his nail-file retreaded.

We got talking after a while, and I found out his name was Longfellow. He said he was a poet by trade, and that the poetry business had gone to the dogs and was going from bad to verse.

"If you like," he said, "I'll dash off a line or two about yourself. It'll be good publicity for you."

Well, I told him he could have a stab at it, but that fellow got me all wrong. He said I loved to hear my daughters sing at church. That I used to actually go to church to listen to them.

Buddies, I ask you!

Geranium, I'll admit, had had a fair voice—she was a caricatura soprano. But the other two used to frighten the horses if they only hummed. I could knock out better tunes on the bellows. And as for going to church . . . if you've ever been a blacksmith you know that Sunday is the only day in the week that a man can get a bit of exercise. And another thing, I was overworked.

Day in, day out, from morn till night, I'd be bellowing or hammering or something, and when I wasn't doing that I'd be ringing my anvil, which is no mean feat and not to be undertaken lightly.

And on top of all that, when I wasn't toiling I had to do a bit of sorrowing and rejoicing, so you can see that I had my hands full.

* * *

ONE dirty crack that Longfellow brought off had a certain amount of truth in it.

I'll admit that I had a handy habit of looking people brazenly in the face and telling them that I didn't owe them anything. It is not true, however, that I looked the whole world in the face, as I never had the time nor the money for travel.

I will say, though, that looking your creditors in the face and denying all knowledge of the debt works on ball bearings if you're a blacksmith.

I used to just wave my muscles at them and they'd regard themselves as paid.

My daughter Geranium married the village butcher, which narked this poet Longfellow to such an extent that he wrote a poem about him. I only remember the first verse. As near as I can remember, it goes:

"Under the village poplar tree
The village butcher sets,
The butch, a poplar man is he
For he takes S.P. bets.

Of course they tarred him, feathered him, put icing sugar on him, and ran him out of the village on a rail.

* * *

PETUNIA, my youngest, has got a job as a foghorn on a lighthouse, and is doing well. She writes to me regularly, inquiring about the church and one thing and another, and sends me a brace of seagulls every now and then.

Snapdragon had the luck to be kicked by a horse, and it made such an impression that she is now showing as "Lucky Lydia, the Girl With the Horseshoe Embedded in Her Face." Coining money, I believe.

Well, well, I suppose I've earned the usual night's repose. Onward through life I go.

P.S.—You will all be sorry to learn that since writing this I have passed away greatly mourned. The village hearse was decorated with flags and bunting, the occasion was made a public holiday, and a good time was had by all. It is believed that I died as the result of a cold caught while shoeing draught horses. Old Casper, who was sitting in the sun as usual, when interviewed, said that it was a famous victory for the draught horses. He also said that if I had sat in the sun telling lies to my daughter, Whilhelmine, instead of fooling about with draught horses, my funeral would never have occurred.

Seeing that I never had a daughter called Whilhelmine, I consider this most unsporting. Anyhow, if I did have a kid anything like that brat I'd put ground-up glass in her porridge.

You can't get really fond of a child that's always bowling skulls about the place. The whole family were inclined to be a bit morbid. Casper's son, Casperbianca, was the village idiot who went away to sea and set fire to the boat. The mutt then stood there on the burning deck when all but he had made a bolt for the open spaces. Casper used to say that he stood there as if rooted to the spot. He should have been booted off the spot, as I told Old Casper. That reminds me: just before he left the village, Longfellow wrote another poem. Something like this:

**'Twas evening, and the setting sun
Was sinking in the West.
Old Casper sat outside his door
Mopping gravy off his vest.**

**Up came that headache, Whilhelmine,
With the bones of some old soldier,
And asked old Casper what they were,
And Casper said, "I told yer!"**

**"It was a famous victory,
Get that into your brain.
And take those blasted bones away
And don't come here again!"**

**'Twas then the village blacksmith
Picked up a horse and cab,
And aiming it at Casper's bean,
Stonkered the rude old crab.**

Come down to the family vault and see me some time.

CULBERTSON on *Contract Bridge* HANDS

This is the fourteenth of a series of articles dealing with the elementary principles of bidding and play. In this series every necessary element of bidding and play will be discussed by Mr. Culbertson.

By DR. F. V. McADAM

FROM the days of whist the adage, "Second hand low, third hand high," has been religiously handed down, and although this, as a rule, may prove to be the correct procedure, there are occasions when such generalised advice should be utterly disregarded.

The word "never" should not exist for the bridge player, and what previously were regarded as inviolable rules, are really generalities to which there are exceptions, and the exceptions really constitute the meat in the sandwich.

In this article the apparent paradox of playing the lowest, but leading the highest, card of a sequence (all of these cards being of equal value), is explained, and the threadbare advice of always leading your partner's suit, we now realise need not be followed absolutely.

At the bridge table, whenever there is a valid reason for departure from precept, one must always be guided by common sense, rather than to permit oneself to become the blind slave of convention.

Article XIV: By ELY CULBERTSON

Third Hand's Play and Return

IN the previous article on the Rule of Eleven I gave examples where Third Hand deliberately finessed around his partner's lead. It should not be imagined that such a play is always good policy; in fact, it is the exception rather than the rule.

Partner's Opening lead should be finessed only when the Dummy holds certain honors or high intermediates. In cases where the Dummy holds nothing but small cards, Third Hand's proper play is almost invariably his highest card, or, in cases where he holds sequences, the lowest card of his highest sequence.

This last convention is a direct antithesis of the convention of leading the highest card of a sequence.

It may seem strange that when holding the King-Queen-Knave, the King should be led, but the Knave should be played to a partner's lead. Actually, however, it is not at all strange, as a moment's study will show.

10 9 8
K 4 3 2 [ ] Q J 5
A 7 6

LET us say that the deuce is opened and the eight played from the Dummy. If East plays the Queen, and South wins with the Ace, West will be completely in the dark as to the location of the Knave. However, if the Knave is played and taken with the Ace, it must be apparent to West that the Queen is in his partner's hand, as the Declarer would surely not take a trick with the Ace when he could take it with a smaller card. This is the reason for this particular play.

I stated above that Third Hand should almost invariably play high, but he should not do so when the Dummy holds an honor. For example, in the following case:

K 4 3
[ ] A J 5

If partner opens with this particular suit and Dummy plays low, East should play the Knave. If the Declarer holds the Queen, he will take the trick but East will subsequently be in a tenace position over the Dummy and will be able to capture the King with the Ace whenever this card is played.

If the Ace had been played immediately, the Declarer would be able to win two tricks with his King and Queen, and East's Knave would be completely worthless.

* * *

THIRD HAND should usually adopt the defence begun by his partner. Against no-trump contracts he should almost invariably return his partner's suit, and keep on returning it until it is established. The only exception occurs when he holds a suit of his own which seems very likely to be established in but one lead. This latter case occurs when combinations such as K Q J x, or even K J 10 x are held.

Against a suit contract Third Hand's defence may be considerably more flexible. If returning partner's suit involves allowing the Dummy to ruff, it is usually better to shift to some other suit—particularly some suit in which he holds trick-taking possibilities. Above all, he should be influenced by the Rule of Eleven in estimating how many cards of a particular suit are held by each hand.

(Copyright, 1933, by Ely Culbertson)

HOST HOLBROOK says: My Vinegar is brewed just the same as 100 years ago. Ah! a wonderful brew.***

THE Australian Banking System is based on the Scottish model of branch banking, which has proved its strength and soundness over two centuries.

"Branch Banking" consists of a few large banks with many branches. Each of the nine big Australian trading banks operates over the greater part of the Commonwealth.

This system, which has enabled Australia to weather the world depression better than most countries, is in marked contrast to the banking structure of the United States.

In that country there are thousands of purely local banks, most of them very small. They operate in very limited territories.

Thus they lack the flexibility of the Australian system, which can effectively meet a financial setback in one part of the country from the resources of more favoured areas. In Australia, deposits lodged in well-established districts can be used to finance production in less settled areas.

But more important still, the centralized control in branch banking permits of the consolidation of banking resources from all districts. The prudent setting aside of large reserves by the Australian trading banks in prosperous times has been the major factor in maintaining financial stability during the past four years.

Bank of New South Wales.

78C

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An Editorial

APRIL 28, 1934.

TWO VIEWS OF ANZAC DAY

WHAT is Anzac Day? Is it a day of mourning for the dead? Or a day of tribute to all the men who went overseas?

Both conceptions of the Day are held. The idea of the day of tribute is perhaps gaining ground: Tribute to the bravery of the troops; tribute to the steadfastness of the nation in its hour of crisis. This is a conception that will become immortal. Centuries hence the exploits of the Anzacs will be a saga told as we to-day tell of the Armada and Waterloo.

But epic glory does not oust the simple emotion of sorrow from the heart. That is why women incline to the conception of Anzac Day as a solemn commemoration of the dead. Mothers. Wives. Sweethearts. How many of their hearts and hopes lie buried in the far-off fields of battle!

The two conceptions of Anzac Day are responsible for the divergent opinions about its observance from the point of view of its being a public holiday. Already in some States the personal sense of sacredness is being overshadowed by the idea of national tribute, and, hence, of celebration.

More than 50,000 of our Australian men and boys died or were killed in the war. Death is an event of which people do not often speak. But for those whose loved ones have passed through that strange Doorway there remains always a feeling of solemnity in the remembrance of the dead.

Who can question, then, the utter solemnity the nation must accord, during the lifetime of the present generation, to the commemoration, on Anzac Day, of her dead?

—THE EDITOR.

LYRICS OF LIFE

Pan

Time puts a few wrinkles on men's faces,
Thins out their hair
And rounds their figures.
That is all.
Perhaps experience has built
A little, hard crust about their hearts
That passes off as worldliness
And cynicism.

But catch them in some unguarded moment,
When they least suspect
Your eyes of watching them,
And you will see,
Beneath the traceries of Time
The children that they'll always be.

—P.D.B.

POINTS OF VIEW

Ask Mr. O'Reilly

THE passion of getting something for nothing so assiduously fostered by the lottery business has at least provided itinerant vendors of all sorts with new local color for their sales stories.

Last week a naphthaline seller found a victim in a woman who gave ear to his specious story that prizes were given to purchasers after a certain number of sales had been made, and that if she invested five shillings in the "lucky last" numbers she'd have a rosy chance of winning £15.

Every woman will sympathise with the victim, for who of us has not in our day succumbed to the picturesque or pathetic stories of the door-to-door seller of unwanted household lines and the lure of the "lucky last" lottery ticket? Can it be such credulous souls as we whom Australian film makers have in mind when they make those films which cause Mr. Creswell O'Reilly to complain that "they represent Australians as ultra-simple-minded, and mentally childish"?

❖ ❖ ❖

Armed Bathers?

BATHERS at Nielson Park, the popular seaside resort of Bundaberg (Queensland), were somewhat startled the other Sunday on seeing an attractive young lady come on to the beach wearing over her bathing costume a belt to which were attached two long, razor-sharp knives. She entered the surf still wearing the knives, and surfers gave her a wide berth until she announced that she was carrying the weapons merely in case of an attack by a shark!

Is this the forerunner of a new seaside fashion —a patrol of knife-armed surfers to watch for sharks? On all of the Pacific Islands, as well as in Torres Strait, the natives would never think of going in bathing without arming themselves with a knife in case of sharks, and many thrilling battles take place.—"Cal."

❖ ❖ ❖

International Hot Potato

LEON TROTSKY, the former Soviet leader, who is being passed from one country to another like a hot potato, is reported to be attempting to create a Fourth International to counteract the influence of the present rulers of Russia and their Third International.

Surely it should be somebody's task now to create a Fifth International which will counteract Trotsky's Fourth International after it has counteracted Russia's Third International, and then everybody will be all right.—"Aunt Agatha."

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Brighter Pavement Plan

A MELBOURNE suburb has started a new brighter and better city movement by suggesting that footpaths be dyed green or other soft-tinted colors. The plea of the councillor proposing the motion is that the glare from white concrete causes eye-strain.

Undoubtedly it does, but, apart from such utilitarian considerations, the brilliant suggestion for making colored pavements is justifiable on many more joyous grounds. Think of the mental uplift to be had on a dull, wet day by a glimpse of a pavement of "sunshine yellow" or "horizon blue" which would immediately remind one that somewhere the sun is shining. How could one remain a dull dog while walking on a pavement of jocund rainbow mood?

But, please, Mr. Councillor, when carrying out your blithe pavement proposals, have a care for the effect of certain "ground" colors on the frocking fancies of the day, and make no hasty decisions without calling in a woman representative of Madame la Mode.—J.X.M.

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International Affairs

ALTHOUGH storm clouds are gathering over the East and over Europe, following on the attempt by Japan to assume a dictatorship over China, and Germany's organisation for air supremacy, the world is rather used now to these rumblings of war. Time and again in the past 15 years another conflagration seemed imminent, but the bitter lesson of 1914-18 is engraved on the minds of the world's people and a few days may see the war clouds again dissipate into mist.

Martyrs to Science

THE fifth Australian Cancer Conference has announced the triumph of science in its search for protective measures for radium and X-ray workers.

Among the martyrs to science, none has merited higher esteem than these workers, many of whom have suffered and died so that mankind might derive the fullest possible benefits from the curative properties of radium and X-rays.

No special nation has had a monopoly of these heroes, and it is a matter for universal rejoicing that no further names need be added to their roll of honor. They have splendidly exemplified the dauntless spirit of service which is the hope of all mankind. "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

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Captain Cook's Cottage

CAPTAIN COOK'S cottage has arrived in Melbourne, and now, surrounded by a thick atmosphere of secrecy, is being unpacked and re-erected on its new site in Fitzroy Gardens. The cottage was not Cook's birthplace—that was destroyed by fire about a century ago—but his father lived in it, and, when he returned from his voyage to Australia, Cook visited his father there.

So, if walls have ears, these old, dismantled bricks have listened to many a story of the strange, unpromising, inhospitable new continent on which the great navigator landed in the South Seas.

And, if walls have memories, when these old bricks, warmed by the golden sunshine, look out on the loveliness of their new environment, what a pleasant shock to their system it will all be.

❖ ❖ ❖

Breaches of Promise

AN unusual story was added to breach of promise annals last week when a Perth woman brought an action claiming special damages against her former husband, from whom she had several years ago obtained a divorce, for breach of promise to re-marry her.

The legal worth of a promise always puzzles me. It seems to me that one of the most solemn promises a man can make to a woman is that made at the altar, when he says "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," but a solicitor friend of mine tells me that, legally, this promise means nothing, being more or less just a picturesque flourish to the wedding ceremonial. He says that a girl who secures a written promise from a rich man to marry her has the rosiest prospects of getting heavy damages if the man breaks his promise. But, if a wife wanted to use that marriage-promise clause (made in public before the altar) to secure any legal rights over her husband's property, she couldn't get a solicitor to take up her case!—J.X.N.

THE MODERN woman and her cigarette. Some people say that smoking has more to do with her emancipation than anything else. Certainly it is a symbol of the times.

Modern Woman and Her Weeds

Smoky Past of Smoke

By LADY NICOTINE

"When all things were made, none was made better than tobacco; to be a lone man's companion, a bachelor's friend, a hungry man's food, a sad man's cordial, a wakeful man's sleep, and a chilly man's fire. There is no herb like it under the canopy of Heaven." (Kingsley.)

WHEN Charles Kingsley wrote these lines he did not visualise that in the course of a few decades tobacco, in the form of cigarettes, would also attain immense popularity with women of all ages and classes in almost every country of the world.

The origin of the cigarette is buried in the smoky haze of tradition. The legend that the first cigarette smoker was an Egyptian soldier who thrust some tobacco into a paper cartridge-case is not generally accepted, and would seem to have about as much authenticity as the tale of Bobo and the roast pork.

It is known, however, that the first shop for the sale of cigarettes in England was opened in Leicester Square in 1861 by a Greek.

A claim was also made by a Greek, Coundouris, that he had first introduced the cigarette into England, in 1858, at the invitation of the Duke of Cambridge. The late King Edward, who was then a youth of 17, is credited with having been one of the first cigarette smokers in England. It is also recorded that the Greek tobacconist at that time found an English lady, Lady Mordaunt, who became a cigarette addict, and for whom he was required to prepare a special blend of tobacco.

Possibly Lady Mordaunt was the first English woman to seriously take up cigarette smoking, and, although her disciples are legion in the Empire to-day, it was more than half a century later that the practice of women smoking cigarettes became general and fashionable.

In England about half of the population smoke either cigarettes or pipes, and in Australia, although no statistics are available, the proportion of cigarette smokers is much greater than in the Old Country.

❖ ❖ ❖

BEFORE the Great War it was very unusual to see women smoking, but the general loosening of the conventions that took place during the war was responsible for thousands of English and Australian women taking to their cigarette.

At first it was done surreptitiously, but gradually the novelty has worn off, and the average woman who likes a cigarette to-day is not the least perturbed at lighting up.

Strangely enough, though, the modern girl in Australia, at any rate, is still wary of smoking in the public streets. All self-consciousness in the matter may become a thing of the past in another year or so.

Considerable public attention has been directed to a statement recently made by two eminent American doctors, that nicotine stimulates the adrenal glands, which help to regulate the amount of sugar circulating in the blood, and that this is the explanation why cigarette-smoking relieves fatigue and irritability.

While medical opinion is, of course, divided on the subject of the value of smoking, most medical men hold the view that in moderation smoking is harmless. There will always be the odd few who indulge to excess in smoking, to the detriment of their health, just as there are gluttons with food and drink. And while occasionally a medical man, for a particular complaint, will forbid smoking, it is noticeable that practically every medical man in the profession enjoys his tobacco.

Tariff duties are so high in Australia to-day that the importation of cigarettes has almost ceased; less than 2 per cent. of cigarettes smoked in Australia are made in other countries. The industry finds employment for many thousands of workers, men, women, and girls; one Australian firm alone has no fewer than 5000 employees on its pay-roll.

In addition, the difficulties of growing tobacco in Australia which appeared insuperable a few years ago have now been overcome, and in most of the States, particularly in Queensland and Victoria, thousands of tobacco farmers are making a comfortable living from lands which are entirely unsuited for the growing of cereals.

JANE'S JOURNAL — The Diary of a Bright Young Thing.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604844

HENRY *of* Greton Street

By Selwyn Jepson

He saw a girl. She came into Mr. Trip's establishment one afternoon, a creature as widely separated from the usual type of customer as light from darkness.

Illustrated By BOOTHROYD

HENRY'S chief trouble was a lack of parents. It was a disadvantage which affected the community quite as much as it affected Henry, because, instead of having been brought up in a sensible way by the people responsible for his existence, he was allowed to bring himself up, a state of affairs resulting in an unfortunate ignorance of the first principles of honesty as understood by the civilised world.

He possessed a distressingly revolutionary attitude. He hated comfortable people because he was not comfortable himself. Who could be who lived in a Shepherd's Bush attic and hadn't got a name that rightfully belonged to him? Henry's disgust with his father and mother for not leaving him with even a little data concerning himself increased as he reached an age when fierce ambitions seized him—when he realised that beyond the squalid life of the immediate neighborhood lay a wondrous land into which one could walk if one possessed the knowledge and the means.

At nineteen, where this glimpse of his strange personality is possible, Henry worked behind the counter of an ironmonger's in Greton St. He sold packets of tin-tacks and cheap saucepans to frowsy women under the watchful, bullying eye of Mr. Trip, who owned the business. In spite of Mr. Trip, however, Henry managed to steal—he called it "pinch"—a fair amount of stuff which he was able to dispose of to Mr. Lett for a certain quantity of shillings every week or so.

This procedure was entirely natural to him. He had learnt in a hard school that the weak might take from the strong whenever they got the chance because the strong took from the weak all the time.

Henry was certainly one of the weak. Early privations had kept him small in stature, thin of face, and shifty-eyed. His skin was an unhealthy yellow; his hands claw-like and always dirty.

There came a day when he washed those same hands.

He saw a girl. She came into Mr. Trip's establishment one afternoon, a creature as widely separated from the usual type of customer as light from darkness. She had a clean face, a little short fur coat, a little hat, and her legs were adorned by stockings of the palest straw-colored silk. A ravishing vision. She was a visitant from the world of ease so hated by Henry, but he did not think of her as such. He gaped at her, and was glad that the Trip brute was elsewhere at the moment.

The girl wanted a two-and-a-half-inch bolt. She waved a gloved hand at a two-seater drawn up at the kerb outside the shop. A mudguard was loose—a bolt was missing, and the thing rattled. It annoyed her. Perhaps he could fix it for her. She'd be so obliged.

Then she smiled at Henry.

He blinked. He expanded. He talked about motor cars. He talked, after a minute or two, about life.

"It isn't often I get a job like this, miss. Something with interest hat-tached to it. I'm only a dratted iron-monger's assistant. I got ideas, though. I'm going to be someone some day!"

"Of course you are! I can see that." She smiled at him again. He thrilled, and gave the nut a final twist. A minute later he rubbed the dust off the spanner and watched the small grey car roll smoothly down the road, steering neatly through the traffic—back into the comfortable world.

Henry drew back his thin lips into a sneer as he returned into the shop, for he was remembering where and what he was. He tried to keep his distorted imagination centred on the girl herself, but he could not manage it. He kept getting back to the fact that he was a nobody scratching food out of a dirty gutter of a place, and that he hadn't ever had a chance.

But, in thinking that, he was no more blind than many wiser than he. He had had his chance. The fierce ambition which had been engendered by vague and fleeting glimpses of other things in the picture theatres, and in the pages of magazines, where he found illustrations of beautiful women and sumptuous homes, flamed and burned until it became well-nigh unbearable. He lay on his truckle bed and stared at the night sky through the dirty window. One star winked at him, and mocked, and Henry ground his teeth. He would do it—he would. He'd snatch something good from life before he was too old, before the dull, apathetic resentfulness seized him as it inevitably seized those about him. Fifteen shillings a week, and occasionally five bob from the sale of trifles he could pinch when Trip wasn't looking. What could he do on that? Nothing! Would it ever bring him nearer that girl in the motor-car and those like her? It would not, and Henry, impotent to change things, knew it.

He stole a brass kettle next day and cleared seven-and-six on it. But it wasn't much use, small money wasn't. He began to formulate schemes for getting rich quickly. Wild schemes they were, and served only to make him more discontented.

THE Sunday immediately following the incident of the two-and-a-half-inch bolt he took a bus by The Pond and rode as far as Marble Arch. Threepence—half the price of a packet of fags, precious luxuries he would rather have than food—took him into the world that was different. He'd been there before, either to gaze or to mock, disguising his envy; but this visit was tinged with a sincerer emotion. The world of warmth, of beauty, of luxury had stretched out a hand to him, and he now came to it prepared to let it be friendly—to allow it to show him other sides of its significance. One day, whatever happened, he would enter it equipped with all necessary weapons. He was sure of that, even if his imagination pointed out only puerile joys and foolish as being in store for him, the lucky adventurer. He would sit in one of those long, lean motor-cars and be driven by a man (whose face should resemble that of Mr. Trip) far out into the country. He would eat large quantities of good food in restaurants where the electric light cost a fortune every night. He would surround himself with beautiful young women, with priceless possessions, with exquisite clothes. Ah! Those clothes! Henry had one suit, and the suit had had several owners before it got to Henry. He hated it almost as furiously as he hated the luckier members of the human race.

He watched a limousine disgorge a magnificent young man in Park Lane, and heard the youth say to the chauffeur:

"Goin' to walk, thank you, James."

A hand went to a shining peak of a cap, an impassive face gave no indication that the words were heard. The limousine slid away noiselessly, and the magnificent young man—walked.

To Henry, an open-mouthed bystander, it was the final gesture of riches. To walk when one could be carried by a car of such surpassing perfection.

On Monday morning Henry washed his hands, but on Tuesday he parted with a roll of copper wire, old Lett giving him one-and-six for it.

This Lett kept a strange emporium at the other end of Greton St., close to the Goldhawk Rd. You could buy anything on earth there, and a good deal more in the way of things nobody else would dream of stocking. Anything from an iron band for a wagon wheel to a penny strip of liquorice lay under that roof. Lett was a greasy man who had lived in a miserable cupboard of a room above the shop since the first days of the neighborhood's decline—fattening on that decline, but remaining very poor meanwhile. Buying and selling, buying and selling interminably; his yellow-white eyes peering behind thick pebble lenses set in a rusty old iron frame; his throaty, cracked voice haggling and haggling.

Henry did business with him, but took little account of him. He was one of the monsters in the life that bound Henry down. He was not to be trusted. Occasionally one saw a slatternly woman: Lett's niece, working in the dirt of the shop, eternally "tidying up"—an impossible feat with the odds and ends of five decades lying so thick. Her appearances there were spasmodic, however. She drank a good deal of gin, but that was in no way odd—they all did—and lived somewhere in the slums west of Greton Street.

Henry complained bitterly to Mr. Lett about the niggardliness of his offer for the copper wire.

"It weighs heavy," he told him. "It's wurf a sight more'n one and a tanner."

"I gotter live," remarked the old man. "An' suppose I asks yer how yer came by this same wire?"

"I told you. My aunt come across it, and she says, 'Take it to Mister Lett an' ask 'im wot——'"

"One and a tanner," said Lett, unimpressed.

"Oh, ginume!" snapped Henry, and thrust the coins into his trousers pocket.

He had now saved one pound eighteen shillings toward freedom, and never for a moment could he get away from the fact that it was nothing—and would be nothing, however long he stuck at the job of increasing it. Something had got to be done to bring money in large quantities.

Henry commenced to tread the road so many had trodden before him. He joined a gang of jovial young men in the hope that he would in time be allowed to learn the tricks of the trade. One of these youths, for instance, made quite a prosperous living out of motor car accessories. He took them out of the tool-boxes of unattended cars and sold them in various places. He saw life, did this fellow, and wore good clothes.

Henry sat back in envy, wondering if he would ever reach such heights of courage and daring. He had not much faith in his own powers, however strong might be his ambition.

It was with a sense of shock that Henry saw the girl in the two-seater again. It had not occurred to him for a moment that he would ever set eyes on her, but he did. He was standing at the door of the shop in a slack period of the afternoon, and she drove past, her grey car showing up in that dingy street like a white yacht in a roadstead of cargo boats. Her hands, so small and delicate, rested easily on the wheel, and she drove as if she possessed the earth. She had an imperial air which Henry had noticed for the first time, but which now seemed to sway the street.

The miracle happened when she glanced casually in his direction, saw and recognised him, and graciously inclined her small head. It was the affair of an instant to her; a matter of common kindliness such as she performed without thinking twenty times a day. But to Henry it was something more. It was an affair of many minutes to him; a matter of wondrous, indefinable excitement such as he had never before experienced. She had recognised him! He was something more than just one of a teeming multitude; she had remembered him and the small service he had done her for four days! It was incredible! He existed in her consciousness!

Of course, he could not analyse it in such terms; but emotionally he analysed it thus. A wave of exhilaration swept over him. He realised, too, that if she had passed this way twice she would in all probability pass again; it meant that Greton St. lay in the route of some journey she was accustomed to make. He might see her often. She might nod to him again and again. She might even stop and buy something at the shop. Henry scowled at the window of it. If only it was a garage! How much more likely she would be to patronise it!

He stood staring after the two-seater, aware of a hot surge of blood to his face.

"Hullo!" said a voice, and Henry turned to see Alldyce, the policeman, a young man with whom Henry was on terms of playful badinage. "Hullo! Hullo! Gay young fella! Throwing the optic, eh? You look out I don't have to arrest you for seduction!"

"Get away with you," said Henry, wishing that policy did not interfere with his desire to punch the man's nose. But the police were police. You had to watch your step because it paid.

He floundered into the shop, out of the range of Alldyce's merry vision. He beat the counter with his fists. The reaction was beginning. He was still Henry, the boy who worked for Trip in Greton St. He would always, always be beyond the pale. Never would he talk to that fair, radiant creature of the two-seater as an equal—never!

BEFORE Trip returned from the billiard-room where he was wont to spend an hour at this time of day, Henry secreted another and larger coil of copper wire in the lining of his jacket. Half a crown, perhaps. Bah! What was the use?

However, when the shop closed at ten that night he made his way to Lett's place, hoping to reach it before the old man put up the shutters. But the shutters were already up when he got there.

He considered waiting until tomorrow, but prudence advised his getting the wire off his hands as soon as possible. It had been rather silly to pinch it in the first place, seeing he'd already had a coil a day or so before. Trip was a rotten bad stocktaker, however, and there was a whole year yet before he went through the stock again.

Please turn to Page 32

Complete Short Story

Love's Passing

It was a flame that lit earth and sky
With blinding radiance; I
Walked apart, blessed, a god.
Others came and went; they trod
Days of sameness, and at night
They slept; but I held high communion
With the far stars in undimming light;
Shivered with ecstasies no men tell,
Scaled the white heights of Heaven,
And sank down to low deep Hell.
Until Fate, with jealous rod,
Struck at my passion, so that it fell
Cooling through the air: dropped at my feet—
A blackened clod!

—Wendy Gordon Sprigg, (Adelaide).

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KEEPS MY HAIR LOVELY

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10½d. per cake, at all chemists and stores.

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WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

A Prince of Good Fellows

Jenny has now come to the conclusion that there is some mystery in Christine's life, and that Toni is not getting a fair deal from his lover. She determines to probe the matter to the bottom.

. . By . .
MONICA EWER

THE CHARACTERS:

JENNY FOSTER, the 19-year-old heroine, is assistant in Chez Fleurette, a fashionable florist's. The shop is situated opposite the Odeon Theatre.

EVE FOSTER, Jenny's golden - haired sister, and her sweetheart, **MAURICE RANDALL,** are a source of worry to Jenny.

TED FOSTER, Jenny's brother, is a saxophone player, but too hot-tempered to keep his jobs. He marries **ANNE CARROLL,** another assistant in the flower shop. **Yvonne** and **Pamela** are the other two assistants.

MADAME FLEURETTE is the business-like owner of the shop. Jenny has an uneasy feeling about her.

CLIVE FREEMAN is a regular customer at the shop. He is a staid city man, but is now in love with Jenny.

TONI GERRARD, "The Prince of Good Fellows" . . . wealthy actor-producer at the Odeon, who has just returned from America to produce a new show, "Golden Girl." While at the florist's he meets Jenny, and can't get her out of his mind.

CHRISTINE BEAUMONT, one of his stars, a blonde, ravishing beauty, who is engaged to Toni. Her husband, however, whom she had given up for dead, returns and causes complications.

Jenny and Toni rush to Brighton, where they find Maurice and Eve, in a dingy apartment, having breakfast together.

Jenny insists upon speaking to Maurice alone and finding out what his relationship to Yvonne has been in the past.

Maurice tells her that four years ago he met Yvonne when she was cashier at a tobacconist's shop in the country, and that he was apprehended while attempting to steal her employer's money. He attacked the policeman who was called in and knocked out some of his teeth, and received a sentence of three months' imprisonment.

When Jenny hears this confession she is satisfied that he has reformed, and she persuades Toni to lend Maurice the money for a special license to marry Eve.

Madame Fleurette receives a telegram which greatly affects her, and Jenny finds her in tears.

Now read on—

JENNY did not know what to say. If the lions in Trafalgar Square had started to talk she could not have been more surprised. She had long since given up any hope of human reaction from Madame Fleurette, and now—— "Ah, Madame," she murmured deprecatingly, "I know in business——"

Madame shook her head. "I will tell you—just you alone." She paused a moment as if sorting the facts. "I have a son in France—twenty years old," her dark eyes grew soft. "A good boy. Then—it is a long story—he was accused of murder. Murder! He, my son! He was as innocent as you or me—but to prove it—— Ah, what it has cost. How it has dragged on month after month. It took every penny we could make. And now—here is the telegram. The nightmare is over. He is acquitted. Ah, if only my husband were here. . . ."

"I'm so glad, Madame; so terribly glad."

The Frenchwoman looked across the room towards the blue and silver shop. "To make money one had to spend money. That was what was so hard. Spending a pound to make, perhaps, five, but always feeling that perhaps the pound was lost." She touched Jenny's overall lightly with her fingers. "Those silken overalls—the sleepless nights I had over the cost of them. But, Jenny——"

"Yes, Madame?"

"All this—this is only for you and me to know. Here I am Madame Fleurette, who keeps a flower shop, that is all."

"Yes, Madame."

"You I can trust, I know." She sighed reminiscently. Jenny knew that they were both thinking of Toni's bracelet.

"Of course, Madame."

The outer door opened. "It is Monsieur. Run along, Jenny. I will see you in the morning."

Jenny walked thoughtfully home. The crowded houses of Soho had oozed onto the pavements. People stood at their doors and watched the light fade in the sky. They called to one another, now in French, now in Italian. Taxis drew up in front of the little restaurants and laughing people went in to dine with an air of holiday amusement. No one ever dined in Soho on business. From many an open window came the sound of a gramophone or wireless. The dark-eyed, olive-skinned children played on the edge of the pavement or whipped tops perilously in the road.

People near her home greeted her, but Jenny was too sunk in thought to notice. Somehow Madame's revelations had stirred her profoundly, shaken her trust in her own judgment. Once more it all came back to Christine. If she knew a little more Christine might also be revealed to her. The man in the tweed cap might be a deserving case and Christine busy doing good by stealth. But Jenny smiled a little at the idea. Still, Christine, she supposed, had a point-of-view. Perhaps, after all she would make Toni happy. Once reassured of that, Jenny promised herself that she would fade very definitely out of the landscape. She would look for work somewhere else. She would hide herself from Toni. She would marry Clive Freeman and forget. All of which programme was governed by a number of "ifs." Before embarking on such a scheme of renunciation, however, she would make one more effort to get at the truth about the man in the tweed cap.

She slackened her pace. She grew more and more unconscious of her surroundings while she devised a scheme which might at least bring her a step nearer to the truth.

IT happened that the very next morning she was able to put her plan into execution. Madame had gone out and from the shop window Jenny saw Ada arrive at the theatre. There had been as yet no sign of Christine's car. This was the opportunity for which Jenny had been seeking.

A peculiarly irritating customer was unable to decide between the rival merits of two identical bunches of dahlias. Jenny fretted while the precious moments flew past. At last, after much hesitation, the woman chose the bunch which she had been shown in the first instance. Jenny wrapped it up and handed it over the counter and then wrapped up the other bunch and picked it up.

Yvonne was serving. Jenny engaged her attention for a moment to whisper —"Nearly forgot. Swore we'd deliver these at the Odeon before eleven. Bert's out. I shan't be a sec."

"I'll never be able to manage," grumbled Yvonne.

"Nonsense. Pam will be here at eleven. Anne is opposite if there's a crisis, and I'll be back in exactly three minutes."

Jenny hurried across the street. She nodded to the sergeant. "For Miss Beaumont. I've got a message for her maid."

The man let her pass indifferently. He knew all the Fleurette girls well. Jenny rushed up the stairs and knocked on Christine's door.

"Come in," said Ada.

"Good morning," said Jenny, politely. "These are for Miss Beaumont. I'm from Fleurette you know."

"Thank you," said Ada, automatically, taking the flowers. "I'll give them to her."

"There was a message. Will you tell her?"

"Yes."

"He was a queer chap—but then I expect Miss Beaumont has lots of queer admirers."

"Lots," said Ada dryly.

"He was back from sea," continued Jenny, watching Ada closely. "He said to tell Miss Beaumont that it wouldn't be safe for him to write a card, but that she'd know because they were from Jim—Jim—— Good Lord, I've forgotten his other name."

Ada was leaning forward eagerly now. "Masters?" she said excitedly. "Was it Masters?"

"Yes," said Jenny. "How did you know?"

Ada looked confused. "Oh—— Oh, he's been before. He thinks he's in love."

"Well, I don't think Miss Beaumont would fancy him much. Rough sort of chap—and anyway he told me that he was a married man."

Ada's eyes opened wider. "Did he? What else did he say?"

"Oh, nothing much. Is he married?"

Please turn to Page 37

What a nurse says:

Nurse Hannan, mother of this smiling youngster, says, "Having seen the wonderful results obtained with Roboleine in various children's hospitals in England, I gave it to my own boy when he was nine months old. I felt that it would be giving him a fair start."

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Deep-wrapped in brooding dark
the jungle lies,
While, through the fretted palm-
leaves arched on high
A smothered zephyr flows in gusty
sighs
Beneath a moon low-swinging in
the sky,
And like the pulse-beat of the
jungle comes
The steady throbbing of the
Voodoo drums.

The ox-hide tents loom black above
the grass
That gleams like silver 'neath the
cold white moon,
Swirling around the cattle as they
pass
Like creaming waters in some chill
lagoon.
And far across the wind-swept
plains there comes
The distant droning of the Tartar
drums.

The scent of lilacs fills the silky
air
That shrouds the city in a per-
fumed pall,
And slumbering silence reigns
alone—save where,
Heard clear above the silvery foun-
tains fall,
From some cool, scented, distant
roof-top comes
The slow, sad, sobbing of the Per-
sian drums.

The cold wind shakes the slender
poplar trees,
The darkness wavers, and the stars
take flight,
The eastern sky glows warmly and
the breeze
Grows stronger with the coming
of the light,
And down from the dark, misty
North there comes
The rolling thunder of the English
drums.

—P.S.

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Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by L. W. LOWER

GHOST OF LADY AGATHA TO HEADLESS HORACE: Go! I never want to see your face again!

"Now, darling, don't go out so far."
"But Daddy's out a long, long . . ."
"He's insured, my pet."

THE VEGETARIAN
"Not fer me, thanks. The doctor told me I 'ad 'igh blood-pressure."

TROUBLE IN PARADISE
CUPID: Darn it! Missed again!

RING MASTER: My wife has just found a blonde hair on my coat. What will I do?
CLOWN: Tell her it came off one of the lions.
RING MASTER: That's no good. I'm not going to have her knocking my lions about.

A BIG BLANKET

Pull it up to your chin . . . there's still ample length to tuck snugly under the feet! A fleecy Challenge Blanket guarantees night-long warmth. Its deep nap is downy-soft. Ask to see one. Note the fineness of the wool, the firmness of the weave. Every Challenge Blanket is guaranteed by the retailer who sells it. That protects you more fully. Sizes and qualities to meet all needs.

CHALLENGE BLANKETS

GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM FILLING

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

MAGISTRATE: I cannot conceive of a meaner, more cowardly act than yours of deserting your wife. Do you realise you are a deserter?
Negro Prisoner: If you knowed dat lady as I does, you sho wouldn't call me no deserter. Ah is a refugee—dat's what Ah is.

ON the first night of a new play the stage manager stood in the wings giving orders.
"Move quickly!" he ordered. "Everything's ready. Run up the curtain!"
"Run up the curtain yourself!" retorted the new stage hand angrily. "I'm a stage hand, not a squirrel."

BATTY: He's so romantic. Whenever he speaks to me he starts, "Fair lady."
Letty: That's only force of habit. He's a tram conductor.

SAMBO applied for a job, and set forth his attributes without too much modesy.
"All right," said the prospective new boss, "you can have the job. Now, as to pay . . . well, I'll pay you just whatever you're worth!"
"Dat's no good to me, sah!" replied Sambo, decisively. "I'se gettin' more dan dat where I am now!"

PUPIL: Professor, how long could I live without brains.
Professor: That remains to be seen.

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8277

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P.3. It's inexpensive but so right in style—real cute is this **Felt,** with the new crown treatment. Ornament and stitching provide the trim. Colors: Lido, Brown, Grey, Navy, Beige or Black.
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It is the Quality, Cut and finish of this Coat that determines its value. **All Wool Boucle** in Black, Cruise Blue or Beige is the making. The cut of the sleeves and back is new and distinctive. Large collar of Long-haired Lamb; wide lapels. Lined satin throughout. Sizes: S.W., W. and O.S.
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The SEVENTH PEARL

...By...
GERARD FAIRLIE

"GOOD-BYE!" cried Peter, leaning well out of the carriage window as the train began to move. "Good – bye; What's that? Certainly, I'll send you a peacock. Nothing else? You wouldn't like an Oriental bolster or a Welsh rabbit. No? Well, some little thing, a Mexican eagle, for instance? No? Just a peacock. Very well. It's all the same to me."

He waved vigorously for a time, till after we had cleared the platforms, and then sank back on to his seat. Delphine and I did our best to dissociate our presence with his. She hid herself behind a newspaper, while I made heavy work with the current number of a weekly journal.

Peter sat stock still, glaring fiercely at the fourth occupant of the compartment, a fat, rather undersized Frenchman, evidently on his way home.

"Peacock!" he suddenly ejaculated.

The effect was instantaneous. Our travelling companion, with a startled grunt, leapt to his feet and seized his suitcase. With a jerk he opened the carriage door and disappeared along the corridor.

"There!" said Peter, smiling. "I told you we should have a carriage to ourselves."

We were on our way to Paris. Peter, his wife, Delphine, and I.

I looked out of the window and noticed with apprehension that the tops of the trees which we passed were swaying before the wind. I am a rotten sailor, and it is a source of constant wonder to me, even though it is an indisputable fact, that at the age of eight I seriously considered the Navy as a profession. That was between the stages of engine-driver and the Royal Air Force. However, I reflected gladly, we had chosen the cowardly Dover-Calais route in preference to three hours at sea.

Delphine broke the silence.

"You did insure the luggage, Peter?"

"I did," I said. "I had suggested it to Peter, but he was engrossed at the station choosing suitable reading matter for you."

"I'm glad," she said. "I should hate to lose that throttler."

"That what?"

"You are behind the times," said Peter. "A throttler is a necklace of false pearls of an immense size, much worn by ladies of fashion in the hope of obtaining an equally false reputation for wealth. The fashion dates from the good old days of Queen Bess, and is therefore entirely new. The name is derived from throtl, the medieval Lancashire pronunciation of 'throat,' and 'le' or 'la,' an expression of pained surprise given much favor by the notorious Earl of Leicester, and used by him when presented with a bill for necklaces delivered to Elizabeth."

"Idiot!" said Delphine. "Is this Dover?"

It was. We took our places on the boat, the manipulation of the loose silver in Peter's pocket working marvels and settling us three chairs on the lee side.

WHETHER or not it was because of Peter's dictum anent the cure of seasickness, or whether it was merely because of the fact that the surface of the sea was like that of a pond, the wind having miraculously dropped, we had a most delightful passage. We actually reached Calais a good five minutes before we were due, and, having gone through the exhilarating process of procuring a porter, we advanced towards the douane.

At the door we were delayed some moments through having omitted to seek out the passport officer on the boat while our papers were stamped, but quickly rejoined our fellow passengers in the Customs. Our porter, an able fellow, had already staked a claim on the counter with our small bargage and was giving voice to his number in a high tenor. Peter and I, armed with keys, burst a way through the crowd and stood beside him. In due course an inspector deigned to take notice of us.

"Vous n'avez rien a declarer, monsieur?" he said to Peter.

"You've said it, old top," replied my cousin, "absolutely nothing."

Unaware that he was being compared to an ancient source of innocent amusement, the Customs officer smiled genially and said:

"Ouvrez celle-la."

The porter immediately proffered Delphine's suitcase to Peter.

"Exactly!" said Peter. "It would be that one, wouldn't it? Just the one of which I don't know the key. Never mind. A small search among the fifty-seven keys in my possession will no doubt beguile the time."

A voice spoke behind us in broken English.

"Excuse me," it said. "I am a lock-maker by trade, I think I can tell the key for you at once."

We turned round. It was the quaint little Frenchman whom Peter had caused to retire so precipitously from our carriage at Victoria.

"Thank you," said Peter, "I should be much obliged."

The Frenchman took the bunch of keys, ran through them quickly, and singled out two.

"One of these," he said.

The first of the two which I tried was the right one.

"Marvellous!" said Peter. "I withdraw my remarks about the peacock. When these formalities are over I shall deem it a privilege to show you the station bar and split a Byrrh with you."

"It is nothing," replied the other. "I am only too glad to have been of service to monsieur."

We all three removed our hats.

Our visit to the Customs proved uneventful after that, and, having been directed to our seats in the Paris express, and duly rewarded all and sundry for services rendered and imaginary, Peter and I made for the bar and partook of a congratulatory stoop of "bock." We had got away with five hundred cigarettes apiece. We then rejoined Delphine, and were soon being transported rapidly towards our destination.

We reached Paris about six, having made excellent time and rounded the curve outside Amiens, as Delphine said, on two wheels. My suggestion that there were more than four wheels to a railway carriage was treated by a fair cousin with the derision proper to my stupidly accurate and essentially masculine brain.

"As if," she remarked in closing the conversation, "you didn't know what I meant."

ON the following evening, when I came down to the lounge of our hotel to wait for Delphine and Peter, I ordered a cocktail and sat down to peruse an evening paper. I found, however, that journalistic French is very much more difficult to understand than the spoken word, and after rather a half-hearted attempt I gave it up and looked around me.

The lounge of the Burlington Hotel, that stronghold of the travelling Englishman in the Rue de la Paix, is chiefly composed of green settees and palms on a white marble floor. At the far end a sort of glass wall separates the room from the restaurant which, curiously enough, is more patronised by the Frenchman than by the visitor. I was sitting facing the tables in the restaurant when I became suddenly aware of a girl alone at a small table, and staring at me through the glass.

The natural inclination of a man who finds himself an object of interest to a very pretty girl is to stare back. She was undoubtedly pretty, having an oval face, very pale, and very dark under the eyes, presumably from attention. Her eyes were blue, and her nose straight and small, which didn't turn up at the end or down—a great relief in Paris. Her hair, or what I could see of it under a small blue hat, was black as pitch. Her mouth was very red from paint.

I had just time to take her all in when she pushed back her chair with a gesture of impatience and came out into the lounge. She sat down at the next table to mine. I looked at my watch. Peter and Delphine were not due for another ten minutes. I looked round at her again.

She was fishing out a powder puff from her vanity bag, and as she did so a small, bright object fell from it to the floor. In an instant, I had retrieved it. It was a very new key, which might, I had to own, have fitted any suitcase. But it was surprisingly similar to the one which the little Frenchman had picked out at Calais as the key to open Delphine's bag. I am glad to record that I did not hesitate. I held it out to her, and the girl made a little gesture of thanks. It is extraordinary how much more prettily a gallant action is accompanied in France than anywhere else in the world.

Acting on an impulse, I went straight up to Delphine's room and knocked. Peter opened the door.

"How much longer are you going to be?" I asked.

"Come in," said Peter.

He shut the door behind me.

"Got a salmon fly on you?" he asked

"A salmon fly?"

"Yes. There's something fishy going on. Look at Delphine's throttler."

The necklace was lying on the dressing-table. Two of the huge pearls were smashed to smithereens.

"But they were all right last night when you wore them!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," answered Delphine, "and when I put them away this morning they were all right, too. But now the seventh from each end is broken."

I looked at Peter.

"There is something fishy going on," I said, and briefly I told him about the girl of the key, and my suspicion of the moment which was now a glaring certainty.

"But," said Delphine, "how on earth did she get a duplicate key?"

Suddenly Peter, who had been sitting on the bed, leapt to his feet.

"My first act when all this is cleared up," he said, "will be to take a sojourn in an asylum. Idiot that I am! Nincompoop, too! Gross ass!"

"Quite," said his wife. "But at the moment, just why?"

"Don't you see?" continued Peter. "That little blighter, when he was picking out the key for me at the Customs, took an impression of it without our noticing him. Easy as dirt for a professional crook. Then he had one made, and his partner has been carrying on. And to think I offered him a drink!"

"THAT explains the method," I put in, "but what on earth is the destruction idea? Why not take the damn thing whole?"

Neither of them answered me. Why indeed? Idly I picked up the necklace and looked at it. It was untouched, except for the seventh pearl from either side. Of these nothing remained except a few broken pieces on the dressing-table. I looked down at them. A small portion of chamois leather was lying in a corner, and caught my eye.

"What's this?" I said, picking it up.

"Nothing of mine," replied Delphine.

I flattened it out. It was a small piece of about two inches square, and looked quite new.

Suddenly Delphine sprang towards me.

"Could it," she cried, "have been inside one of the pearls, preventing a smaller stone from making a noise?"

There was a moment of tense silence.

"My dear," said Peter, "I always knew you were clever, but this is genius. You have reached the solution to the whole problem."

"May I," I said, "associate myself with that bouquet?"

We both bowed and Delphine curtseyed.

Please turn to Page 27

"Athol Brose"

A RECIPE IN RHYME

There's a drink that's brewed in Scotland,
With a name that spells romance.
It combines the best Scotch whisky,
With good brandy straight from France;
To make this Scottish drink divine,
That's worth its weight in money,
The first thing you must purchase
Is a comb of virgin honey;
Pour over it two claret cups
Of Scotch and two of brandy.
Then let it stand for four long days,
And it is fit for Sandy.
It's sweeter than the heather bell,
More fragrant than the rose;
The cap of every Scotsman's off
To bonny Athol Brose.

—Sent in by Elsie Carter, Burwood.

The recipe is actually the method used in making the famous drink.

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The Girl Rider in the Moonlight

MOONLIGHT on the river, and the country girl looks across to the main road in search of a belated friend. The superb naturalness of this study is a credit to the Imperial Feature Films' camera man, and the artistry of Regina Somerville, who plays Kate Kelly, in "When the Kellys Rode," shortly to be released in Australia.

MR. AND MRS. BERNADOTTE, or, in other words, Prince Sigvard of Sweden and his bride, formerly Erika Patzeck, spending a few days in Berlin before travelling to Italy for their honeymoon.

RIGHT: Franz Lehar, the famous Austrian composer, lives at Dobling, a quiet suburb of Vienna. Often while composing, his pet canary, "Hansie," who has the freedom of his studio, will perch himself on his master's head or shoulders. He says that some of his inspirations have come from "Hansie."

THE NAME Michael Treford serves to cover the identity of this mystery man who plays the piano in Smart Set London cabarets at night, and teaches at a well-known Public School by day. He is shown here rehearsing with Binnie Barnes, the well-known male impersonator.

HOUSES MADE AND ERECTED in 48 hours is one of the latest marvels in Germany. At Rahnsdorf, a suburb of Berlin, a small town is springing up with every house made of copper metal. A Berlin metal factory is making and producing the various sections of the houses on the conveyor system of mass production.

TALK ABOUT DROUGHTS in Australia, here's an English river so dry that workmen are able to clean out its bed, and it needs cleaning, too. To judge by the numerous pieces of broken bottle, this part of the River Lambourn, Berkshire, must have been a fisherman's Paradise.

TOP: The cycling craze in America has developed along various channels, but none so curious as this. Here is a team of cycling archers, a new mixed sport for men and women. Mounted on tandems, with the men pedalling, they ride round and round a target, in a wide circle, while the girls shoot their arrows into the bull's-eye.

LEFT: Dr. John Hiss, well-known orthopedic surgeon, of Los Angeles, searched for Hollywood's most perfect foot. He found it, but not on a movie actress' legs. He found it on Miss Marcella O'Connor, an 18-year-old artists' model and former dancer. Dr. Hiss is shown checking Miss O'Connor's feet on his "classifootometer," invented by him for the scientific measurement and testing of feet.

A STRANGE CONTRAST in sport attire. Girl basketball teams in England clad in shorts and slacks. At Wandsworth the Mitcham Ladies' Netball Team met the Elliottonians. Picture shows the line-up before the game commenced, the Mitcham Ladies' team wearing trousers.

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THE FASHION PARADE

BY JESSIE TAIT. SKETCHED BY PETROV

LEFT: Topcoat of olive green rough woollen. The lines fit closely to the figure, and there is a small shoulder cape. Bands of Japanese mink make the detachable scarf collar and muff. Dark brown, deeply ridged wool fabric makes the other slim-fitting wrap-over coat. The luxurious collar is composed of a whole dark brown fox.

LUCIEN LELONG designed this coat of black suede-like material. The necklace fur is silver fox. The scarf worn is of brilliant scarlet velveteen.

FUR ... *makes the Smartness* of the WINTER COAT

ON the choice of fur used for trimming and the manner in which it is applied, depends the smartness of the new winter coats. The body lines of the best Parisian coats have not greatly varied this year, except in the lines of the heavy wool swagger coats for sports wear.

PLAIN, slim and wrapped-over in front, is the general line. But when it comes to applying fur, one's fancy is allowed to run wild and free. Also, the kind of fur used is left to one's own choice. Every variety is good this season, and, to be really chic, have as much as you can afford on your coat!

When coats are not wrapped, they either just meet at the centre front, showing a perpendicular streak of the dress color when open, or they're buttoned. Vionnet's day coats look like dresses, so securely are they fastened. Some coats do up right down the centre back! Others fasten under the left arm. The fronts of these coats are kept austerely plain.

Sleeves are simple. If there is any fullness, it is placed at the elbow or lower. Generally the only sleeve decoration is obtained by tucks, welts, folds. Raglan sleeves or those cut in one with the yoke, are seen on practically all coats.

Belts of the coat material are seen frequently, sometimes just coming from the side seams and tying in front or to one side. Most of the good coats, however, are beltless, although they cling tightly to the figure at the waist.

Necklines button high across the chest . . . lengths are the same as last year.

Fur as Trimming

FUR used as trimming accentuates the bulky top and slender skirt silhouette. Entire sleeves are of flat fur. Fur makes yokes and even more popular than yokes, are plastrons, the front and back of the upper portion of the coat being entirely covered with fur.

When there are cuffs, they should be deep and important; however, since the muff vogue is having a revival, there is not much occasion for them. With or without muffs, cuffs are not seen on the majority of coats. All the wealth of fur is used around the neck and shoulders.

The flat furs, such as nutria, beaver, leopard skin, Persian lamb, seal, caracul, mole, and ermine, are seen quite as much as foxes, although surely foxes have never gone through so many contortions as they are now experiencing at the hands of the couturiers. They are twined about sleeves, made to edge capelets, form round necklaces, swing around the neck like scarves, form sumptuous capes that are worn with and without the coat beneath.

Yokes and Plastrons

The flat furs are used for trimmings, for the yokes and plastrons, and for scarves to be worn with sports suits and coats. Many tweed coats shown abroad last winter had linings of nutria or lapin. These coats were built on swagger lines and worn over a skirt of the same tweed and a jumper or blouse.

Fox and other soft furs such as lynx, mink and sable, make collars, capes and scarves for dressy coats. Flat furs are seen on coats for formal wear as well as on sports coats, but the long-haired furs are kept exclusively for formal wear.

* * *

THERE are many new styles for fur collars. The usual one that goes around the neck and down the lapels looks smarter and wears better if, instead of being sewn to the neck of the coat at the back, it is joined to a small shaped piece of material, thus keeping the fur away from the neck.

SOFT grey Angora-cloth is used for this smart coat, showing the new blown-forward effect. The jutting-out lapels and pockets are of grey Astrachan.

A necklace of fox is sketched on this page on a Lucien Lelong model. This style is very popular abroad.

On one of the other sketches you will see a scarf and muff of mink. This could be carried out in any flat fur, and has the advantage of being detachable. Capes of the coat material are bordered top and bottom by foxes. Skunk, which has appeared again after years of oblivion, makes a long stole that winds around the neck and hangs down back and front in long ends. A shorter stole goes high across the neck in front and hangs in two ends to the waist at the back. A half circle of fox is finished at either end by a strip of coat material which ties in a bow centre front. A whole fox is worn straight around the shoulders, fastening on the left shoulder.

Capes that come just over the shoulders, others that reach the elbow or waist, either joined to or separate from the coat, are made entirely of fur. Big fur lapels having the "blown forward" look are seen on many of the latest models. In these, also, flat fur is used.

Colors and Fabrics

THE majority of coat materials have rough surfaces. This is achieved by ribbing, quilting, stitching, or raised stripes and patterns in the weave. Sometimes the fabric has a fuzzy, hairy texture or loose, rough weave.

The foremost colors are black, dark browns, rich greens, and olive green, grey, all the "berry" shades, and a little navy blue. If you are tired or weary of the traditional dark brown or black winter coat there are plenty of alternatives.

For those of you who do not like grey or the new greens, there are bright colors that can be equally chic, but they must be allied to flat furs. High-colored coats are not smart unless they have a contrast of sleek, smooth, short fur.

For instance: over a black dull crepe dress goes a crimson coat trimmed with shiny black sealskin . . . with a deep yellow dress there is a coat of bright bottle green trimmed with beaver . . . a bright blue coat has a moleskin cape and is worn over an eel-grey frock.

* * *

BRIGHT green wool fashions one model. It is trimmed with bands of beaver fur that wind around the snugly-fitted neckline, streak down the outer part of the sleeve in two bands, and then into deep flared cuffs. The neck beneath does up high on the left shoulder, and there is a belt of the matching wool of the coat.

Vionnet fashions a coat of grey cloth. It fastens up under the left arm with large dark grey buttons.

There is a necklace collar of grey fox worn across the throat in front and hanging down at the back. It is attached to a grey velvet back yoke and has a grey antelope belt.

OUR PARIS SNAPSHOTS

HAVE a monogram on the left side of your woollen sweater, or embroidered on the right lapel of a colored wool jersey blouse.

o o o

NAVY blue combined with a dash of old lavender is new.

o o o

FUR is used to trim small winter hats. It is always one of the flat variety, such as astrachan, etc.

o o o

A CARDIGAN and sweater in the same color, and knitted in the same pattern are ideal for winter sports.

o o o

A SMART new shoe has appeared in Paris. It has its Cuban heel and vamp covered with finest breitschwanz fur. It completes a costume trimmed with this same fur.

o o o

FUR is used for shoulder straps on new pastel colored sheath-like evening gowns.

LONG slim outlines characterise the coat above, which is trimmed with sleek nutria fur. The coat is of bright bottle-green wool fabric, and the fur forms a rounded yoke at the back. A strip of the nutria encircles the tiny hat

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HATS *will be very* CAPRICIOUS

● *SUZY WHITE (above) created this quaint little model. Friar brown velvet is the medium, and the crown has been cleverly draped from a perfectly plain front that is worn right down over one eye.*

● *ROSE VALOIS used a striking color combination for this velvet turban, combining a rich red with a ginger brown. It folds softly across the front just above one eye, ruching on the crown.*

● *LE MONNIER launched this stitched felt model with the curious point at the top of the crown finishing with a plume. The brim is turned up all around, achieving a delightfully youthful air.*

Sketched - by - MARCIA REES

The Noted English FASHION ARTIST

JUDGING by the amazing range that Marcia Rees has so vividly sketched for our readers, there should be no difficulty in securing a hat to suit one this season.

Next week's group in this series of exclusive fashions which Miss Muriel Segal, our special representative in Europe, has sent to us by air mail from Paris, comprises advance models from Jean Patou with some fascinating accessories.

Bonnets, Berets

Turbans, Toques

Vagaries of the Hat Fashions in Paris . . .

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative In Europe

YOU may wear what suits you choose these days, because almost every shaped hat may be found in the present range of the fashions. I have never found Paris so much at variance with regard to a set form or fashion in chapeaux.

We have Schiaparelli, with her strange, shallow-crowned hats with brim jutting far forward in front. Sometimes the brim is turned down almost visor-like or rolled much longer in front than in the back. Chanel follows the theme of concentrating weight towards the front but, instead of lengthening the brim, uses an important pompom, bow, or flower decoration on the direct centre. She also favors brims well rolled-up at the sides, making very unusual hats, especially striking in the check taffetas which she shows in her collection. Her alternative is the little cap made of flowers, tilted well over the forehead, which she herself describes as resembling a pot of flowers turned upside down.

But those who like to expose the forehead can take heart by wearing Patou's charming little Dutch bonnet with flyaway wings, which is worn well on the back of the head. Lewis, the famous modiste, told me she was creating berets again for the coming season, because Americans and overseas buyers were clamoring loudly for the return of beret styles. She is making them much more important, however, and is working at the idea of superimposed berets, which give height.

And then there is the square brim shown by Patou and Molyneux, as well as several other well-known designers, and which is the dernier cri of 1934. The latter's hats have very shallow crowns, and flat, wide brims perfectly square in shape.

The halo hat, which had a sudden vogue, is not universally popular, as it is not becoming to everyone, but it is none the less chic for those who can wear it. The turned - down - all - round Homburger or slouch hat remains as much in favor as ever among smart dressers, and the jeune fille is unhesitatingly adopting the turned-up-all-round Breton sailor hat, which is so amusing when worn by young people, but not at all if the wearer is out of the twenties.

So you see there is no such thing as being out of the fashion with what suits you in the way of hats. All you have to remember is that the crown must be shallow and the hair must be worn very sleek beneath.

Jean Patou forecasts that—

"THE outstanding note for evening wear will be the coatee or capelet, specially designed for the individual dress.

"Suits will be very popular, either the real tailored suit with skirt and blouse, often combined with an additional vestee, or the two-piece suit that is the jacket or capelet worn with a dress.

"On the question of color, Paris will give a large role t black and navy blue. To strike a special note, there will be a magnificent sapphire blue, becoming both to blondes and brunettes."

A Flawless Skin comes from within

THE basis of all beauty is a well-regulated system—free from constipation, no accumulation of uric acid, an intestinal tract kept clean of poisons which affect the whole functioning of the body.

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Dom Moreno's Unusual Career!

By J.A.S.

MUCH has been written of that distinguished composer, Dom Stephen Moreno, O.S.B., the little Benedictine priest, whose works are known to almost every choirmaster throughout the world.

Dom Moreno is a Spaniard, having been born in Corella, Navarre. Strangely enough, another distinguished musician, Signor Franco Izal, hails from the same little town, where the two of them were schoolboys together.

* * *

IT was the success of Dom Moreno which inspired Signor Izal to follow his example and study music, although this was nothing unusual, as the inhabitants of Corella are noted for their love of art, music, poetry, and, incidentally, wine.

Dom Moreno as a lad was a regular attendant at the bullfights, but, nevertheless, devoted much time to hard work and study, and it was a surprise to his friends when he announced that he intended to enter a monastery.

* * *

TO his lifelong friend, Signor Izal, he confided his ambitions. "I have prayed only once with my whole heart," he said, "and that was on the day of my first Communion, and my prayer was that I might be a priest and a musician."

Then the schoolmates parted. Dom Moreno went to Italy, and Signor Izal to America. After 17 years they met again in their native town. Izal had become a leading artist, and Moreno's prayer had been answered—he had become a real priest and a real musician. Both artists were received with the greatest honor by the populace, and then they parted.

* * *

BOTH are in Australia to-day. Signor Izal is delighting thousands with his grand opera work over the air, while the talented priest carries on the work of his Master, humble as all great men are, in the realisation of their nothingness as compared with the Giver of all Gifts.

MUSIC of the WEEK

By ROBERT McCALL

Famous Australians Help Sydney Eisteddfod

ONE of the most gratifying features of the preparations for the City of Sydney Eisteddfod has been the practical encouragement extended by many of Australia's most noted musicians.

John Brownlee, in Paris, has indicated his intention to give a trophy for the baritone competition; Peter Dawson is presenting another for bass singers; Horace Stevens, who opens his Sydney concerts with Poulshnoff shortly, has offered a trophy for oratorio work.

A special prize for tenors is to be the gift of Lionello Cecil, the star of the radio opera season. Florence Austral, now on tour in Australia, naturally takes a special interest in dramatic sopranos, and has offered a trophy in this section of the Eisteddfod.

The Australian pianist, Percy Grainger, also concertising at present, not only is presenting a trophy for piano and ensemble work, but is suggesting the pieces for competition, and even is offering to loan some of his scores.

A Melba Trophy

EXPRESSING surprise that nothing had been done to establish a memorial to the late Dame Nellie Melba, the favorite contralto Dame Clara Butt recently, before overcome by illness, gave a series of auditions with the intention of devoting the fees to that object. She has now consented to allow the money to be used for providing Melba memorial trophies for the Eisteddfod. Dame Clara also will give an award for the contralto section.

Edgar Bainton

THE organising secretary of the Eisteddfod, Mr. D. G. Macdougall, announces that Mr. Edgar Bainton, the new director for the N.S.W. State Conservatorium, has agreed to act as chief adjudicator in the principal choral section and in the pianoforte championships.

"Manon Lescaut"

AT the last moment an alteration has been made in the roster of A.B.C. operas. For May 2 Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffman" has been replaced by Puccini's "Manon Lescaut."

Other composers—Massenet and Auber for instance—wrote operas on the Manon novel by Abbe Prevost. Puccini's setting is one of the Italian's loveliest scores. Australians have not heard it since 1928 when it was staged during the Melba season with Minghetti as the tenor lead and Lina Scavizzi the soprano. Thank goodness that the radio will spare us the irritating 25 minutes' interval which the tantrums of Madame Scavizzi imposed on us.

The broadcast principals will be Manon, Millie Hughes; De Grieux, Lionello Cecil; and Lescaut, Franco Izal.

Interesting Concerto

THE orchestral hour which will open the national programme from 2FC on Monday night, April 30, will introduce the work of a practically unknown Australian composer—Daisy Degotardi. The composition, a Concerto in E Minor, will be played by Isador Goodman (pianist) with the orchestra under E. J. Roberts.

Miss Degotardi is an organist and pianist who has dabbled in composition. She confesses that with barely four years' tuition she composed the first two movements of the concerto when she was only 12 years old. She was entirely ignorant of orchestration, and even now has only a slight knowledge of the many instruments which go to make up an orchestra. Actually she had never written a note on a manuscript previously. The music was jotted on old sheets and entirely forgotten until two years ago when she set to work to complete the third movement.

Poulshnoff-Stevens

THE first four programmes are announced in detail for the Sydney season of Leff Poulshnoff (pianist) and Horace Stevens (baritone) which begins at the Town Hall on May 3. While there is nothing of big dimensions in the keyboard list, it contains a variety of music which should exercise to the full the capabilities of the visitor. We may expect some mighty pianism in the Liszt setting of Bach's "Prelude and Fugue in A Minor" and in the same composer's B Minor Sonata. Poulshnoff is a supreme technician and a dynamic personality.

Chopin monopolises the remainder of the programme with three studies, a nocturne and a scherzo. Horace Stevens, apparently determined to avoid singing the "Pagliacci" prologue as an encore at the end of the concert, makes it his opening number. The most promising group for the Australian baritone is a trio of Purcell numbers.

The two artists are to be guests of honor at a reception by the Musical Association of N.S.W. at the Forum Club on May 1.

MARIE BAKER, a clever young pianist, who gave a successful recital at the Conservatorium last week.

"Con" Orchestra

THE Director, Dr. Orchard, being away in Perth, the Conservatorium Orchestra of N.S.W. was conducted last week by the noted English musician, Howard Carr. He secured one of the finest interpretations of the Tschaikowsky "Pathetique" we have ever heard in Sydney. His own "Three Heroes" was welcome again. Nora Williamson was a brilliant soloist in the Mozart Violin Concerto No. 5.

Centenary Grand Opera

GRAND opera in English and the debut here of several Wagnerian works are likely to give a notable fillip to the musical side of Melbourne's Centenary celebrations.

Announcing the formation of the Royal Grand Opera Company Ltd., of which he is managing director, Sir Benjamin Fuller said this week that a new company would begin a Melbourne season early in October, continuing till Christmas, after which it would tour other cities in Australia and New Zealand. It was to be a permanent organisation, touring the Commonwealth and New Zealand continuously. Negotiations were in progress for the services of a well-known conductor, and also for the importation of eight British singers.

From time to time music lovers have suggested that efforts be made to produce Wagnerian opera during the Centenary period, and Sir Benjamin Fuller promises that the new company will present a number of Wagner's works, provided that the demand is sufficiently great. It may be possible to produce some, if not all, of the operas comprising "The Ring," "The Rhinegold," "The Valkyrie," "Siegfried," and "The Twilight of the Gods," as well as "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser," and "The Flying Dutchman."

Notable Revertoire

OPERAS which Sir Benjamin Fuller declares are certain to be presented are Verdi's "Aida" and "Otello"; Puccini's "La Boheme," "Tosca," "Madam Butterfly," and "Gianni Schicchi"; Ponchielli's "La Gioconda"; and Boito's "Mefistofele." Agreeing with the opinion expressed recently by Mr. Fred Collier, on his return to Melbourne from overseas, that many people would welcome revivals of certain English operas, Sir Benjamin Fuller has definitely added to his list, "The Bohemian Girl," by Balfe, and is considering Benedict's "Lily of Killarney."

Several Australian singers, who have won distinction in opera abroad, will be available this year, and it is hoped that these people will be induced to participate in the season. Importations will include two conductors, a coach and chorus master, two sopranos, two contraltos, two tenors, a baritone, and a bass. Sir Benjamin Fuller leaves for England shortly to complete negotiations.

ACADEMY of Film Fame

ONE of the many major difficulties which confront Australian film producers is the serious lack of trained talent.

Here and there unsuspected ability is being developed by producers themselves, but the greatest number of Australia's future "stars" will undoubtedly be pupils of a school or academy established solely for that end.

In this respect excellent work is being done by The Cinema Academy (established in the Grace Building, York St., Sydney), a large number of whose students already have secured paid engagements on Australian films.

The academy, under the patronage of Cinesound Productions Ltd., has for its coaches such well-known professionals as Mr. H. W. Varna, of the English stage, and Mr. W. Lane-Bayliff.

The former, besides his association with Sir Herbert Tree in the capacity of stage manager and producer, has also produced many notable plays in Australia. Judy Kelly and Carol Coombe are numbered among his successful pupils.

* * *

MR. W. LANE-BAYLIFF will be remembered for his masterly performance as Ironbark in "The Squatter's Daughter," and also as the Rev. Maitland, sen., in "The Silence of Dean Maitland."

Under these capable hands classes are conducted between 10 a.m. and 10 p.m.

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Letters sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for one letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

From 2UW, Dorothea Vautier will give you ideas for "So They Say" letters. Listen-in every Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 2 p.m. to 3 p.m.

ANZAC DAY

TO my mind, Anzac Day should not be allowed to become a day of riotous merry-making. When we consider the men who made the supreme sacrifice, who or what are we that we should turn the anniversary of Anzac Day into such a holiday so as the younger generation will, in years to come, regard it as a day to be given up to foolish pleasure? No. It is our duty to see that on this holy day of days our beloved dead who sleep beyond the sea are remembered in a fitting manner. If dance halls, picture shows and other places of amusement are permitted to remain open, then the pleasure-seeking populace is sure to frequent such resorts. Do we not owe it to our returned men to revere, in a manner such as befits the occasion, the memory of their fallen comrades?

Let us, then, as a nation, see to it that their names be not forgotten.

A. E. Bostock, 8 Victory St., Sandringham, Vic.

£1 prize for this letter.

HORROR RADIO

WHY is it that so many horrible plays are broadcast every night? Almost every station one turns to seems to be producing the lowest class of murderous, blood-curdling "thrillers." My little boys are afraid to listen to the wireless after having heard parts of some of these so-called plays. Some little time ago there was a great outcry about the harmful effect of pictures on children's minds, and rightly so to my mind. Now, why do we put up with even more harmful rubbish which is being sent right into our homes. Even if we do not listen, we still pay for it.

Let us try to make the producers of these plays understand that the majority of people want something more amusing or more instructive. Something that grown-ups and children can both enjoy. Nobody likes going to bed scared stiff. Will somebody back me up?

Mrs. D. G. Haig, Gas Co. Bldgs., 1 Elsie St., Burwood, N.S.W.

SHOULD THEY SUFFER?

SHOULD a person, suffering with an incurable disease, spending days and nights in agony, be given merciful release by a gentle death at the hands of a qualified doctor?

Most sufferers would welcome such a release, especially those aged people for whom life holds nothing more. If there is absolutely no hope of a cure being effected, no hope of surcease from pain, then surely it would be no crime to send these unfortunate people into a peaceful sleep from which there would be no awakening.

Besides mercifully releasing the sufferer from all pain, this would relieve relatives and friends from the mental agony of helplessly watching a dear one in constant torture.

I should like to hear other opinions on the subject.

Miss D. Ennis, 112 Margaret St., Toowoomba, Qld.

IF I COULD LIVE AGAIN

I WOULD do most of the things I have done. Choose the same friends, including my husband—have the same travel, and live in the same places, and have the same maternal experience, and, above all, I would be employed in the same manner.

I would overcome a bad inferiority complex due to being naturally left-handed, and never being allowed to forget it. This would enable me to use my one talent, instead of keeping it carefully wrapped up and buried.

Then I should live on the tip-toes of expectancy with life one thrill after another asking each morning, "What will the day bring forth?" and, as I would merge into the roar of life, though I have to sound but one toot of the flute, I would strive to harmonise with the wonderful music in this best of all possible worlds.

Jessie G. Brown, Victor St., Holland Park, South Brisbane.

Men or Women As Medical Advisers

WHILE I yield to no one in my admiration for my own sex, yet I must admit that I feel more confidence in a male surgeon. There is an air of calm kindliness surrounding him, he emanates sympathy without expressing it in any way, and shoulders the responsibility for hospital and other arrangements. Although we might be loath to admit it, women are the weaker vessels, and in a crisis a man such as I have described is a veritable pillar of strength.

E. Challenger, Gorden St., Hawthorn E3, Vic.

Men More Sympathetic

I SHOULD like to answer Mrs. Ridley's par re women doctors (7/4/'34). I think I can speak from experience. During my lifetime I have had much to do with doctors, both in England and Australia, and during the last seven years I have been under so many I have almost lost count. I find men doctors are more sympathetic towards women. I would never go to a woman doctor while a man doctor could be got. Of course, there are certain things connected with a woman's life a woman doctor does understand, seeing she goes through the same; even then, a man gives more sympathy. We all know there are clever women doctors and surgeons as men, and they all have to live.

The only woman doctor I ever felt I could confide in attended a certain nerve hospital where I was sent when my nerves gave way after so much illness. Whether she took special interest in my case or not, one thing was certain, I used to look forward to her morning visits, also the weekly chats we had together when I was taken to her room. I have friends whose views are the same as my own.

Mrs. R. M. Little, Woodbridge, Hyde Park Rd., Berala, N.S.W.

Brave Woman

I AGREE with Mrs. Ridley (7/4/'34) on lady doctors, and have good cause to do so.

On February 23, 1934, I was dying in my little bush home, 20 miles from the nearest doctor. I rang her up, and in half an hour she was racing through a heavy storm with me to the nearest township.

For eight weary hours that brave woman battled for my life, assisted by an old bush nurse, and she gave me the greatest consideration, kindness and loving sympathy that is possible to give.

And for ever more I say "God bless the woman doctor."

Mrs. Ailsa Knight, "Burra Birra," Turill, N.S.W.

Teachers' Hours—and Responsibility After Work

MISS DALLAS'S criticism of "overworked and underpaid" school-teachers amused yet annoyed me, because, like many other people, she took as her subject something she knew nothing about.

To misquote Shakespeare: "A teacher in his time plays many parts." After 22 years' experience, I would say she plays the parts of mother, nurse, maid, charwoman, garbage man, sanitary man, health officer, and clerk.

Ah! if one only had to teach that would indeed be Paradise. A teacher, like mother, is never done. Alas for me, I always had over 70 wriggling, squirming souls in my kindergarten. And then the calls on one's pocket—pedlars, charities, and books. One set of the last named cost me ten guineas, another nine, and another five. And then one has to be neatly attired. A new frock will quieten a class for a whol day. And holidays! Well, if we didn't get good holidays the State would be burdened with overflowing lunatic asylums.

Mrs. McClelland, 12 Halstead St., Hurstville, N.S.W.

A Boomerang

PERHAPS Miss Dallas (7/4/'34) has heard of an aboriginal weapon known as the boomerang. Her statement regarding the disinclination of lady teachers to resign their positions and take up clerical work is equally applicable to the lady clerks who, not so many years since, could have obtained posts as teachers. Did they accept the opportunity that offered? No—they knew when they were well off.

One would think from her remarks that "irascible and exacting employers" were only to be found in the business world. Let me assure her they are just as plentiful among headmasters and headmistresses. Moreover, in an office there is always the possibility of a romance. Imagine, if you can, a sweet young thing vamping a headmaster under the eyes of 50 young Australians.

No, Miss Dallas, you stick to your office work till good times return, and I'm sure you will not then exchange it for that of a lady teacher.

Don't worry about the holidays; if the youngsters could stand up to 52 weeks' work a year, teachers would get no holidays.

Miss U. Haydon, 11 Short St., Arncliffe, N.S.W.

Should Husbands Punish Their Wives?

THEORETICALLY it may sound all right for a domineering husband to spank his wife (Mrs. Henry, 14/4/'34), but in actual practice it is not quite so simple as one husband discovered recently when he was charged with, and convicted of, assault for "spanking" his wife.

In a lecture on woman writers a few days ago, a well-known critic said that women had ceased to be secondary to man, so the modern man who wishes to punish his wife must arm himself with a more subtle weapon than a slipper.

A pen with which to air his grievance on the "So They Say" page may prove more effective.

Mrs. J. A. Hayward, Cecil Ave., Castle Hill, N.S.W.

A Catch In It

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, April 14, 1934, under heading "Spanking Wives": Mrs. Henry suggests that husbands punish naughty wives by the imposition of a fine out of their pocket-money. As not every wife is in receipt of this trifle, I presume that Mrs. Henry means to say that husbands before retiring to bed, should remove all loose change from their trouser pockets. This is really the only form of pocket-money which many wives receive for their services, and the treasure-hunt is apt to be fraught with danger, for canny lords and masters have been known to place fish-hooks in the pockets of nether garments left hanging by the bedside.

Stella Purdon, Elimbah, N.C.L., Qld.

Envies Spinsters

MRS. HENRY (The Australian Women's Weekly, 14/4/'34) votes for fines from the wives' weekly allowance as being better than a spanking.

How many wives have pocket-money? Trying to balance the budget is the one and only thought of all.

How much better off is the spinster?—no worries re husband, pin-money, spanking, etc. She does her work, receives her pay, spends it as she likes, and has her own time off duty.

When off color she goes to bed for a rest, gets a meal when required, and no one in the shape of husband or children waiting to receive attention.

No wonder so many wives envy the spinster, who does not need the sympathy of M. Dickie.

M. Alleyne, 19 George St., St. Peters, Adelaide.

A Remedy

MRS. HENRY, there is only one thing for a wife to do if her husband should beat her—call a policeman and give him in charge for assault.

Mrs. F. I. Bartlett, 16½ High St., Northcote N16, Vic.

Sauce for the Goose

WHY should a husband either fine or spank his wife? What has happened to the "emancipation of women" that man should have that prerogative? The day has surely passed when the wife has to answer to her "Lord and Master" for her misdeeds.

If a husband is to spank or fine his wife, how then is the wife to punish her offending husband? She can hardly spank him—although a little exercise with the rolling-pin might be indicated.

The only really practical way would be through his "tucker-box," that being the one part of her man over which a woman rules supreme. How about giving him a "burnt offering" or no dinner at all; or, worse still, condemn him to a week of preparing his own breakfast, finding his own handkerchief, darning his own socks, etc.?

"What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander"—but I am thinking that a husband who spanked me would only do it once!

Miss I. M. Quinn, 430 Miller St., North Sydney.

Let Him Try

WHOEVER that Judge may be, he may be a Judge in other ways, but he is not a Judge where spanking wives is concerned. Does he think that women are kiddies again, and when they do something wrong that they have to be spanked for it? No, Mr. Judge, those baby days are gone, and why treat your wife like that? For one to speak harshly often hurts more than a spanking, and I, like Mrs. Henry, think that a little subtraction in the pocket hurts, too. I would like to see my husband spank me. He would know who was the worse off for doing it.

Mrs. J. Hicks, 23 Manilla St., Bathurst, N.S.W.

BRAND THE HUSBANDS

WHILE discussion is high on the subject of wedding rings, may I put forward a suggestion?

Why is it that only the bride wears a ring? Why not "brand" the groom as well? Many married men flirt outrageously, and have temporary girl friends who have no way of distinguishing them from the married ones. Is this fair to the girls?

A simple signet ring worn on the left hand similar to the present-day wedding ring would not be effeminate, and would certainly be a help. What do other readers think of this suggestion?

Miss N. Kelly, 119 Griffiths St., Manly, N.S.W.

LONELY WOMEN

I WAS very interested in the editorial of The Australian Women's Weekly 7/4/'34, on the loneliness of old people.

One hears pity expressed so often nowadays for a mother who is rearing a large family.

Does she not gain part of her recompense in the training of these young ones at a time when another mother is wondering how best to occupy her interest and time, and again, when her work is finished in the company and love of her grandchildren.

How do women who are left with no family ties between the age of 45 and 70 find an interest for their lonely days?

Mrs. A. M. Wood, Forest Hill, Qld.

ETIQUETTE

WHEN a gentleman is escorting two ladies along the street he walks on the outside, not between them.

OBLIGATION TO PARENTS

SHOULD children be compelled to support their parents? I would say definitely, yes, if they are in a position to do so.

Surely, it is the least one could do to try to repay in some measure the love and kindness shown, and the sacrifices made for one, all one's childhood. After all, our mother is our best friend, and nowhere else in the world will we find unselfish love and devotion, such as she has showered upon us. I think the care of one's parents is a duty which one should undertake willingly and cheerfully.

E. Perry, 126 Nelson St., Annandale, N.S.W.

PAID IN FULL

IS it fair that the names of those who are about to come out of prison should be printed in the papers along with their photo? These men have been tried, sentenced, and have served their sentence. The public have long since forgotten their crimes. Yet these are revived by the Press in detail at a time when surely the man concerned has the most need to remain forgotten. What chance have these men to "make good" under this barrage of unwanted publicity?

Miss Hulland, No. 1 Flat, 11 Everton Rd., Strathfield, N.S.W.

THE HATLESS BRIGADE

I WONDER how many women agree with me in my intense dislike for those men who do not wear hats—on any occasion. From my own experience I have proved that practically every man who refuses to own or wear a hat is reckless and slovenly inclined in their daily habits. Also they are quite irresponsible. I know some charming men who belong to this category, but they all possess these undesirable qualities. Please men, don't continue to be hatless on every occasion—it doesn't become you!

Miss Valerie Ley, care Cinesound Productions Ltd., Ebley St., Waverley, N.S.W.

Screen Oddities By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

INFANT PRODIGIES *of* STAGE *and* SCREEN!

CHARLOTTE HENRY ("Alice in Wonderland") loved to dress up and act when she was a little thing of three years old.

COMING of a family distinguished in the theatre for generations, Ida Lupino finds herself in her natural element when she is acting.

Are Actors Born or Made? . . . Both, Probably

ALMOST any director who has had to deal with child actors on the "legitimate" stage will say that the less you have to tell them the better.

Some children of tender years have an instinct for the right thing, and if you fill them up with instructions and warnings you only spoil the perfect naturalness that they would otherwise bring to their parts.

ON the other hand that unselfconsciousness can rarely be retained through adolescence. Training and strict discipline are generally required to develop the most promising child into an adult actor of any account.

Still, those child actors who continue on the stage and go through the rigors of training and professional experience have a long start over actors who only begin to tread the boards in their later teens, or when they are completely grown-up.

If we look at the instances given below we shall probably conclude that something at least of their success on stage and screen is due to their familiarity with the profession from their earliest years.

BABY LE ROY seems to carry his screen honors happily enough. He is a most unusual child, never making it necessary to have a "shot" done twice. They call him on the set "one-take" Le Roy.

A Child Impersonator

TAKE Mae West, for example. She began her career at the age of five by doing impersonations of famous stage stars in a theatre situated in her native Brooklyn. She played such child classics as Little Lord Fauntleroy and Little Eva.

Helen Mack, who recently appeared in "Sweepings," and will be seen presently in Paramount's "All of Me," with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and George Raft, began her acting career at the age of seven. For years she was "fathered" by Roland Young, and other leading men.

Eddie Cantor, shortly to be seen in "Roman Scandals," a United Artists picture, and George Jessel are two others who were child actors together.

Charlotte Henry, the girl selected after careful search to play the name part in the Paramount production of "Alice in Wonderland," was a child actress in New York.

Ida Lupino, the 16-year-old English beauty, has been acting since the age of seven. She was trained in the best traditions of the theatre by her father, Stanley Lupino, who stars in "You Made Me Love You," a recent release by British International Pictures, and by her mother, Connie Emerald, who is well known on the English stage. At the age of 12, it is said, Ida could play all of Shakespeare's heroines. The only pictures in which she has been seen so far in Australia are "Her First Affaire," a light comedy from British Dominions Films, and a detective film, also British, called, "The Ghost Camera." These are a very considerable remove from Shakespearean work.

Acrobatics and Juggling

CARY GRANT ran away from home in Bristol to join an acrobatic troupe. By an odd coincidence this same troupe, the Lomas aggregation, appeared in the prologue at the Chinese Theatre in Hollywood before the screening of the Mae West picture, "I'm No Angel," in which Grant is the leading man. Commenting on this picture, E. V. Lucas, the noted London critic, and film reviewer for "Punch," remarks that Cary Grant is destined for a heavy fan mail.

Another child prodigy was W. C. Fields, who also ran away from home. His people lived at Philadelphia, but he abandoned them at the age of seven to do a juggling act with a circus. His rise as a comedian was a much later development, but he still retains his skill in legerdemain, as can be seen from his manipulation of coins and other objects in "Tillie and Gus."

Baby Le Roy, of course, is the most discussed infant on the screen to-day. He began his career at the age of nine months by breaking Edward Everett Horton's watches in Maurice Chevalier's "A Bedtime Story," and the film was finished just in time for the rapid growth of a baby of less than a year old not to be too apparent in the latest sequences.

Vaudevillians

ALL of the Four Marxes, except Zeppo, the youngest, were child actors in vaudeville. It is amusing to find that the voluble Groucho started out with a girls' vaudeville trio, but that he was fired when his alto voice changed to a froggy bass!

Gracie Allen was in vaudeville at the age of thirteen. So one might go on. But this list almost proves the case, doesn't it, that to win fame on stage or screen, just as in golf, you cannot begin too early.—B.T.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM
★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*
★★ *Two stars—good films.*
★ *One star—average films.*
No stars . . . . no good.

★★★ BERKELEY SQUARE

Leslie Howard and Heather Angel (Fox.)

HERE is a beautiful production which does no violence to the delicate fabric of the original play. London in the eighteenth century is made visible to us in most careful detail. The club scene and the ball are as real as if we were present at these fashionable gatherings of the past. The only possible tiny criticism is that perhaps some of the details are too studied. One always seems to see from the windows Sedan chairs pass and re-pass in Berkeley Square, and there are about three too many ostrich feathers in Kate Pettigrew's picture hat. But to say this is to be captious. We should thank heaven fasting when we get a film like this.

Leslie Howard, as the modern young man who bridges the century and a half that separates him from that other Peter Standish who crossed from America to England before him, gives a fine and sensitive performance which it would be difficult to over-praise. Heather Angel, also, as the eighteenth century maiden, a wistful, tender study, is beyond praise. But indeed the whole of the cast, both eighteenth century and present day, are uniformly admirable. This is a memorable film.—State.

★★★ THREE LITTLE PIGS

Walt. Disney.

FORSAKING the too stylised grotesque Mickey Mouse, Disney has opened up a vein of unexampled richness in his later color symphonies. The most recent nursery rhymes surpass even the delightful "King Neptune," and of these the "Three Little Pigs" is the jewel so far. The wit and verve and gay color of this cartoon are enchanting. These delicious piglings are in the very spirit of childhood, though perhaps the "big, bad wolf" is a grown-up bogy. At all events we have here a little masterpiece of its kind presented in the space of 15 minutes.—Regent.

★★ THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE

Jeanette MacDonald, Ramon Novarro, Frank Morgan (M.-G.-M.).

THOUGH the latter part of this musical film takes us behind the scenes and through portions of a first night production, while resolving the tangled drama of the principal characters—situations with which we are now very familiar—there is an engaging freshness of treatment which prevents the theme from seeming hackneyed. Musically, too, the film is far superior to its predecessors. Both Ramon Novarro and Jeanette MacDonald can sing, notably Miss MacDonald. She does not open her mouth to let out lamentable sounds which are supposed to be justified as "crooning." As a serious student of singing, who has also a turn for light composition, she fills the bill entirely and, when at the end she steps at a moment's notice into the role of leading lady in an operetta which she knew in part already, the effect is sufficiently plausible. Novarro also carries off the part of the temperamental young composer very well.

Charles Butterworth contributes his risible blend of vacuousness and common sense. More power to him! There are some pretty inventions in the film, such as the raindrops pinging their different notes on the pans placed to catch them, and the lustres of the chandeliers tinkling their chimes in the breeze from the opened window. The last scenes are in color, but that is no particular advantage.—St. James.

★★ NIGHT FLIGHT

John Barrymore, Helen Hayes, Clark Gable (M.-G.-M.).

WITH the author of the novel from which this film is taken, and also the director and several of the actors all practised flyers, accuracy in the technical details of commercial aviation is guaranteed, and some exceedingly fine shots of mountain scenery from the air, during the passage over the Andes, have been secured. We did not see why the general manager of the company running the air mail service (John Barrymore) dared not relax his tyrannical attitude. Can loyalty and discipline in these hazardous enterprises be maintained only by fear? And why represent the somewhat slouching inspector of planes (Lionel Barrymore) as afflicted with itch?

However, these are minor flaws. The strain and suspense of night flying over dangerous country, the anxiety of the pilots' wives when storms break and planes are delayed or blown out of their course, the relative triviality of some of the mail matter for which these men risk their lives and, on the other hand, the miraculous boon of quick transport in the case of precious medical stores are all brought clearly to our minds. One gains from this film an impression of thrilling speed. The steadfast endurance and high courage regularly displayed in these services should make us proud.—(Simultaneous release at Arcadia, Broadway, and several suburban theatres).

★ A TICKET IN TATT'S

George Wallace, Frank Harvey, Campbell Copelin. (Efftee Films.)

YOU would guess that this film is largely concerned with racing. Otherwise the title has small application to the plot, which is constructed to display the antics of that genial humorist, George Wallace, as a grocer's assistant, emergency waiter and stable hand. He is well worth the director's concentration, though his fumbling mishaps with bags of sugar, dollops of butter, and foredoomed eggs at the beginning of the film can be seen coming all too clearly. His humor does not depend upon his freakish hat and plaid-patterned shirt. When he is seen without them as a waiter he is equally funny. Wallace is supported by a cast of actors mostly well known on the Australian stage, including Frank Harvey, in a very ungrateful part, and Campbell Copelin, who makes an effective appearance as romantic lead. The highlights, apart from Wallace's own performance, are the cabaret turns in the cafe, introducing another original comedian, Nick Morton, and the scenes on the course at the Melbourne Cup. The film is well photographed.—Civic.

★ SON OF KONG

Robert Armstrong, Helen Mack (R.K.O.).

NO doubt it seemed to the producer of "King Kong" that there was a good island going to waste along with all the apparatus of that earlier mechanical marvel. So we are given to understand that a son had been born to Kong—where was his mother, by the way?—and the dauntless explorer (Robert Armstrong) who introduced the giant ape to an astounded New York is led by accident and remorse to befriend Kong's little son, a creature of a mere twelve-foot stature with a charmingly grateful disposition. The island, we learn, still had a remnant of befeathered native inhabitants who, because of their previous experiences, were naturally averse from association with any white men. Also, even more picturesque prehistoric beasts than before gave up for the occasion the peaceful vegetarian habits proper to their species to provide a savage spectacle for the second group of white invaders. But the island seems done for now. And young Kong is "drownded." No "personal appearance" on Broadway for him. But he was a good little ape while he lasted, and the way the hero and heroine bound up his wounded hand would have been an edifying example for a "Kindness to Animals" Week. Ah well, these sequels can hardly hope to maintain the exhilaration of the first volume.

★ DAVID HARUM

Will Rogers, Evelyn Venable, Kent Taylor (Fox).

THOSE people who have read the book from which this film is taken will be prepared to find that the name part of the small town banker, who has a passion for horse dealing "on the side," fits Will Rogers like a glove. The film opens in New York during the "gay nineties" (but surely that is a term applied only to English social life of that time?) and then moves to Homeville, where David Harum was regarded as a hard man, though you would have thought that his gentle old sister (Louise Dresser) at least would have realised that he did many a kindly action, also "on the side." We revelled in his horse dealing encounters with the deacon, both of them whittling away at sticks like mad or slicing their knives into hitching posts as they struck their sly bargains. The "Suppose I . . . Suppose you" bargain made in spite of the deacon's religious scruples on the Sabbath morn is particularly enjoyable. We doubt whether Evelyn Venable's ringlets were quite true to the period, that is, unless the United States were behind the contemporary English fashions in hair dressing. And the manoeuvres of the heroine to bring her reluctant swain to her feet are rather artless. But the trotting race which winds up the story in a fan-faronade of Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay is a scream. Excellent fun

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THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY

By JANE ANNE SEYMOUR

THE Engineers' and Signal Officers' Ball at the Wentworth provided a memorable opening to the military social season, being the most brilliant of its kind for many years past.

Many striking table decorations were arranged, one of the most spectacular being that of Lieut. Ken Hawkey, which represented a mimic battlefield with Light Horsemen and Signalmen in action.

Trumpeters sounded the general salute on the arrival of the guests of honor, Brigadier-General and Mrs. O. F. Phillips.

The colorful uniforms of the various arms of the service—army, navy, and air force—and the smart frocking of the ladies made a vivid and charming scene. It was noticeable, also, that many of the officers were wearing the new white mess jackets.

☆ ☆ ☆

AMONG those who entertained parties were Lt.-Col. F. Fewtrell and Mrs. Fewtrell, Lt.-Col. Lucas and Mrs. Lucas, Lt.-Col. Monce and Mrs. Monce, Major Mills and Mrs. Mills, Major Laxton and Mrs. Laxton, Major McComb and Mrs. McComb, and Captain and Mrs. Williamson.

The success of the function was largely due to the enthusiastic and able work of the committee, comprising Major Dal Weingarth, Captain Pat Manley, and Lieut. W. Briggs. Mrs. Briggs chose a long graceful gown of black velvet, with touches of diamente, and Mrs. Manley a trained gown of black and silver lame, and a coronet of Cecil Brunner roses. The last "matching" touch was given to her striking toilette by her black-lacquered nails which had piquant silver "moons and tips."

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MISS RUBY MORRISS, with Miss Strella Wilson, Charles Norman, Sidney Burchall, Jack and Sylvia Kellaway, and members of the Marquartsteiner troupe of Tyrolese dancers, is arranging the musical programme at the "White Horse Inn" Cabaret at the Wentworth ballroom on Thursday, May 10, in aid of St. Margaret's Hospital.

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THE Manly District Hospital will benefit by the annual ball of the Manly Chamber of Commerce, which will be held at the Cocoanut Grove (formerly the Dungowan), on May 2.

Although the Chamber of Commerce was formed in 1923, this will be its first big social function, and the fact that practically the whole of the ground floor is already booked, is an indication of the success that can attend the social efforts of a group of business men, and it would not be surprising if this ball becomes the principal function of Manly's winter season. At any rate, that is the objective of the energetic ladies' committee, of which Mrs. A. Bennetts is the president, Mrs. K. W. Kilpatrick the hon. secretary, and Mrs. A. J. Rawnsley the hon. treasurer.

☆ ☆ ☆

MEMBERS of the ladies' committee for the Cronulla Surf Life-saving Club are working enthusiastically for the success of their annual ball, which is to be held at the Blaxland Galleries on Saturday, May 19, and several functions have been arranged to help defray the expenses. Miss Dorothy Allot is president, Miss M. Hattersley (hon. treasurer), and Miss T. Brown (hon. secretary). Full particulars may be had by ringing Miss Brown (M6686).

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THE inaugural meeting for the International Ball will be held at Government House next Monday. Prior to the meeting, the Governor and Lady Game will receive the Consuls and their wives, and the representatives of the various organisations working for the ball.

Mrs. Albert Littlejohn is honorary organiser, and Lady Gordon is president of the ball committee, while Miss Ellis Dettman has undertaken the secretarial work. The ball is to be held at David Jones' on June 7.

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MRS. EARP and Mrs. Arthur Austen must have gone to a tremendous amount of trouble for the bridge party at "Highgate" last week, in aid of the Crown Street Women's Hospital. Not only had beds been removed from rooms, but, so that the players should be comfortable, easy chairs, not the usual hired hard ones, were borrowed from neighbors.

Joan Austen and Beaupre Bassett were busy all the evening making savories for the supper, which was a buffet one, so that everybody "mixed" in party fashion. With twenty tables (Mrs. J. B. Holmes, who doesn't play, took two tables and gave them to friends), about twelve pounds was cleared.

A DELIGHTFUL HOME study of Patricia and Roma, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Stanton Gedge, of "Kendal Lodge," Rose Bay. The picture was taken in the garden of the girls' home. Roma is standing on the top step.

THE Sutherlands have always been keen supporters of everything Scotch, and in honor of her approaching marriage Nancy Sutherland was entertained by the Younger Set of the Highland Society last week.

Mrs. Norton, president of the organisation, presided, and a gift was presented during the evening to Nancy by her colleagues of the Younger Set.

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AT the rooms of the Council of Jewish Women, on April 28, Mrs. E. D. White will be hostess at a card party in aid of a family in distress, where father and mother are in hospital, and two young children (girls, aged nine and eleven) have to be cared for. The honorary organisers are Messrs. A. Fine and E. Polonski. For reservation of tables please ring FL1595.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE last of many farewell parties to the T. A. Fields, of Coogee, was given on Friday evening at "Bunyas," Victoria Rd., Bellevue Hill, by Mrs. Albert Field. The guests of honor were among the many passengers who left in the "Strathaird" on Saturday.

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MANY years ago it was found desirable to remove lump sugar from the menu at undergraduate parties at the University.

Overjoyed that this wasn't the case at the G.P.S. Council's party at David Jones on regatta night, the old boys of the different schools made the most of it, especially Grammar—who were well represented, in spite of the dance at the Blaxland Galleries of the Grammar School's women's auxiliary absorbing many of them—Shore, and High.

At supper-time these three schools rose one after the other to barrack, not only by word of mouth, but by throwing sugar. Dancers included Joan Crowhurst, in floral chiffons; Ann Flashman, in white printed organdie; Gwen Shipley, in green satin; and Grace Hackney, in white satin and lace, as well as a large official party, presided over by Mr. R. C. M. Boyce, of representatives from all the G.P. Schools.

Organising these regatta balls, by the way, must be more of a strain than one would think. Audrey Fay, who was a very active member of the committee for the R.P.A.H. Ball at Nock and Kirby's on Saturday, is sailing now with her mother, Mrs. H. Fay, for a holiday trip to Ceylon in the "Orama." She will return in the "Otranto."

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MRS. CHARLES CHAUVEL entertained at the Australia prior to leaving for location on the Gordonbrook Station, Upper Clarence, where some of the scenes are to be shot for "Heritage." Later, the Chauvels go on to Queensland.

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"SOMETIMES the pathetic cases that come under our notice move us so much that it is impossible almost to sleep," said the representative of the Salvation Army, at the meeting last week of the Lady Mayoress' Clothing Fund at the Town Hall. Another speaker told how the Government may provide aid in the end, but it may take six or seven weeks to prove that one is destitute, and until then no help can be obtained.

Mr. Johnson remarked that what he liked about the Lady Mayoress' Clothing Fund was that they were clothes of character. All of them were interesting, they didn't bear that "institution" look. This means, he said, a great deal to the girls who receive them.

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WHILE it was so windy on the verandah that the dancers often kept on their coats, and the men were not so lively as they might have been had they won the race, the party given at the Yacht Squadron at Kirribilli on Saturday by Mrs. Maybelle Harris, aunt of John Burrell, stroke of "Shore," in honor of the crew, was nevertheless very cheery.

The crew and their partners had a table to themselves, but at supper time everybody's cakes had little "Shore" flags stuck into them. Guests included Mary Price, whose red hair was thrown into striking relief by an all-black frock; Delphine West-Scorer, in a windswept blue satin frock, the cowl neck of which was continued into the sleeves, who wore a blue halo to match; Rona McDonald, looking particularly sweet in a green frock with gold lame trimming, and a white fur coatee with brown fur collar; Norah Kennedy, in green, with diamente shoulder straps and diamente band round her neck and a half of green leaves in her hair; John Walcott, Harry and Clive Weston, Bill Wragge and Geoffrey Sheldon.

TWO bands — one old-time, and one modern — with ten players in each, so that as soon as one band finishes the other will start, will be a unique feature of the ball at the Blaxland Galleries on May 15, organised by Mr. Ernest Collibee. Tickets for the ball, which will be called Cec. Morrison's 2UW Radio Ball, are obtainable from 2UW, or the State Theatre booking office.

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IT was noteworthy that at St. Andrew's College dance on Saturday about half the girls wore blue. One party in particular, which spent most of its time talking in one of the rooms, had a great abundance of it—Margot Val, Peggy Brown, Elizabeth Conroy, Nina Simpson (Armidale), Joan Sayers, and Freda Marshall all featuring this color.

Others at the dance included Margaret and Bardie MacCallum, Marjorie Simpson, Una White (Armidale), Lois Basil-Jones, Jack Simpson, Bimbo White, Isabel Meares, Dr. John Loxton, Sep. Halliday, and Fred Meares Osborne.

☆ ☆ ☆

LAST week Eric Birdsall was suddenly taken ill with appendicitis at "Cranbrook," so his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Birdsall, rushed from Singleton immediately to the spot, and are in town staying with the Clifford Bunces at Bellevue Hill.

Mrs. Gilder (Joyce Birdsall) was in town for a few days previously shopping for the picnic races, but has now returned. Marjorie Bunce will visit the Birdsalls for the Muswellbrook races in a couple of weeks.

WITH its rigging (or the modern ship's equivalent) roped across with colored lights, colored lights let into the ceiling of the dancing deck, the pageant and talkies of Bali, and the atmosphere of romance that shipboard dances always diffuse, the party on the "Nieuw Holland," in aid of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society, on Saturday was a great success.

The only minor drawback was that, with the wind howling along the decks, and the necessity for leaving one's coat over one's seat so as to "bag" it from the rest of the 600 dancers, one wished one had been clever enough to acquire a white fur cape for dancing like Mrs. Alan Smith, or a brown fur one like Betty Suttor. Not so many coronets or other headdresses were worn as is usual at parties now, but other little modern touches were frequent. Sylvia Godhard and Alison Bouett (both Art students), wore frocks high-necked in front, with flower—or grape, in Alison's case—ornaments just below their chins.

But quite the most striking toilet was that of the Prince of Abyssinia, who wore crowns and a necklet of teeth and other decorations on his chest, had a young man to light his cigarette, pick up his gloves, and put on his overcoat, and a partner who wore an immense crystal upon her finger.

☆ ☆ ☆

TAKING into consideration the needs of the business girl, Grace Bros. have been showing for the past week at Grace Building a varied selection of evening gowns, frocks, coats, sporting attire, and trim little business suits designed especially for the business girl at prices within the limits of her purse. Of especial interest were the "ensemble outfits," including frock or suit, shoes and hat, for two, three, four, five or six guineas the lot. The suits were in the newest weaves, and featured the varying necklines, some were belted and most employed buttons of wood in quaint shapes and contrasting colors to add a distinctive touch.

Black seemed the favorite color for evening wear—possibly because a well-cut black frock can be so useful and serviceable, and can be worn more often than those of more brilliant hue. Many of the frocks showed the influence of the tunic style, which is becoming so popular once more, and all were designed for practical use and wear. Even the cocktail frocks served a dual purpose, becoming, with the removal of cape or closely-fitting jacket, an evening gown. The coats were mostly along tailored lines in rough surfaced tweeds and delightful for sports or business wear—a few, for more formal wear, being luxurious with huge fur collars.

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KEEPING PACE...
With Their Fellows
Hospital Schools for Sick Children

By MISS M. M. SIMPSON (ex-Inspector of Schools)

The problem of educating children who are infirm or suffering from diseases that require lengthy treatment in hospital, is common to Australia.

Each State has made some attempt to meet the requirements of the situation, but none has dealt with it as successfully as New South Wales, which has several classes conducted by the Education Department in the metropolitan hospitals.

FOR more than ten years a branch of educational work has been conducted in New South Wales, which, I believe, has no parallel in any other country.

I refer to the classes for suffering children in certain big hospitals. Teachers from the Department of Education are in charge.

This phase of the Department's work was and is, largely due to a little nine-year-old patient in one of the suburban hospitals.

Early in 1922 I visited a certain hospital on business, and, while waiting for the arrival of the officer I had called to see, my attention was arrested by a little nine-year-old crippled boy in a cot on one of the verandahs. He was propped up in bed, with an ordinary school primer on his lap, and was laboriously spelling out three-letter words to himself.

Every now and then he would call out to the nurse, who was inside the ward. "Sister, what does c-a-t spell?" "What does m-a-t spell?" and so on to the end of the lesson. Then he would go over the words again by himself, spelling each one aloud until the lesson was mastered.

I asked the nurse if this was a sudden fancy or game on the part of the boy, and she said "No, he is always at it, and always asking the nurses to teach him to read."

The sister had taught him the letters of the alphabet in the good, old-fashioned way, and was now doing what she could to help him with words. But a nurse's time is so fully occupied in nursing that she could not do much in the way of teaching.

All the children in that particular ward were in hospital for lengthy periods—from a few months to four or more years. Although fairly well in other respects, they were crippled from one cause or another, and almost all were confined to their cots.

The little chap's efforts to learn to read set me thinking. I went into the matter with the medical officer, and found that in his opinion all the children were well enough to be taught for a portion of the day at any rate. The crippled legs and backs prevented bodily movement, but the little minds remained active and were hungering and thirsting for knowledge.

* * *

I PUT their case before the Chief Inspector of Schools, and the Director of Education. Both were very sympathetic, and at once agreed with me that the crippled and disabled children in hospitals had as good a claim to education by the State as the well and physically fit children in our schools.

A teacher, specially adapted to the work, was immediately appointed to the hospital, and work began.

The little chap who was teaching himself got on with amazing rapidity. Very soon he could read fluently, besides doing other interesting things such as writing letters, doing sums, drawing pictures, modelling in plasticene and in cardboard, and making and constructing from odds and ends of material. The other children in the ward got on rapidly, too, and delighted in their work. Gone was the boredom and the wearisome task of lying still and doing nothing. The days were not long enough for all the interesting work to be done, and the teacher was hailed with joy.

Soon other hospitals heard of what was going on, and several applications came in for the services of a teacher.

In every case where the number of children in hospital for lengthy periods warranted it, a teacher was granted, so that we now have eight or nine hospital schools under the care of the Education Department.

In some of the hospitals many of the children can walk about and are taught in the ordinary way in groups. But in others—and these are in the majority—the children are in their cots and must be taught individually. In some things, such as singing and story-telling, the work is done collectively, but the main part of the teaching is individual, from bed to bed.

* * *

EXCEPT in a few cases, very few of the children have had any teaching at all before entering hospital. After leaving hospital the children are often too delicate to attend school. Even if school could be attended, the child was so far behind other children of his own age, that he became discouraged and unhappy.

Under the hospital school plan all this is changed, and children on leaving hospital go to school happily and continue their education with their more fortunate fellows.

In some cases of total or partial disablement, the teaching while in hospital is the only schooling some of these unfortunate little ones will get. It is comforting, however, to know that they are getting a start, and that the world of books will at least be open to them. The training in handiwork that is given to all provides an occupation that will bring comfort to many, and may lead to a self-supporting occupation later on.

* * *

THE teaching of children lying back in their cots presented considerable difficulty at first. Teaching them to read was not so bad, but writing, drawing and other things of that sort presented a difficulty. In the first stages of writing the difficulty was overcome by using Dr. Montessori's sandpaper letters, and in the later stages a board that could be set up in bed, invented by one of the teachers, got over the writing difficulty.

The teacher's work has necessarily to be arranged in such a way as to suit the hospital life, and teachers have to adapt their methods to the strength and health conditions of the children. In every case the teachers have entered smoothly and easily into the life of the hospital, and only words of praise for the value of their work are heard from nurses and doctors.

THIS CRIPPLED boy is suffering no educational handicaps during his long sojourn in hospital. The fascinating story of how the Education Department of New South Wales inaugurated the system of special schools in metropolitan hospitals for children undergoing lengthy treatment is told on this page by Miss M. M. Simpson, ex-inspector of schools.

DEVELOPMENT *in Girls'* CLUB WORK
Inauguration of Courses on Cooking and Home Management

An interesting new development of the work of the Girls' Progressive Club and the Housewives' Progressive Association is the inauguration of evening classes in housekeeping for girls and newly-married women.

Mrs. Ruby Duncan and Miss Portia Geach, the respective presidents of the clubs co-operating in the new venture, aim to make the courses as practical and comprehensive as possible.

"COOKING, home decoration, home management, buying and values will all be included," Mrs. Duncan told The Australian Women's Weekly. "We expect a course will take three months and, at the end of that time, certificates will be awarded to those who have satisfactorily completed the course.

"This is an extension of the work already undertaken by the Girls' Progressive Club," continued Mrs. Duncan. "The club was formed to help girls to happier and fuller living. We aim to interest and educate members by lectures, films and demonstrations in subjects which will make easier their duties of citizenship, wifehood and motherhood.

"In the four years of its existence, 500 girls have been members of it, and over 200 have married during that time. The experience they have gained as club members has, I feel sure, been helpful to them in their new spheres.

* * *

"WOMEN are the home-makers of the world, and I think every woman should be taught the psychology of home-making and all the practical sides of home management. They are the mothers of the race, and they should be fitted by specialised education for this tremendous responsibility.

"In our club and in our new home management courses, we hope to cover a very wide field, which will be a practical help to members."

* * *

THE social side of life is not neglected in the Girls' Progressive Club. Many social events are arranged.

Also, Mrs. Duncan firmly believes that every woman finds her highest opportunities for happiness in marriage.

"Some day," she says, "I hope to be able to run the club as a socially-mixed club. It seems just plain common sense to me that young men, who admire the home-making type of girl whom the club attracts, should be given opportunies of meeting them in the congenial surroundings of the club-rooms. I think it is a fine thing for young men and women to have lots of mutual friends.

"Also," she laughingly adds, "I may as well confess, I'm an inveterate match-maker, and I believe that a club of mixed membership and definite standards is responsible for the making of many happy marriages."

Full particulars of the new courses can be had from Mrs. Duncan or Miss Portia Geach.

Federated C.W.A.
Victoria Supports Proposal

THE proposal to federate the Country Women's Associations of Australia was supported by the Victorian C.W.A. at its annual conference held in Melbourne last week. Mrs. Matt Sawyer and Mrs. Hubert Fairfax attended as representatives from this State.

An interstate conference will be held in Melbourne during the Centenary celebrations—probably on October 30—and the proposed federation will be the most important subject on the agenda.

The suggestions that will go before this conference are that the name of the Federal body should be the "United Country Women of Australia"; that a national constitution which would in no way affect the domestic and internal affairs of each individual State should be adopted; that interstate conferences at which each State, no matter how many delegates it had present, should have equal voting power, should be held only every third year, and then in a different State each time; and that the Federal president, who would be chosen from each State in turn, should be elected every third year.

Apart from travelling expenses, there should be no expense in administering this Federal body.

ANTI-WAR CONFERENCE

THE national section of the Australian Council Against War (women's branch) is holding a conference in St. James's Hall, Phillip St., on April 28. The council has issued an appeal to all women, especially mothers, to "join in protesting and organising against the fast-impending war."

Miss M. B. Soljak will speak on behalf of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. The subject of her address will be "Mothers and War."

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Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Mrs. Bell Allen is thinking of having her hair done into a mass of red curls?

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Philips, and daughter Coney (Mrs. H. E. Lamble) and her husband, formed a very happy family party at "Fresh Fields" on Friday?

Mr. A. N. Finlay, coach of the winning eight is nicknamed "Huck" because of the "Fin"?

Young Whiddon had to pay up fivepence to a flapper friend when Grammar won the regatta?

Progressing Favorably

ALTHOUGH Marie Holmes is progressing very favorably, and will not have any noticeable marks of her riding accident left, the fracture was a very nasty one, and she is to be kept very quiet for some months still.

In about another month, or less, she is to leave hospital, but her parents are then taking a cottage at Bowral for another three months.

A Puzzler

EXPLORERS, everyone knows, cannot be expected to be as careful of detail as ordinary people, in explaining the workings of their minds. But one Sydney girl has found that, in conjunction with the post-office, they may be quite inexplicable.

Last week, a cable arrived for her from Mr. A. J. Vogan, F.R.G.S., who recently left by himself to do research work in the islands. Sent from Lautoka, it read: "Boys life saved doing well casts landed here safely returning soon."

Between-Seasons Gap

ALTHOUGH things are falling a trifle flat after the Easter race-week rush, except for the boat-race frolics, many bright young people are turning their attention to the country and its picnic races.

Cherie Haley is leaving early next week for Widdington, where brother Bruce has a property. Marjorie Hughes, Mollie Williamson, and Jean Ruthven accompanying her. Bruce's fiancee, Enid Lamb, living up the line, is not so get-at-able for impromptu parties as Bellevue Hillers, but is very much liked by all Bruce's friends.

Gallant Rescue Party

ON Saturday evening, Signora Fossati, who was giving a bridge party, wondered why Mrs. Chester Garling was so late in arriving. But when she finally came, about 8.30, it turned out that the launch that went to the rescue of the people in the ferry accident at the regatta was the Garlings' launch, under Adrian Garling's charge.

Everybody on board turned to immediately to lend their clothes (as far as they could—General Mackay's son pulled off his sweater, for instance) and other aid, Ken. Cooley in particular showing his medical skill to good effect. Mr. and Mrs. Berry O'Conor, whose car was parked near the jetty at Cabarita, had a "close-up" of all the half-drowned ferryites who landed there, and thought that most of them looked not unhappy, but frankly wild with rage at their wetting.

Holiday Cure

JUST before Easter, Mrs. M. J. Plomley had a rather nasty accident in her home, slipping and bruising her face, which meant cutting out races and such festivities for a spell in bed.

After that she went to Leura to convalesce, but, finding the cold bitterly penetrating, returned last week, and is busy gardening for the spring. She has quite recovered from the accident, and is concentrating on planting rows of sweet-williams and pansies and other old-fashioned flowers.

English Bride

FRANK GEORGE, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank George, of Point Piper, is one of the most elated of H.M.A.S. "Canberra's" officers at the moment, as his beautiful young English fiancee, Stella Malkin, has sent word that she is leaving England and should arrive in Sydney about the middle of June.

Frank met his fiancee during the time he was training in London recently, but his family have so far seen nothing of her, except photographs.

English Visitor

IN a few weeks, Mrs. Monte Severn is expecting her husband's sister, Lady Campbell Williams, to visit Sydney and stay with her at "Alphington," Bellevue Hill.

Lady Campbell Williams' son, Colonel Williams, who is going to New Zealand first, may join his mother in Sydney later, and her daughter, Mrs. J. R. Smith, is also hoping to visit Australia. Lady Williams' husband was an eminent English surgeon who did splendid war work, being personally decorated by the King.

Nancy Ruthven's Plans

AS she has had a fortnight in bed with 'flu, giving her plans quite a set-back, Nancy Ruthven, who is to marry Jack Buchanan this Thursday, isn't sure yet where she will live. She is leaving it until after the honeymoon to decide.

Pat Lloyd-Jones had to put off her party because of Nancy's indisposition, but Nancy was given a kitchen tea by Mrs. Gordon Vaughan without mishap last week, also a cocktail party by Joy Manning, and a "hankie" tea by Mrs. Lindsay Bell.

At the kitchen tea presents ranged from a carpet-sweeper to a pie-dish with a blackbird in the middle. After the wedding at St. Andrew's Cathedral the reception will be held at the Robert Reads', at Vaucluse.

The motor trip both ways will be well worth while, for the Reads have a beautiful home, with an enormous verandah and ballroom.

Cutting Out the B.Y.T.'s

YOUNG men and maidens who "go to every ball" at the Royal Sydney Golf Club are lamenting because they will not be able to meet Prince George there. There are 1200 members in the club, and, as every one of them is sure to want to attend, it has been decided to limit the invitation list to members only (invitations not transferable.

Will the Prince Like It?

THE Country Women's Association, too, are limiting their list to those who live not less than forty miles from the city, and the Younger Set, who are turning longing eyes on Government House will, we hear, be disappointed there, too, for we hear that the Governor and Lady Game are giving a garden party, not a ball.

The B.Y.T.'s last resource is, therefore, a repetition, for the Prince, of the Governors' Ball, but even there, if other difficulties could be overcome, with three balls already planned (the Lord Mayor's is the third) there may not be an available night. So the girls must pin their faith once more to the fleet, and every lass discover that she loves a sailor—whether the sailor cares or not.

Must Not Neglect Schooling

SOME parents do not seem to think it matters whether their children are rushed about from school to school, or whether long holiday trips interrupt their regular training. The William Luceys are not like that, however.

When Mrs. Lucey arrives in Sydney in June to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Rouse, she will have six weeks only in Australia. Her daughter Winnie, who accompanies her, only has three months' vacation, and, although she is a particularly clever child, her parents are determined not to interfere with her lessons by extending her holidays in the slightest.

In and Out of Society .:. By WEP

June Brides

EVERYBODY at the moment is said to be either in bed with 'flu, leaving for England, or planning to get married. Among those making wedding arrangements are now added Phyllis Ingham, Betty Crook, and Joyce Hollander, all of whom are to be June brides.

Phyllis Ingham, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Ingham, of "Aston Gardens," Bellevue Hill, will marry Mr. James Brown, of Manly, at St. Michael's, Vaucluse, on June 12. The reception will be, she expects, at No. 11 Onslow Av. Flora and Beryl Ingham will be bridesmaids, Mr. Thomas McClelland best man, and Mr. Lachlin Poole groomsman.

Coincidence in Their Names

THE wedding of Joyce Hollander, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Hollander, of Towns Rd., Vaucluse, with Mr. Harry Bloom, willl take place at the Great Synagogue on June 26. A distinctive feature will be Mr. Bloom's three baby cousins, Shirley, Margaret, and Pauline Bloom, acting as train-bearers.

There will be one bridesmaid, Joyce's sister Shirley, and Teddy Rydick and John Hollander will be best man and groomsman respectively. As well as the bridesmaid and train-bearer being called Shirley, Shirley is the name of Joyce's old school.

Dr. Booth Impressed

AS she is on the executive of the standing committee for the Anzac festival arrangements, and has always had a great deal to do with organising various functions, it is rather a feather in the cap of the T.B. soldiers that they very much impressed Dr. Mary Booth on Sunday.

At the ceremony beside the sphinx in Kuringai Chase, Dr. Booth very much admired the way an aeroplane circled three times round the sphinx in descending spirals, finally dropping a myrtle wreath almost exactly upon the spot it was meant to reach.

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SO *Simply* KNITTED

SYDNEY BURCHALL, leading baritone for J. C. Williamson, shows just how effective a simply-tailored cardigan can be.
—Photo by courtesy David James Ltd.

Tailored Cardigan

Materials: 12 skeins of 4-ply wool, pair No. 9 bone needles, 6 buttons.

Measurements: Chest 38in., length 23in., sleeve seam 23½in. measured from edge of ribbing.

THE BACK

Cast on 124 sts., k. into back of cast-on sts. and rib. k. 1, p. 1 for 1½ inches. Change to stocking-stitch and work for 15 inches from start. Shape armholes by casting off 6 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then decrease 1 st. each end of needle every alternate row 4 times.

Work until armhole measures 8 inches, then shape shoulders by casting off 9 sts. at beginning of every row until 32 sts. remain. Cast these off for back of neck.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 80 sts. K. into back of cast-on sts., rib as before for 1½ inches. Change to st. st. but keep 12 sts. in rib for border.

When work measures 14 inches, shape front by decreasing 1 st. inside border every 4 rows, 16 times.

When work measures 15 inches, shape armhole by casting off 10 sts. at armhole edge, then decrease 1 st. every alternate row 6 times. Work until armhole measures 8 inches, then shape shoulder by casting off 9 sts. at armhole edge each k. row 4 times. Leave border sts. on spare needle.

LEFT FRONT

Is made the same as right front with buttonholes added. Border stitches will, of course, be made the opposite end of the needles, and it follows the shapings will also be reversed. The first buttonhole is made 2 inches from the bottom, then 2 inches apart until there are 6 in all.

To make a buttonhole, rib 4 sts., cast off 4, rib 4; k. to end of row.

Next row, p. to border, rib 4 sts., cast on 4, rib 4. Repeat for each buttonhole.

THE SLEEVES

Cast on 70 sts., rib k. 1, p. 1 for 5 inches. Work in st. st. for 18½ inches increasing 1 st. each end of needle every 8th row.

Shape by casting off 3 sts. at beginning of every row until 20 remain; cast off.

Make another sleeve the same.

POCKET

Cast on 30 sts. K. into the back of cast-on sts. Rib for 1½ inches, then change to st. st. for 3 inches and cast off.

Make another pocket the same.

JEANNETTE, our front cover design last week.
—Knitted in Lincoln wool.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Join shoulder and underarm seams. Continue border sts. on both sides until they meet at the centre back; graft together. Sew on pockets and buttons; join sleeve seams, sew sleeves to armholes. Press seams.

Dainty Jumper

Materials.—3 skeins of brown, 2 skeins of fawn, and 1 skein of salmon 2-ply wool. One pair of No. 12 steel needles, one pair of No. 10 bone needles, and a No. 1 Argosy crochet-hook.

Measurements.—Bust 34in., length from shoulder to lower edge 19 inches, sleeve seam with cuff turned back 18½ inches.

This jumper is worked in fancy rib throughout.

Pattern.—1st row (on right side): * k. 2, p. 2, repeat from * to end of row. 2nd row: * k. 2, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1; repeat from * to end of row.

THE cardigan on this page was published in The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book, with directions from overseas. In response to readers' requests we publish these instructions compiled by our expert. The cardigan will be found to be of excellent average size, and the directions very simple to follow.

The jumper was sketched by Boothroyd for our front cover design last week. The photograph above shows just how attractive the stripes and cowl neck look in the completed garment.

THE FRONT

Commencing at side cast on 140 sts. With brown wool on No. 10 needles start pattern and work 2 rows B., 6 rows F., 2 rows B., 8 rows S., 4 rows B., 8 rows F., 2 rows B., 8 rows S., 4 rows B., 8 rows F., 2 rows B., 4 rows S., 4 rows B., 4 rows F., 2 rows B., 4 rows S., 4 rows B., 4 rows F., 2 rows B., 4 rows S., 4 rows B., 4 rows F., 2 rows B., 4 rows S., 4 rows B., 4 rows F., 2 rows B., 34 rows F.

Now work the other half by reversing the order of stripes, and cast off.

THE BACK

With B. wool cast on 65 sts. and work 2 rows. Join F. increasing 1 st. at the beginning of the row and every alternate row (at the same edge) for the next 2 stripes, 8 rows F., 2 rows B.

Join S. Cast on 35 sts. and work 8 rows. 4 rows B., 8 rows F., 2 rows B., 8 rows S., 4 rows B., 8 rows F., 2 rows B., 4 rows S., 4 rows B., 4 rows F., 2 rows B., 4 rows S., 4 rows B., 4 rows S., 2 rows B., 24 rows F.

Reverse the order of stripes and work the other half, casting off 35 sts. after the final salmon stripe and decreasing 1 st. every alternate row in the next 2 stripes; work 2 rows B. and cast off.

THE SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles and F. wool cast on 60 sts., k. into back.

Start pattern and work 2 rows B., 8 rows F.

Change to B. and rib 2 plain 2 purl for 7½ inches. On next row, with right side of work towards you, k. twice into every st.

Change to No. 10 needles and fawn wool and work the following stripes in pattern: 10 rows F., 2 rows B., 12 rows S., 4 rows B., 8 rows F., 2 rows B., 8 rows S., 4 rows B., 8 rows F., 2 rows B., 8 rows S., 4 rows B., 8 rows F., 2 rows B., 8 rows S., 4 rows B., 8 rows F.

Shape sleeves by casting off 3 sts. at beginning of every row for the following stripes: 2 rows B., 4 rows S., 4 rows B., 4 rows F., 2 rows B., 4 rows S., 4 rows B., 4 rows F., 2 rows B.

Join F. and continue shaping until there are 15 sts. on the needle; cast off.

Make another sleeve the same.

£250 Knitting Contest

It is just eight weeks since this competition was announced, and already the smartest jumpers and the most attractive wee baby garments, entries of all kinds, are being received at this office.

The closing date is June 15, leaving approximately a further six weeks in which garments can be knitted. Those who are now knitting and those about to start are reminded that they will need four coupons to attach to every entry.

SECTION 1.

Lady's Jumper or Cardigan

1st Prize £30
2nd Prize .. .. £15 10 Prizes of .. 10/-
3rd Prize .. .. £5 20 Prizes of .. 5/-
Total of 33 Prizes valued at £60.

This Section will be open to all entrants. Each garment must comprise a color scheme of not less than four distinct shades. (Shades in marl wool will not be considered as constituting a color scheme). Knitting, design, originality, and general effect will all be taken into account in the judging.

SECTION 2.

Lady's Jumper or Cardigan

1st Prize £30
2nd Prize .. .. £15 10 Prizes of .. 10/-
3rd Prize .. .. £5 20 Prizes of .. 5/-
Total of 33 Prizes valued at £60.

This Section will be open only to those who have not previously won a prize in any knitting competition. Any design may be used, and entrants' attention is directed to the book published by The Australian Women's Weekly featuring, with directions, the latest designs from overseas.

SECTION 3.

Man's Cardigan or Pull-over

1st Prize £20
2nd Prize .. £7/10/- 3rd Prize .. £2/10/-
10 Prizes of .. 10/-
Total of 13 Prizes valued at £35.

SECTION 4.

Baby's Outfit

1st Prize £10
2nd Prize .. .. £5 20 Prizes of .. 5/-
Total of 22 Prizes valued at £20.

To comprise not less than three garments, including a frock or coat.

SECTION 5.

Pull-over or Cardigan for Children Between 8 and 14 Years of Age

1st Prize £20
2nd Prize .. .. £5 10 Prizes of .. 10/-
Total of 12 Prizes valued at £30.

These garments will be designed mainly for school wear, and entrants can evolve attractive garments by using school colors, badges, etc.

SECTION 6.

Best Outlay of 5/-

1st Prize £15
2nd Prize .. .. £5 20 Prizes of .. 5/-
Total of 22 Prizes valued at £25.

Best Outlay of approximately 5/-. The Judges will award the prizes in this Section to the garment or garments which, made from the stipulated outlay, represent, in their finished state, the best value for the money. Any garment, or garments, will be eligible for entry in this Section. Sets of berets and scarves, ladies' lingerie, men's socks and ties, hug-me-tights or dressing jackets, an endless variety of garments may be evolved by the enterprising knitter for 5/-. The market value of the garments, together with the standard of the knitting, will be the guiding factor in judging this Section.

SECTION 7.

Lady's Singlet

1st Prize £15
2nd Prize .. .. £5 20 Prizes of .. 5/-
Total of 22 Prizes valued at £25.

Artistry of design will be regarded as a special feature in this Section. Fine lace stitches, touches of hand embroidery, or appliqué can be used.

Conditions

1. A dated entry coupon will be published weekly in The Australian Women's Weekly during the progress of the competition, and each entry must be accompanied by four coupons of successive dates.
2. The name and full address of competitor and the number of the section in which the exhibit is to be judged must be printed in ink on calico and sewn firmly to the garment.
3. Each entry must be entirely the work of the competitor, but any number of entries may be sent in by one competitor. Each entry must comply with condition 1.
4. Entries must be handed in or posted to the head office of The Australian Women's Weekly in the competitor's State, namely:—
   N.S.W.: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St., Sydney.
   Queensland: Shell House, 301 Ann St., Brisbane.
   South Australia: Shell House, North Terrace, Adelaide.
   Victoria: Age Chambers, 239 Collins St., Melbourne.
   Entries close on June 15.
5. Insufficiently stamped entries will not be accepted. If an exhibit is to be returned by post, the competitor must send sufficient postage to cover cost.
6. An official receipt for each exhibit will be supplied to each competitor, and must be produced when application is made for the return of the garment at the close of the competition.
7. Every care will be taken of the entries, but The Australian Women's Weekly cannot accept any responsibility for goods lost or stolen in transit. Entrants are advised to send parcels either by rail or by registered post.
8. Entries may be pressed, but must not be washed or cleaned.
9. Judging will be done by experts, and the results will be announced as soon as possible after the closing of the competition. The judges' decisions will be absolutely final.

Entry Coupon on inside back cover.

BACK BASQUE

With B. wool and No. 12 needles cast on 110 sts. K. into back of cast-on sts. and rib k. 2, p. 2 for 3 inches; cast off.

FRONT BASQUE

Cast on 110 sts. Rib as before for 3 inches. Still keeping to the rib cast off 28 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of every row until none remain.

TO MAKE UP

On centre-front of jumper work 2 eyelet-holes 1 inch apart and ½ inch from the edge of neck. Repeat the eyelet-holes down the front every 3 ribs.

Sew back basque to back of jumper and straight edge of front to shaped edge of front basque.

From the top of 2nd salmon stripe on front, machine in a slanting line for a depth of 3 inches to outer edge to form the shoulder; make the other side the same, and cut away the material ¼ inch from the machine stitching.

Mark on the front where the armhole matches the back; run a tacking thread round to shape armhole, machine, and cut to shape.

Join shoulder, underarm, and sleeve seams.

With crochet-hook and brown wool work double crochet around neck, make a length of chain 1½ yards long, lace up the front, beginning at the bottom, and gather up to fit. Make two tassels and sew one to each end of cord.

Sew sleeves into armholes.

WEIGHT
goes with Appetite

If you want your child to eat more, to gain and grow strong, begin this very night with the famous "Califig" treatment. A sluggish appetite means a sluggish colon. Correct this condition called stasis, and see how quickly a listless, drooping boy or girl begins to eat — and gain. The only "medicine" such children need is pure, wholesome "California Syrup of Figs."

Why Doctors say:
Use a LIQUID LAXATIVE
for children

Hospitals and doctors prefer to use liquid laxatives. For children, they insist on laxatives in liquid form. Do you know why? A properly prepared liquid laxative brings a perfect movement because its action can be controlled, because the dose can be regulated to a drop. Consequently it does not weaken a child's bowels. It does not form a laxative habit.

Why not rely on "California Syrup of Figs" to keep your children's bowels regular and comfortable? The pleasant taste of California figs, combined with cassia and mint in this delightful preparation, make it the ideal laxative for any child.

IMPORTANT. *"California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 — or 2½ times the quantity for 2/10. Say "California" and do not accept any bottle which does not say "Califig."*

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Our FASHION *Service* ... and *Free* PATTERN

OUR FREE PATTERN

This week achieves a youthful effect. Broad shoulders are introduced with the shaped yoke at the back and front.

Two suggestions are given from the one pattern. One is a smart walking frock, and the other a spectator sports model.

It is cut to fit a 36-inch bust. All turnings must be allowed for when cutting out. Material required, 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide.

All these patterns may be obtained on personal application, or by post at the prices indicated from The Australian Women's Weekly—

Adelaide: Shell House, North Terrace. Brisbane: Shell House, Ann St. Melbourne: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins St. Newcastle: Carrington Chambers, Watt St. Sydney: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St.

Free pattern coupon on inside back cover.

SHIRT BLOUSE

WW530.—A plain shirt blouse to wear with a winter costume. Front is ornamented with small pin tucks. Sleeves finished with wide cuffs. Material for 36-inch bust, 2¼ yards 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40in. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

RANGER SUIT

WW531.—Comfortable suit for the sturdy boy. Collar and cuffs are made in contrasting material. Pattern for a child 2-4 years. Material required, 1¼ yards 36 inches wide. Contrast, ¼ yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

FOR THE SCHOOLGIRL

WW532.—A becoming frock for the schoolgirl. Front skirt features two flared panels. Contrast material is used for the collar, vest, and cuffs. Pattern for a child 6-8 years. Material required, 1¼ yards 36 inches wide. Contrast ¼ yard 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

STRIKING PYJAMAS

WW533.—A striking pyjama model with wide legs and cowl front blouse. Coat features a contrast collar. Material for 36-inch bust, 5¾ yards 36 inches wide. Contrast ¾ yard 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

USEFUL HOUSE FROCK

WW534.—Easy to make house frock, with crossover front, bordered with contrast tonings. Material for 36-inch bust, 3¾ yards 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

AN OUTDOOR FROCK

WW535.—Attractive style in all-wool-de-chine. Contrast scarf is worn under novel fastening. Skirt features inverted pleats. Material for 36-inch bust, 2¾ yards 54 inches wide. Contrast, ¼ yard 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FORMAL FROCK

WW536.—Featuring an unusual style. Novel neck trimming and new style sleeves are outstanding features. Material for 36-inch bust, 3¾ yards 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FUR-TRIMMED COAT

WW537.—Charming coat of worsted cloth, with large collar designed with fur. Note the new sleeves that are so popular. Material for 36-inch bust, 3¼ yards 54 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

GRACEFUL EVENING FROCK

WW538.—Evening frock of graceful line in new crystal velvet. Front fastens on the left shoulder. The shaped skirt panels give a slimming effect. Material for 36-inch bust, 5¾ yards 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CUSTARD combines all the food virtues in a form that is at once most appetising and most digestible. From the point of view of nourishment you could hardly think of a better dish to serve. And custard lends itself to such a delightful variety of dishes that nobody need ever grow tired of its goodness. To the pure and wholesome ingredients used by Foster Clark for their admired creamy custard, only fresh natural flavourings are added. That is why Foster Clark's pleases the most particular palates—as you can discover for yourself at no cost by adopting the suggestion made above. Try some of the specially recommended recipes by Elizabeth Craig. Under her guidance you will find that the eternal pudding problem will settle itself—simply, economically, and most delightfully!

Foster Clark's
creamy CUSTARD

24.143

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ARMS USELESS ON A WET DAY

Rheumatism Made Work a Torture

BUT KRUSCHEN PUT HIM RIGHT

Here is a remarkable instance of the manner in which damp weather can affect the joints of one who is subject to rheumatism.

"I had been suffering from rheumatism very badly," a man writes, "and had had such pains in my joints that I could hardly bear it. It used to be terrible on a wet day. I did not know how to use my arms, and when I was at work it was real torture. I tried two different remedies for rheumatism, but I was still as bad after the treatment.

"Then I was told to try Kruschen Salts, and after using one jar I found relief. So of course I have kept on with it, and am now thoroughly better and have never felt so fit for years. I used to feel so miserable and sluggish, but now it is a pleasure to be able to work, instead of a dread."—S. B.

A rheumatic person's system produces that dangerous body-poison known as uric acid. If you could see the knife-edged crystals of uric acid under the microscope, you would readily understand why they cause those cutting pains. And if you could see how Kruschen dulls the sharp edges of these crystals, then dissolves them away altogether, you would agree that this scientific treatment must bring relief from rheumatic agony.

One of the secrets of the effectiveness of Kruschen is the exact proportion of the six different salts it contains. That is why every batch of Kruschen Salts is tested and standardised by a staff of qualified chemists, before it is passed for bottling. Kruschen has a world-wide sale. It is taken by the people of 119 different countries. In none of those countries is there anything else quite like it—nothing else that gives the same results.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/9 per bottle.

LOUISE MACK *Advises!*

Are you tough, or are you merely hard?... Are you a good business woman, or is the game not worth the candle?

"How can a woman," writes Ella, "keep from getting hard when she has to sell things over the counter of her own little shop? Sometimes in the glass behind the sweets, I see myself looking like a hard bag, and it hurts, but what can I do about it?"

WELL, but surely one can sell things without being hard!

Why not just be tough? There's all the difference, you know, between the two conditions.

Hard people are brittle. Hard people can break to bits at a blow.

Tough people endure. So the battle is to the tough because tough people can't be battered and smashed up; they're put together differently.

The best of it is that you can carry your toughness through life disguised under the gentlest and sweetest demeanor.

You can't do that with hardness. Hardness, if it's there, betrays itself in the corners of a woman's lips or glints in that queer, ugly, steely gleam that escapes inadvertently from the eyes of the hard woman, soft-soap you as she will.

* * *

THE tough woman doesn't feel hard towards anyone.

She only feels her own capacity to endlessly endure, and naturally she keeps that to herself. She is not going to make a song about that. She is not going to flaunt it in anyone's face.

Why should she?

Being tough means that she will do one thing only with her toughness. She will use it. She will put it in practice. She will go out after great results, with her toughness lying snug and safe like a jewel, hidden in the most secret recesses of her heart.

* * *

I SUPPOSE in a little shop like "Ella's" it might be difficult to be rigorously business-like because you're so close to the footlights as it were that every gesture is exaggerated into seeming a bit larger than life.

When exactly weighing out to a hair's breadth half a pound of grapes, you may seem to be seeing how little you can give your customer!

But as long as you don't feel hard about it, as long as you don't really care very much whether the hair's breadth is to your advantage or to hers, and would even recklessly pop down a whole grape too many rather than a quarter of a grape too few, as long as you maintain that attitude of mind you won't get hard, believe me.

You may get tough, but that, as Kipling used to say, is another story.

* * *

AS for being a good business woman, is the game worth the candle?

Is it worth while to try always to get the best of a bargain?

Isn't there something rather agreeable in sitting back and watching another getting the better of you while you quietly revel in the solacing thought, "You're getting the better of me, and **I wouldn't like to be you doing that!"**

Now that, I suppose, is about the most unbusinesslike notion in the world.

And yet it's very precious bane to millions of tough people who can endure hardships without end, yet will never, never, never make themselves hard enough against their fellows to get the better of them and do them in.

* * *

HAVE you forgotten the little shop, and you going in with a pal twice the size of yourself, and the big, fat, jolly woman behind the counter who smiled at you and your penny, and gave you a great big sparkling lolly over?

Oh, that lolly!

Why, it has lasted you all your life, that big, striped, red and white lolly.

It wasn't a lolly at all, really. To that child that was you, that was me, it was a Paradise, a never-to-be-forgotten deed, the lolly the fat woman gave you for nothing when you were tiny.

People whispered that she "wasn't a good business woman."

She had a brood of children, a querulous gran, an incompetent dad, and a terrible Auntie Sis in her background.

Yet what she gave over her counter with a smile was a Kingdom, an Adventure, a Symbol of all manner of lovely, laughing things, golden with hope and silvery with promise.

Could the best business woman in the world give more?

I doubt it, don't you?

And so don't let us be too-marvellously-good business women lest we lose the something that little children are sunned by, and sweetened by, world without end.

MISS 1934

Two ears — two eyes — one tongue prove that we were intended to hear and see more than we speak.

Things that Happen

TOLD BY READERS

EXCITING or humorous incidents brought to your knowledge may be of interest to others. Tell them to The Australian Women's Weekly and mark your envelope "Things That Happen." Items must be true, and must not have been published before, or submitted to other journals. Payment for every item used in this section will be posted to contributors immediately after publication.

Fate or Chance?

QUITE recently a friend went to Adelaide for the purpose of trying to find a relative long lost to the family, who was believed to have gone there years before. This relative, who was a very old man, was urgently required in connection with the division of the family estate. My friend, who had never before been in Adelaide, made inquiries for several days, but could find no trace of the missing relation. Calling every day at the G.P.O. for letters, he was one day—two days before his return to Sydney—given by mistake a post card bearing his own surname, but with a different Christian name. As the Christian name was that of his missing relation, he immediately wrote a letter to the addressee in the belief that that person might be the relation he was searching for. His surmise proved correct, and a meeting took place at his hotel that very night with the long-lost old relation, who, two days later, accompanied my friend to Sydney.—**J.C.**

Foolish Confidence

RECENTLY, while I was leaving a public office in the city, a small girl came up to me with a handful of loose banknotes and a piece of paper that looked like a bill, and asked where she was to pay the money. Other passers-by, I was told, had been asked the same question. Luckily, the money found its way to the right person, but I am wondering what kind of mentality sent out the girl so badly prepared for such an errand.—**"Margaret."**

Going West

THE Mae West influence seems to have spread even into the sacred precincts of school colleges. At one the wit of the class chose to while away the few minutes which elapse between lesson periods by executing on the class-room table a typical Mae West song and dance, much to the delight of the pupils. His joy, however, was shortlived when the Head, who was passing by at the moment, popped his head in through the window and begged the offender "to come up and see me sometime." Needless to say, the only one who did not appreciate the humor of the situation was the unfortunate performer.—**J.I.**

An Enterprising Youth

WHILST the s.s. "Strathnaver" was berthed at Circular Quay after a cruise to Noumea, I happened to be sitting on the lower deck when I heard a childish voice calling out: "Any empty bottles!" On looking over the rail, I observed a small boy in a rowing boat collecting empty bottles from any passengers who would throw them to him.—**R.P.**

Misunderstood

AN old lady well known for her work for prohibition quite often frequented the parks in search of likely drunks. One day she noticed a man asleep on a seat. Walking up to him she asked, "My man, do you drink?" He answered, "Certainly, Mum, where will we go."—**T.O.T.**

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LUCKY FRED, the only person who has won more than one First Prize in the N.S.W. State Lottery for Syndicates, has actually won FOUR, thereby giving twenty clients a cheque for a whole £1000 each.

Two of these First Prizes were won recently. Three weeks ago Lucky Fred won the SECOND PRIZE OF £1000, and just three weeks before that won the THIRD PRIZE OF £500. In the same month he also won the FOURTH PRIZE OF £300. Every penny of this money was divided between genuine shareholders and Lucky Fred does not claim any win when clients purchase tickets themselves.

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LAST MONDAY'S WINS:

£50 (86178) £40 (30180)
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Although he did not win as many big cash prizes as usual last Monday, Lucky Fred won Lottery Cash for over 300 people by winning numerous prizes of £10 and £5. Lucky Fred has posted out over 10,000 winning cheques to his shareholders.

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Simply buy a Postal Note for any of the above offers and post it with this coupon and a stamped addressed envelope, bearing your name and address (this is very important, so don't forget to enclose a selfstamped addressed envelope).

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The SEVENTH PEARL

Continued from Page 14

"THE firm of Peter, Delphine, Cousin and Peter will now tabulate the results of its investigations," remarked her husband. "We have so far ascertained that some valuable stone was secreted inside one of the pearls in the necklace. A gang of crooks became acquainted with this fact and have made a determined and successful attempt to obtain possession of the jewel. The reason for the chosen place of concealment is at the moment obscure, but will no doubt be cleared up shortly. Any questions?"

"Yes," I said. "Hadn't I better go down and shadow that girl?"

"Gone long ago," said Peter. "Besides, I can't see you shadowing anyone. You'd only cast your shadow before you and get found out. No, we must communicate with Merrivale's and see what they say."

"They've got a shop just round the corner," Delphine remarked.

"Yes," said Peter, "and they can communicate with their London shop where we bought the thing. Possibly they will be able to give us some information about this valuable, whatever it is."

"But more possibly not," I put in.

"In the meantime," said Delphine smiling at us both, "we are very late for dinner and I do so want to go to the Florida. It's the very latest thing in Parisian dance clubs."

"So be it," laughed her husband. "Just one moment, have I a wallet full of notes? Good. Lead me, lamb that I am, to the slaughter!"

WE had a most excellent dinner. This fact, which may seem scarcely worth recording, considering the fact that we dined at that most Parisian of all Parisian restaurants, at Phillips, and were personally cared for by the great Phillip himself, is yet of some importance, since the quality of the food and the perfection of the wine put us in that happy condition wherein such tawdry matters as a jewel theft or a still unexplained mystery are but hazy recollections at the back of one's memory.

We then encabbed for the Florida, a place of dancing but recently opened, which as is the way with these establishments, was basking in the sun of popularity and fashion.

I must confess that for sheer ingenuity the Florida deserves its vogue. The dancing floor is made of squares of opaque glass, under which multicolored lamps are lit in rotation, forming ever changing patterns and giving a most original and fascinating lighting effect. The space, too, on which dancing is permitted to take place is larger than three square feet, the usual allowance at these supper restaurants, for the tables are not constantly encroaching on the dancers, a fixed limit being very sensibly in operation.

We had engaged a table, an absolutely necessary precaution, and as we were directed to it through the gay mass of laughing men and women the overhead lights were turned off, the dancing floor was lit up in a check of green and gold, and the Castilian band broke out into the slow, rather sensual music of a tango. We had arrived just in time to witness the exhibition dance.

The tango, danced as the tango should be danced, is probably the most wonderful dance in the world. These two, a girl in Spanish costume and a man with a broad scarlet sash round his waist and lace at cuffs and throat, knew their work well. We sat entranced and watched, marvelling at the girl's grace, wondering at the man's power and ease of movement. Everyone all round sat silent, only watching, rather awed, I thought.

The dancers finished their dance and yielding to the great applause, burst into a violent foxtrot as an encore. I sat back and looked around me.

Two tables away, quite alone, sat the girl of the key.

MY first impulse was to seize Peter by the arm and point her out. But I checked myself. If this thing were to be done well, the fewer in the secret the better. With an apology to Delphine, I got up and moved over to her.

"Fancy meeting you here!" I said. "I was afraid you'd passed out of my life at the hotel."

She smiled.

Greatly daring I pulled up a chair and sat down. The dancers had finished and the music struck up again for all.

"Will you dance?" I asked.

"Thank you," she said.

We danced. She danced divinely, but during that dance I failed to do her justice. I was thinking desperately, and as well had to put up with the ill-mannered conduct of Peter, who had taken the floor with Delphine and was following us about, a smirk on his lips.

When we sat down again, I ordered a bottle of champagne, and talked of nothing in particular. Then suddenly, when I felt I had allayed any possible suspicion, I asked her a direct question.

"Why," I said slowly and distinctly, "did you break the seventh pearl from either end?"

She sat bolt upright, with a sharp intake of her breath, but she didn't answer.

"Because," I went on, "it was particularly foolish, and so easily traceable to you."

"How?"

I laughed.

"Thank you," I said, "but even if you hadn't acknowledged it, it was fairly obvious."

She reddened, and for a moment I thought she would cry.

"You answered me, so I'll answer you," I continued. "For one thing, that key. There are not many keys like it. And for another, you shouldn't use that peculiar powder. Delphine doesn't use it, you see, and so even the tiny quantity that fell from your powder puff when you placed it in your bag gave you away."

Suddenly she became defiant.

"Well?"

"Give it to me," I said.

She burst out laughing.

"I haven't got it to give you," she laughed. "You are too late, my clever one. Raoul has it and is already on his way out of France!"

"That," I said quietly, "is not true."

"And pray why not?"

For answer I turned round towards the door. Two men were standing there. They were large, rather dull-looking individuals, but I decided that they would serve.

"Do you see those two?" I said, pointing unobtrusively.

"Yes."

"If you do not hand it over," I said, "you will leave this place in the company of those two, bound for trial."

She never turned a hair.

"I cannot," she said. "Raoul has got it."

I tried another line. I was enjoying myself almost as much as at poker.

"Raoul," I said, "has been searched, and has not got it. He has informed us that you have not yet given it to him."

"Raoul said that?"

Before I could answer, the girl, who was looking towards the door, gave a violent start. Quickly I looked round. The Frenchman who had played such a prominent part in the Customs at Calais had just entered, and was gazing about the room. By the grace of God, both my unknown friends at the door were looking at him.

I drew to a full house.

"My girl," I said, "why go on? Here is Raoul, brought by the police, to corroborate what I have said."

With a little sob, the girl buried her face in her hands. I had drawn a third ace.

"Take it," she said, "it's in the purse in my bag. Only for God's sake let Raoul go free!"

I opened her bag. In the purse, scintillating reflections from the artificial lights all around, lay the most magnificent emerald I have ever seen.

I looked up, just in time to see the tails of Raoul's evening coat disappearing through the doors.

"Now," I said, "if you go quickly, you may just catch Raoul wherever he parked his bags, but I'll lay you ten to one he's packing. I'm sorry, little girl. I know I've been cruel, but it was fair cruelty."

TWO days later, Messrs. Merrivale sent us a letter.

"Dear Sir," it read. "The emerald is our property, and its return to us a very great relief. It was bought secretly from an Indian Rajah, there being diplomatic reasons why the sale to us should not have been made public, and it is probably one of the most priceless gems in the world. We missed the stone from our safe a few days ago, but the matter had to be kept very quiet, and we were at a loss to discover the method by which it had been taken, or the identity of the thief or thieves. We have now, however, cleared up the mystery. A valued and trusted member of our staff, finding himself heavily in debt with no means of paying, fell a prey to a notorious gang of French jewel thieves, who had learnt in some inexplicable manner of the sale of the emerald to us. He managed to obtain the gem, a not very difficult feat taking into consideration his position in the firm, and when dealing with your recent purchase of a throttler, secreted it in one of the stones of the necklace. He then informed his confederates of the hiding place, and they undertook to collect it in a manner better known to you than to ourselves. May we assure you of our appreciation of your actions in this matter, and may we request that you will visit our Paris branch with your wife in order that we may present her with some practical proof of our regret at any inconvenience she may have suffered."

The "practical proof" consisted of a diamond and platinum wrist-watch.

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(Mrs.) J.P.

(Original letter on file for inspection).

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"Who's afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?"

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For *Young* Wives & Mothers

Baby's . . . . Eighth Month

By . . . Mary Truby King

Daughter of Sir Truby King, Authority on Baby Welfare.

Unless baby was over the average weight at birth (as was the child pictured with this article), he should weigh from 17½lbs. to 18lbs. at eight months.

The naturally-fed baby of this age requires from 35 ounces to 37½ ounces of his mother's milk daily; and the bottle-fed baby needs 40 ounces of humanised milk. The recipe for this amount of milk-mixture was given in The Australian Women's Weekly of April 14.

BABY does not yet need crusts or rusks or twice-baked bread of any kind, but, in addition to his milk, he does need 3¾ teaspoons of orange juice daily in 4 teaspoons of boiled warm water. If oranges are unprocurable, vegetable juice or tinned tomato juice may be used instead. Do not keep any of these juices from one day to the next.

During this month baby may learn to sit up alone, but do not be worried if he cannot do this till the ninth month. He will learn to sit up of his own free will. A cushion placed behind him will keep him in this position for about ten minutes, when it should be taken away, as baby must not be allowed to sit up for too long a time at first.

RICHARD, son of Mrs. W. Scott, Maroubra, Sydney. Weighing 8¼lb. at birth, and 23lb. 14½oz. at 12 months, Richard has been brought up on the Truby King system.
—Mary Stuart photo.

Baby will also be creeping—an exercise which he much enjoys and which is very good for him. He should not be permitted to creep on the cold floor, but should have a simple creeping-pen about four feet square placed on top of a rug or old blanket. In this he can creep to his heart's delight while his mother does her housework, safe in the knowledge that he cannot come to any harm or mischief.

Baby should have with him in the pen some of the toys he most loves, and with their companionship he will be happy for hours. On a warm day the creeping-pen can be placed in the garden, on the lawn, or on the verandah, but make sure that baby's head and neck are protected from the sun.

Baby will require "creepers" or "rompers" to wear when in the creeping-pen. These should reach only to the knee. Long knitted socks and little soft shoes should be worn when the weather is cool. Make or buy the socks on the large size, as they shrink in the wash.

* * *

NOW that baby can creep, beware of leaving him on a table or bed from which he can fall when your back is turned. He should not be left alone unless he is safely in his pen.

You will notice that baby's legs are bent a little, as if he were bandy. This slight outward curving is natural and will disappear after he is two years, when he is walking well, provided that he is not urged to walk before he does so of his own accord. If baby has pronounced bow legs have him medically examined, as this is a sign of rickets.

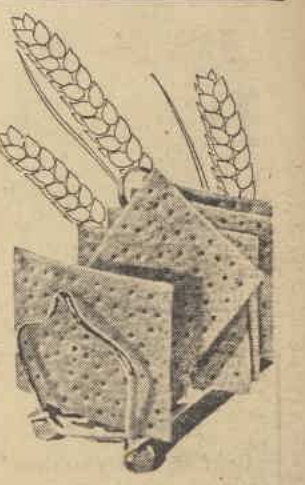
Baby should be out in the fresh air as much as possible. Teach him to play happily alone, so that he won't grow into the bad habit of always expecting to be amused. He should sleep for 16 or 17 hours out of the 24.

Baby is now old enough to obey his mother in simple things. Do not give in to him or let him give way to tantrums. In spite of His Majesty King Baby, you must be master in your own home, or you will be storing up trouble for the future. Baby loves attention; let him have it in a normal, not abnormal, way.

It is abnormal for baby to gain attention by refusing to eat his food. This trait shows that he feels the need of greater attention and knows that playing up over meals is a sure way of getting it.

The remedy is to give him a little extra "mothering" during the day, and then to pay no attention to his tantrums; just ignore them. When baby sees that they are not having the desired effect he will quickly give them up.

"MOTHERCRAFT," by Mary Truby King, 3/4 posted. Box 1940 K.K., G.P.O., Sydney.***



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UNFINISHED *Ancient* SCULPTURE

The finding of an unfinished masterpiece of sculpture in the house of a sculptor who lived some 4250 years ago in Tel-el-Amarna, Egypt, the short-lived capital of King Akhenaton, was described in a lecture before the Egypt Exploration Society by Mr. J. D. S. Pendlebury, of Pembroke College, Cambridge, the director of excavations at Tel-el-Amarna.

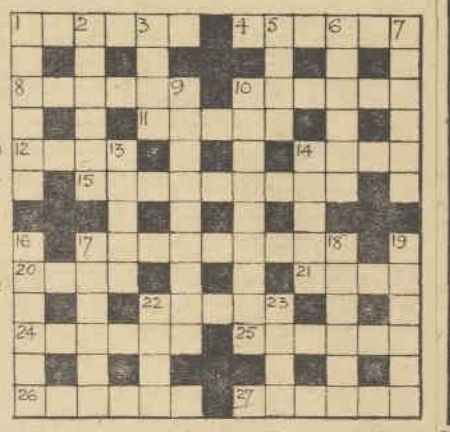
"WHEN the sculptor's house was cleared," said Mr. Pendlebury, "it was found to contain a wealth of material. Most beautiful and impressive was a lifesize head in quartzite, probably representing the eldest princess. It is unfinished, but so sure was the sculptor that it was his masterpiece that he had already painted the lips. It is one of the most brilliant portraits in a brilliant period."

A fine sculptured group, which was found, Mr. Pendlebury stated, showed a scribe writing at the dictation of his patron god, Thoth, the baboon.

HOST ROLBROOK says: Holbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar is clear, brilliant and mellow. Ah! It is a wonderful brew.***

Find the Words in—

Our Weekly Crossword



ACROSS.

1. To befall.
4. State in Bengal, India.
8. Table of Customs.
10. Prank.
11. Seaport in Scotland.
12. Man's name.
14. Lake.
15. Part of a locomotive.
17. Fortified town on a rock.
20. Name of British battleship.
21. Of old.
22. Dishearten.
24. Underground passage.
25. Congealed blood.
26. Concealed.
27. Guarding line of soldiers.

DOWN.

1. Commotion.
2. Vegetable.
3. Dexterous.
5. Musical instrument.
6. Spiritless.
7. Moss.
9. Brotherly.
10. Deserted child.
13. Discolored.
14. Scottish inlet of the North Sea.
16. Straw roofing.
17. Composer of "Faust."
18. Round.
19. To behave.
22. Valley.
23. Party of three.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

Across: Drama, world, serville, us, wield, ta, neb, dry, bat, trap, bath, rile, rant, pally, gale, its, tha, ted, co, palm, si, parsnip, stare, atoms.

Down: Daunt, as, new, arid, wily, old, re, death, very, serrate, tattles, balls, banal, ply, hag, picks, this, edits, rare, anna, par, sit, ua, Po.

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

BEAUTY ... *and the* CONVALESCENT

Here is the way to counteract the depressing effects of the Mirror!

By Evelyn

AS many of us know, there is nothing so devastating to the looks as a long illness. Convalescent, our slowly rising spirits are apt to descend to zero when the mirror reflects a white strained face, and deeply shadowed eyes. Worse even to find hair coming out by the "handfull."

A WORD to convalescents: Did you know that lovely surroundings exercise a powerful psychological effect? Make-up, too, discreetly applied will make you look—and feel—years younger. The lady in the picture, surrounded by silks and satins, and carefully applying her make-up, is the M.-G.-M. beauty, Jean Harlow—but of course, you knew that!

IN fact, worry over lost looks has been known to positively retard the recovery of a convalescent, so that is why I feel like extending a helping hand.

First and foremost, one must begin at the "wrong end of the stick" and concentrate upon camouflage.

This, to counteract the depressing effects of the mirror, and turn the commiserating murmurs of friends into congratulatory exclamations—a tonic in themselves.

So, I would say, resort to art—rely in the beginning upon a skilful use of make-up.

The convalescent will find that the palest green or mauve eye shadow paste, applied discreetly, before powdering, will disguise the dark lines under the eyes; a little cream rouge worked into the foundation cream or lotion will work wonders.

Now, a matching lipstick completes the miracle, and you'll feel, as well as look, younger and healthier.

Don't you think this is better than looking wan and drawn?

Establish a Routine

THE next thing, of course, is to establish a routine which will replace paint and powder, and bring back Nature's own glow.

Orange juice should be substituted for the early morning cup of tea, and at least five glasses of water and one glass of milk should be taken during the day, while an iron tonic, or a course of grape juice, will help both hair and skin.

Breathe for Beauty

DEEP breathing (remember my advice on this recently?) is important. It is one of Nature's greatest beautifiers—and costs nothing whatsoever.

Just a few minutes before the open window night and morning are all that are necessary. Simply follow the directions I gave you on the correct method of deep breathing.

Since sleep is important, nine hours should be aimed at; in fact nine hours are necessary to the convalescent.

In addition, an hour's rest with the feet up, during the day, must be taken.

Lustre to Your Hair

TO stop excessive hair falling and bring back the glossy appearance of the hair faded by illness, there is nothing to equal massage.

The scalp should be gently massaged in a rotary movement, both night and morning.

Since the head is usually tender, brushing the hair may be too drastic. Combing with a blunt-toothed comb can take its place at this stage.

Tonic for Hair

AN excellent tonic for falling hair can be made up by your chemist from half a drachm of sulphate of quinine, four ounces of rose water, and two ounces of bay rum.

Soaking the hair with hot olive oil on the evening preceding the shampoo is also advised.

A life-giving shampoo for the hair consists of two beaten-up eggs added to half a teaspoonful of green soap, which has been previously melted.

Further Help

TO arouse the dormant circulation, the face should be massaged nightly with a nourishing cream, and patted with a skin tonic in the morning.

Scanty brows and eyelashes, often the result of a long illness, will respond to castor oil treatment.

Painting the eyelashes and brows night and morning with this will bring them back to normal.

And Finally. . .

A LITTLE auto-suggestion should be tried. The formula — sometimes scoffed at—"Every day in every way I am feeling better and better," has proved its worth over and over again.

And remember to smile. Smile and keep on smiling, for it is the best face-lifting exercise there is.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

DIFFERENT TYPES OF MENTAL DEFECTS

PATIENT: I have read a great deal lately of the suggestions made by various women's organisations, and others, to deal with the feeble-minded. Will you tell me exactly what is meant by feeble-mindedness.

THE term, "feeble-mindedness," is often employed and considerable confusion exists as to what it means exactly.

Literally, it implies a mind that is enfeebled, not because of old age (senility) but because of actual organic brain defects existing from birth or from an early age.

A more accurate term is "amentia," signifying without a mind, although one should emphasise at the outset that aments can possess so high a degree of brain development that only expert methods of mental testing and diagnosis are capable of discovering that mind defects really exist.

These highest types of amentia are known as morons. They are the "almost-normal." Their mental age, according to the famous Binet-Simon Measuring Scale of Intelligence, is from eight to twelve years, irrespective of what their physical, chronological age may be

* * *

MORONS are capable of earning their own livings, under favorable circumstances, but they cannot compete on equal terms with their normal fellows nor can they manage themselves or their affairs with ordinary prudence. It often takes expertness to detect this comparatively slight degree of mental defect. Yet once discovered and pointed out it appears quite obvious.

Morons are deceptive in other ways. Often their language ability far outshines their other capacities. They may talk glibly and well. They may cover and hide their other defects through such verbiage. They are the most difficult of all the varieties of amentia to detect.

Imbecility is the next lowest grade of amentia, and lower than that is idiocy. These types are easily recognisable, although in every case mental tests should be performed to confirm the suspicion.

It is a prevalent, but erroneous, idea that aments can be cured. Improved, yes. But no realament, not even of so high a grade of moronity as to be on the very borderline of normality, was ever cured.

* * *

THE reason for this misconception is that there are many children who are merely retarded in their mental development—they learn slowly and develop at a slower pace than the average—and it has been noted that often, sooner or later, these children "pick up" and turn out to be normal adults.

A vast difference, however, exists between amentia and mental retardation.

In mental retardation organic and functional defects exist which hold back mind development. Among such defects are adenoids, enlarged tonsils, malnutrition, chronic illness, uncorrected and defective vision, disturbances of the endrocine glands, St. Vitus' dance, speech defect, a nervous make-up, etc.

Remove the cause—the organic or functional brake which is holding back the mind's progress—and the child's mentality is accelerated with miraculous speed.

Not so with amentia, however. In this state there is something radically wrong with the brain itself. Its structure is not normal. The brain cells of aments are deficient in number and distorted in shape. Even operative interference on the brain itself is useless.

Weekly Diet Hint

Persons who are apt to develop Urticaria ("Hives") should eat bland, non-irritating foods, such as milk, and should avoid spices, condiments, highly-seasoned, as well as made-over dishes. An attack of "Hives" in a susceptible person may come from eating fish or shellfish, especially if these are not absolutely fresh. But most any kind of food may produce the condition. Therefore, those who suffer repeated attacks should have themselves tested for various food reactions.

Exercise for Beauty

WALK along a passage or up and down your room, dropping right down on one knee with every step. And be very careful to keep your back erect and your chin high as you do so because this exercise is designed to give you a good carriage as well as bringing into play every muscle in your legs.

HOST HOLBROOK says: The correct Olive for the cocktail is the Manzanilla. Holbrook's Manzanillah are crisp and tasty ***

MISS PAULINE BINDLEY—

the brilliant concert and radio artiste, is another of the world - famous women who use and recommend Mercolized Wax as the ideal skin and complexion beautifier.

"Beauty is merely a Matter of Knowing HOW." By NANETTE

"A CLEAR COMPLEXION." This first essential to beauty can be readily obtained by those whose skin now is rough and marred by blemishes. Mercolized Wax absorbs and thus removes all skin impurities, powder and perspiration from the pores, particles of dead skin, etc. The sallow unsatisfactory skin lifts right away in tiny, almost invisible particles, revealing the fresh, fine-textured skin beneath in all its natural beauty. No matter how bad your skin is, persevere with the use of this wonderful wax and in a very short while the difference in your appearance will delight you and astonish your friends.

"OF COURSE, DON'T DYE IT." Of course you mustn't dye your hair. That idea is now quite out of date. Merely touch your grey hairs with tammalite, a pleasant, non-sticky, non-greasy lotion which will instantly restore their natural colour. Do this at night without fear that tammalite will stain your pillow-slip or cause discomfort of any kind. Unlike hair dye, the use of tammalite cannot be detected. Get this truly wonderful restorer from your chemist to-day.

"BEST AND SIMPLEST SHAMPOO." If your hair is not as lovely, as attractive as it should be, you probably are using wrong methods of shampoo. A few stallax granules in a little hot water is the most satisfactory of all shampoos; it is very different from shampoos which are merely highly-scented foam. Stallax is a real cleansing agent. It leaves the scalp perfectly clean and healthy; imparts a shining loveliness to any head of hair.

"UNRULY HAIR." I know of but one way by which your hair may be kept smooth and keep its well cared for appearance throughout the day. Hollywood Hair Dressing is the best means yet discovered for this purpose. Society women, stage stars use it. Men, particular about their appearance, use Hollywood Hair Dressing. This new dressing stops dandruff, falling hair and certainly increases growth.

"FAT IS UGLY." You know this and if you are one of those unfortunate women who are burdened with troublesome fat, why, just take a few ciruel berries and your weight will soon be reduced to more normal proportions in a perfectly harmless and safe way. They are really good.

It's worth while asking your chemist or store for

The New Dearborn Lipstick

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604871

On VISITING *a* WOMAN DOCTOR

By A MERE MAN

I was always prejudiced against women doctors, and avowed I would never visit one. But having acquired a cut hand, and the nearest doctor being a woman, I had no alternative but to hasten there.

FIRST of all the waiting-room made a hole in my prejudices. It brightened me up considerably. The red carpet gave the room a glow which was cheering. A large bowl of roses was pleasing to the eye—no mere man arranged this room.

I took all this in at a glance, for ere long, the doctor made her appearance and ushered me into the consulting room. Here again flowers were arranged; carnations this time. I felt quite backed up already, for roses and carnations are my favorite flowers.

The doctor took my hand as if I was conferring a favor on her. I really felt like apologising for such a clumsy member.

She asked me "if I liked her flowers." But all the time her eyes were boring into that cut.

No silly simpering miss this, but a noble-hearted woman who was as keen on her job as any man.

As she talked of her flowers she was bathing, binding and using some evil-smelling stuff with a quick, deft touch.

My faith in women doctors had by this time considerably increased, and by the time her work was finished, I was quite won over.

As I thanked her for her kindness, her eyes twinkled as she said: "I don't think you cared for a woman doctor much."

"How?—what?——" I stammered.

"Yes, I could read it in your face. Well, we must live and learn."

"You're right!" I exclaimed as I made my way out. "I certainly learnt a lot this time—and a jolly good lesson, too."

BREAD

EASY BAKE

Pure Yeast ALL-VITAMIN Compound (Reg.)

THE ORIGINAL

3lb. pkge. 1/9, makes fifteen 4lb. loaves of delicious health-giving home-made bread, cakes, scones, &c.

It contains all the Vitamins recognised by the medical profession as necessary for perfect health.

Children, you will notice, only require half amount at meals, and are satisfied.

EASY-BAKE PURE YEAST may be taken medicinally. A remedy for rheumatism, blood impurities, boils, and digestive disorders, etc.

½lb. Pkge. 1/9, Post Free

We can produce thousands of Testimonials.

—1/- trial packet will convince—Country and Interstate Representation Wanted.

Tell your Grocer. Interstate include Postage.

EASY BAKE

527 COLLINS ST., MELBOURNE

Phone: F6729.

Raffled His Pay

ONE half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives—and would scarcely believe it if it did.

For example, if a fiction writer told us the facts that follow, who of us would credit them:—

A railway worker in Victoria wanted higher pay, and resolved to give himself a rise, so he raffled his normal wages, about £3/5/- per week. His fellow workers quickly subscribed £10.—**Mrs. M.O.**

LOVE PHILTRE

Continued from Page 5

THERE was no other word for it. They lavished compliments, hung on her smallest word, brought out their best jokes and most ardent glances, did all in their power to please and amuse and make a good impression. It was as if they were bewitched. Yes, just as if they were.

Where all were so charming it was impossible for Miss Widgery to decide which she liked best. And, being essentially feminine at heart, she was far from unconscious of the interest aroused by the party. From tables all about glances envious and amazed were directed at her. Women whispered together, raising their eyebrows. To be the object of envious glances and jealous whispers was an utterly new and stimulating experience.

"So glad we've wangled this chance to get you to be kinder to us, Miss Widgery," said Warren. "Rabaul's in for a gay spell. There's a world cruise ship calling on Monday, and, of course, the Fleet the following day."

Once upon a time Miss Widgery would have felt sure he was mocking her, for that great annual social event, the visit of the Fleet, had ever been a misery to her. On account of their positions, she and her father were always invited and had to go, but how she loathed it! The sitting in isolation on a flag-draped chair trying to look as if it were too hot to dance, the occasional callow youths brought up almost by force by seniors entrusted with the care of the guests, their bored perambulations and condescension, the sense of being a nuisance and an encumbrance and an entirely superfluous female—these were her memories of the flagship ball.

In the past, however, she had been all alone, without Maku, invisible but omnipotent, at her shoulder.

"And talking of the dance, Miss Widgery," said young Potter, son of the wealthiest man in the Western Pacific, "may I book the first dance now? I know I've a nerve asking you, but if one doesn't get in early——"

"Keep the second for me, Miss Widgery!"

"Let me have the third."

Enchanting men! Enchanted men! Two cocktails and all the marvels created by Maku could not destroy Miss Widgery's sense of duty. The time came for her to go home, and she told them so, regretfully. They were even more regretful, and pleaded for her to stay. When she remained prettily obdurate they formed a bodyguard for her down the steps while all the little world of Rabaul wondered. In the brightness of the lights against the tropic darkness they looked like a musical comedy chorus, all white clad, all smiling, about the heroine.

"But we can't let you walk home if you're late already," Warren discovered. "What am I thinking of! You must let me drive you back to the mission."

He raised his hand, the native chauffeur brought the car up in fine style, and Miss Widgery rode off in the chariot of romance. In the warm gloom outside her home George Warren took Miss Widgery's hand and pressed it to his lips. He seemed about to say something of vast importance to him, but, suddenly embarrassed, choked, leapt back into the car and was whirled away. Miss Widgery sighing tenderly, could not help asking herself if she liked George better than the others. It was a very nice question.

Intoxicating success did not destroy her good sense. Though she moved on air and dwelt in a rosy cloud she recognised that she herself could take pride only in her keen appreciation of the gifts of fortune. No merit of hers had won them. To Maku the honor and the glory.

"You have been drinking!" said the Rev. Parker Widgery.

"Yes, pa darling," laughed his daughter. "I've had two swell cocktails with the darlingest men in Rabaul, and I'm so happy that I'm going to kiss you right on the tip of your Wellingtonian nose."

A Bachelor's Philosophy...

It's easy enough to be jocund,
When life's a huge mince pie,
But the chap I prize,
Holds a smile in his eyes.

When a coy old maid of thirty-nine summers and forty-eight winters, with peroxide locks and a complexion fresh every hour, having the ways of a kitten and the temper of its mother, gets him in a corner on a dark leap-year's night—and proposes!

The Rev. Parker Widgery, very naturally, was startled. His daughter was so changed that she seemed to be under a spell, and nobody had ever kissed him on the tip of the nose before.

He said: "Remarkable! Remarkable!"—and polished his glasses as if convinced that his eyes were at fault.

Baffled, he kept on repeating the comment, but it was gratifying that all those young men should have made such a fuss of her. If her success continued she might exercise a noble influence on the depraved society of Rabaul. After all, these men had souls almost like their brown brothers.

Success is very hard to resist. It is like a drug; it goes to the head—and the heart.

THE cruise ship came, a palace of luxury, a metropolis floating into the dark places of the world on a magic carpet. Its people flocked out of it like the animals from the ark, and spread over Rabaul.

Meanwhile those citizens of Rabaul who could take no part in the plunder of the visitors occupied the floating palace. Miss Widgery was a soldier in that army whose occupation was limited to a single day—a new Miss Widgery who knew just what she wanted and intended to get it.

What Miss Widgery wanted was every aid, natural and artificial, to make the flagship ball the triumph it promised to be. The liner was a transitory and exotic migrant. It came and went, busy with its own life, a world apart wherever it might be. The new Miss Widgery saw the luxury craft only as a means to a greater end—the visit of the Fleet.

As is the way when fortune starts to smile, all went well with her, for by a stroke of fortune—though one would not have thought it so—all the hairdressers were engaged when she got aboard. As the manicurist was free Miss Widgery decided to make use of her services. An admirable decision.

The manicurist's name was Ivy and she had eyes like blue saucers and hair that might have been dipped in synthetic gold. Her mouth was the materialisation of a kiss, and her figure, to twist the phrase, left a lot to be desired. Miss Widgery thought her gloriously beautiful, like a princess in a fairy tale, forgetting momentarily that the role belonged to her.

So, of course, it seemed only right to tell Ivy the beautiful secret, since a secret must be shared to be enjoyed. Impossible to tell any resident of Rabaul, but this glamorous visitor from another world, gone to-morrow, was the ideal confidant, and the cubicle—white, shining and quiet, cooled by a stream of perfumed air—was the very confessional for such a tale. Miss Widgery revealed what the powers of darkness had done for her.

Ivy at first was bored, haughty and aloof.

She drawled: "Oh, yahs, quite so!"

But as Miss Widgery proceeded in her simple and convincing way Ivy's attention was completely captured. She forgot to be elegant and refined, and, putting down her tools of trade, lent dimpled elbows on the table and gasped, "Coo, quit it, you're kiddin' me. Don't I wish you wasn't!"

Miss Widgery was too hurt by this imputation to be conscious of Ivy's change of manner. She protested indignantly. Ivy was no fool. She had learnt people in a hard school. Her client was telling the truth—she was certain of it—and it was the most enthralling thing Ivy had ever heard. Love philtres were much more in Ivy's line than Miss Widgery's. Her imagination saw rosy pictures. And just what you'd expect to find on a desert isle.

"So," Miss Widgery concluded, "I want to be made to look as nice as possible for the ball, because I've dances with all the nicest young men in Rabaul. They've been simply angels to me ever since they booked them. Perhaps Maku made his powder a little too strong. I really can't marry them all." She knitted her brows over the problem of her surfeit of lovers.

"Listen," said Ivy sharply, "can you get any more of that stuff?"

"Why, certainly, but I'm quite satisfied with——"

"Could you get some for me?"

"A beautiful girl like you wouldn't need it!"

"Wouldn't hell!" said Ivy. "I'm the best judge of that. There are a coupla unattached millionaires aboard, and couldn't I use one for a husband? I'm going to take a chance and believe your crazy story. It's a good bet anyway. I've often heard of them love potions, but I thought it was all my eye and Betty Martin. If this one's worked for you why shouldn't it do the trick for me?"

"No reason at all," said Miss Widgery modestly. "You'll need even less of it."

"But it has to go further," smiled Ivy. "What you say it costs?"

"A pound for the course."

Ivy did mental arithmetic, working out her own needs and how much it might be profitable to have on hand for wealthy patrons, who, when she had safely annexed her man, might provide a dowry and trousseau.

"Could you get me five pounds' worth?"

"I'm sure I could. This very morning."

"Make it a tenner's worth," said Ivy, plunging. "This looks the goods. Tell you what, Miss Widgery, you buzz right off and get me that stuff—I'll put up the money, of course—and when you come back with it I'll give you a complete evening rigout bought in Paris that'll knock 'em endways. And what's more I'll have the boys turn you out a perfect ash blonde with the skin of a rose, so's you'll have all those naval Johnnies down on their knees, love powder or no.

"You're too good—much, much too good," protested little Miss Widgery.

The Rev. Parker Widgery was abed when his daughter returned at last from the ship. He did not see her through the next day either, for she was resting in preparation for the ball.

Please turn to Page 38

HOST HOLBROOK says: The Halmosa Olives are grown in the sunny olive groves of Spain. Packed in Australia.

The years don't matter says

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS

"We on the stage give a great deal of thought to keeping our youthful charm, but never worry a bit about birthdays. We know that as long as we guard complexion beauty we have nothing to fear. Several years ago I discovered that Lux Toilet Soap would keep my skin in wonderful condition. I've used it faithfully ever since and can honestly say I wouldn't be without it even for a day."

Constance Cummings

20th Century Pictures

LUX

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THE OFFICIAL SOAP IN HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS

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VARY *the* VEGETABLES *in* the Autumn and Winter Menus

Autumn is here, with the "fall of the leaf" and a pleasant "tang" in the air to make one feel that foods a little more solid will be appreciated.

Silver beet, cabbage, kohl-rabi, turnips and carrots offer a world of possibility to the housewife in search of new dishes to tempt the family palate with their pungent flavors.

By . . .
MARGARET SHEPHERD
INSTRUCTOR TO LEADING HOSPITALS

AN AMAZING variety of tasty and health-giving dishes can be made from vegetables. Onions and carrots are used for the appetising casserole in the picture above.

ALL these vegetables possess certain qualities which should make them very acceptable. Not only do they supply bulk in the diet; they are also rich in minerals, while some of the essential growth-promoting and disease-resisting Vitamin A is found in cabbage, silver beet, and carrots.

It was a kindly thought of nature's to provide colorful carrots during the winter months, which supply brightness to many uninspiring-looking, though wholesome, dishes. Cabbage, with its crisp freshness and low selling-price, is a great winter standby, adapting itself well to other foods.

There are a few precautions which must be observed. Long cooking develops a dark color and strong flavor. Cook only until tender. Finely shredded, and cooked in sufficient water to cover, it will take only 10 minutes. Boil always without a lid, allowing the odor to escape and prevent reabsorbtion. Drain well.

To prepare for cooking, remove the coarse, outer leaves from the cabbage.

TO add many new and appetising dishes to the menu, have a copy of the "Sunshine Cookery Book" at hand. A revised edition has just been issued by the Dried Fruits Board and, on receipt of request at this office from readers, will be posted to any address.

Cut in quarters and soak in cold salted water for one hour to freshen the leaves and remove any small insects. If all the cabbage is not required, wrap in waxed paper, then in a wrapping paper or a bag, and keep in a cool place.

CABBAGE WITH SOUR SAUCE

Four tablespoons bacon fat, 1 cup vinegar, 4 pints finely-shredded cabbage, 1 thinly sliced onion, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper.

Method: Heat the bacon fat. Add the vinegar, then add the finely-shredded cabbage and onion. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and sugar. Cook until tender with a lid on the saucepan, allowing an outlet for the steam. When serving, lift out from the saucepan with two forks.

CASSEROLE OF CARROTS AND ONIONS

Four white onions, 5 medium-size carrots, salt, pepper, paprika, crumbs, butter, flour, milk.

Method: Wash and scrape the carrots. Peel the onions. Slice finely and arrange in layers in a buttered casserole dish, sprinkling each layer with salt, pepper, and paprika, buttered crumbs and a little flour. Fill the dish with milk, then cover the top with buttered crumbs. Set in a moderate oven, and bake 45 minutes. Ten minutes before serving arrange thinly-sliced bacon on top. Return to the oven and cook until lightly browned.

CARROTS AND CELERY

One cup celery (cut into ½-inch lengths), 2 cups carrot, 1 cup creamed sauce.

Method: Wash the outer stalks of celery, and cut into half-inch lengths. Stand in cold water, to which 1 dessertspoon lemon juice has been added, for one hour. In the meantime, put the carrots into boiling salted water. Cook with the celery until tender. Drain well. Use half the water for the sauce, with ½ cup milk or cream.

Melt 1 dessertspoon butter in a saucepan. Add 1 heaped dessertspoon flour. Add the milk and carrot stock. Stir until it boils, and continue boiling four minutes. Pour over the vegetables.

CORN AND CARROT PUDDING

One and a half cups grated carrot, 1½ cups of tinned or fresh corn, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons butter, ½ green pepper, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, salt, pepper, paprika to taste.

Scrape and grate your carrot, shred the green pepper, beat the eggs well. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour, salt, pepper, and paprika; when frothy stir in the milk. Cook until thick, stirring all the time; then add the beaten eggs and vegetables. Turn all into a well greased dish and bake slowly in the oven until firm in the centre (about one hour).

CABBAGE—GREEK STYLE

One small cabbage, one-third cup lemon juice, ¼ cup olive oil, 1 cup diced celery, 1 tablespoon sugar, 6 peppercorns, 2 bayleaves, ¼ teaspoon thyme, 1 teaspoon salt.

Cut a small cabbage crosswise into inch slices. Soak in cold salted water for one hour, drain, parboil for five minutes. Drain. Cook until tender in 2 cups water, olive oil, lemon juice, peppercorns, bay leaves, salt, sugar, and diced celery. Drain, and serve with grilled ham.

CAULIFLOWER CALIFORNIA

One cauliflower, 1 hard-boiled egg, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped parsley, 3 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs.

Trim and cut one cauliflower into large flowerlets. Put into boiling salted water and boil until tender. Drain and arrange on a hot serving-dish. Scatter over it the finely-chopped egg and parsley. Melt the butter in a saucepan; add the breadcrumbs, and cook, tossing lightly until browned. Pour them over the cauliflower.

BEST RECIPES

WHOLESOME DISH WINS £1

Pineapple flavor is, perhaps, one of the most popular fruit flavorings that can be used for sweets. This week's prize-winning recipe suggests a delicious method of using it.

Entries for the "Dried Fruit" recipe competition, announced last week, must reach this office by May 3, and prizes for this specialised competition will be announced the following week.

This week's prize-winners are:—

PINEAPPLE PUDDING

Ingredients: One tin pineapple, 1 pint packet of jelly crystals (pineapple flavor), 2 eggs, 1 pint milk, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon sugar.

Method: Cut the pineapple into small pieces and put into a glass dish; pour off the juice. Make a boiled custard with the yolks of 2 eggs, milk, cornflour and sugar, adding a little vanilla flavoring. When cool, pour custard over pineapple, stir well together. Boil up jelly crystals with juice of pineapple, first adding enough water to make a pint of liquid in all. Beat whites of eggs stiffly and when jelly is just setting beat in whites of eggs. Pour this carefully over the custard. Serve next day with whipped cream. Do not substitute fresh pineapple for tinned or it will not set.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Tuckerman, 17 Liege St., Fivecock, N.S.W.

PEANUT BUTTER BREAD

Take 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ cup sugar, ½ cup peanut butter, 1½ cups milk. Sift flour, powder, salt and sugar together. Add milk to peanut butter, blend well, add to dry ingredients; beat thoroughly; put in greased roll tin. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour. This cuts better when a day old.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to M. Williams, 177 Tyler St., E. Preston, Melbourne.

SAVORY LAMBS' KIDNEYS

Six lambs' kidneys, 1 small onion, 6 thin slices of bacon rashers, 1 egg, ½ cup stale breadcrumbs, 2 dessertspoons chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Put the finely-crumbled bread in a basin, add onion chopped finely, and parsley and seasoning to taste; moisten with the well-beaten egg; spread mixture on the rashers, which have been cut in two; prepare the kidneys and cut each in two, then roll a piece of stuffed bacon round each piece and run each roll on to a skewer. Bake or grill them suspended over a baking-tin for 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. King, James St., Flinders Park, Adelaide.

GRAPE PUDDING

One pound black grapes, 1 cup sago, ½ cup sugar, cinnamon, and water. Place the grapes in saucepan, cover with water, and boil 20 minutes with a piece of cinnamon; strain and return juice to saucepan, add sugar and sago, and boil gently 10 minutes. Pour into mould and cool. Serve with cream or custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Dora Bridge, "Milton," 55 Hirst St., Arncliffe, N.S.W.

HORT HOLBROOK says: My Worcestershire Sauce will flavour the soup, season the gravy, make the simplest meal appetising.★★★

Rosella
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

Fish IS improved by the addition of Rosella Worcestershire Sauce. Praised everywhere for its distinctive flavour. Ideal for Sausages, Soups, and Grills.

There are 7 more delicious Sauces and Chutneys. Try Tomato, French Mustard Sauces, and the new APRICOT CHUTNEY.

200000000000 MILES

Can you swallow this?

It's difficult to swallow such an immense distance and almost impossible to digest it. On the other hand, it is easy enough to swallow roast pork, duck or bacon, but not nearly so easy to digest them. Rich and indigestible foods are always "miles better" when eaten with Mustard. Mustard not only helps to digest them but brings out all the subtlety of their flavour. If you have roast meat for dinner to-night remember . . .

it's nicer with Mustard

– Keen's Mustard

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FLYING One's *Own* PLANE!

It's An Enjoyable Hobby .... Albeit Costly

Flying is more than ever in the air this year . . . metaphorically as well as literally.

The exploits of our airmen and airwomen; the interest in the world air race associated with the Melbourne Centenary; the possibility of aeroplanes for transport and commerce; all this is making the public more air-minded.

By JEAN GARDINER

ABOVE: The charming smile of an Australian flying girl—Jean Gardiner.

EXTREME LEFT: Ready for the take-off.

LEFT: In the country it's easy enough to find a parking place for the plane.

ANY woman possessing a certain amount of confidence and common sense can fly and maintain her own plane with no more bother than is attached to the running of a car.

Personally I think after the initial stages of flying have been mastered and the tests for the "A" license have been successfully passed it is easier and far less strenuous than driving a car. I dread driving 300 miles by car, while a flight of that distance is a delight.

I felt very exultant when I first realised I possessed a plane of my own. There is something very beautiful in skimming through the air. You wonder at the enthusiasm of the people associated with aviation. Once you have flown alone you would be conscious of its fascination.

Mountains and valleys veiled in blue-grey mist, miles of low-lying land broken here and there with white-roofed country homes, and the surrounding green and fertile cultivated paddocks all assume a new and exquisite aspect when viewed from the air. Cities and towns appear extraordinarily clean and tidy, small and picturesque, as one flies over them at 2000 or 3000 feet.

Contrary to the general opinion, the upkeep of a machine—providing reasonable care is always exercised—is little more than for a car.

The petrol consumption of mine—a DH Moth—is approximately five gallons an hour. Usually about 75 miles is covered in that time. Of course, the mileage flown per hour depends on the wind direction. Aided by a following wind, I averaged 125 miles per hour on a flight from Adelaide to Melbourne.

* * *

CARE and maintenance of engine and aircraft are not difficult. Periodical inspections of both are made by licensed engineers, but apart from that, a thorough inspection is made by the pilot before each flight—a simple procedure of a few minutes, but very necessary.

Modern aeroplane engines make forced landings rare. I remember when I first learnt to fly I always feared the engine would "cut out" at the most inopportune moment, but gradually one learns to rely on and have confidence in one's machine, and the real joy of flying is captured.

People with only a vague knowledge of aviation imagine when an engine failure does occur the plane immediately crashes to the ground. This is a totally erroneous idea. When the engine fails the nose of the machine is dropped by pushing the "joy-stick" gently forward, and the plane then put into a normal glide, an emergency landing being made on the most suitable ground within gliding distance. From a height of, say, 2000 feet there are very few stretches of country that are of such a nature as to make a fairly successful forced landing impossible. If a crash does occur from any height, it may not be due to the engine having failed, but to an error of judgment on the part of the pilot.

A knowledge of navigation and map-reading is essential if cross-country solo flying is to be done, and therein is held the real advantage and pleasure of flying one's own plane. One can wing one's way just where a whim of the moment leads one.

* * *

FINDING one's direction over the country is fairly easy—so many railways, roads, and large towns simplify it. My first solo cross-country venture was from Mascot to my home, "Bridgellah," Baradine, 300 miles distant.

Preferring solo flying, I never carry passengers on long trips, but, being a woman, I find plenty to fill all the available space in the machine. A friend once asked me if absent-mindedly I had forgotten to have the family piano on board!

The matter of personal attire I think is for individual taste—comfort and warmth the two main factors.

Flying for women is unsurpassed, pleasure-giving, interesting, and healthy as a hobby, but although it is an established fact in Australia I think it will be some time before women can look for a career in commercial aviation and expect any lucrative returns.

Each year fresh faces and names enter into the feminine realm of the flying world, but no Australian airwoman has yet emulated Mrs. J. A. Mollison's feats. Who knows? In the future one may achieve that which Mrs. Mollison would be proud to emulate. Nevertheless it is a glowing tribute to flying to see many of the pioner airwomen still flying.

Famous GIRL GUIDE *to Wed* BOY SCOUT

A ROMANCE which began at a Boy Scout and Girl Guide rally will culminate in a marriage early next month between the Hon. Heather Baden-Powell, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Baden-Powell, and Mr. George E. Lennox-Boyd, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Lennox-Boyd, of Hampshire.

Miss Baden-Powell, who recently celebrated her nineteenth birthday, first met her fiance at a rally in Bedfordshire last summer. Since then she has always accompanied him to various rallies.

Both love horses and hunting, and each is interested in anything relating to Boy Scouts and Girl Guides.

England Goes "Co-Ed."

Romances at Mixed Schools

"Co-education is on the increase," writes an English correspondent of The Australian Women's Weekly, "for there was even a 'co-ed.' representative at the headmasters' conference, which was held recently."

THERE is now a "co-ed" public school, that houses 300 "co-eds" at Harpenden, England. The girls live in the main buildings and the boys in houses a little distance away. Children may be enrolled as soon as they reach the age of eight, and may continue at the school until 19 years of age.

Dr. A. H. Watts, who represented a "co-ed" public school at the conference, said:—

"Are we troubled with school romances? Not a bit! Sometimes, round the age of 13 or 14, there may be a sort of sentimental little attachment between a boy and a girl.

"We have nothing against this. They can talk together as much as they like.

"But there is an unwritten law, enforced by the prefects, that a boy and girl shall not talk to each other ALONE.

"These sentimental little associations are always among the younger children. By the time they reach the upper forms they regard each other as brothers and sisters.

* * *

"ONE of the arguments against co-education is that it breeds effeminacy among the boys.

"Well, in the last four years we have played 73 Rugger matches and lost only 19. This season, out of 17 matches, we have won 15. How's that?"

ROCHELLE HUDSON, Fox player, wears this lovely satin evening gown with the unusual bodice cut away at the sides. The large, stiffened epaulets continuing over the shoulders form a low V back. The skirt is very full and shaped to a V up to the centre of the bodice, while the decolette neck is outlined in mirror beads and diamente.

All unanimously agreed that it was very good, which, of course, put that argument out of the running.

HENRY of *Greton* STREET

Continued from Page 11

HENRY decided to go round to the back of Lett's shop and get his business over. The old man would hardly be in bed yet.

He went through the dark passageway at the side of the second-hand dealer's, turned into the yard, and approached the back entrance, stumbling over the mass of stuff that had overflowed into the open air. The back door was closed. Henry knocked on it. He felt that he was an established client and justified.

The door, however, was neither locked nor fastened. It swung open under the pressure of his hand. He peered into the cavern of darkness it disclosed, and called:—

"You there, Mister Lett. It's Henry, from Trip's!"

There was no answer. A step forward into the house enabled Henry to see a shaft of light emanating from the upper storey, shining down the narrow ladder which served as a stairway. The worn rungs of it showed black, and regularly spaced. The trap-door of Lett's sleeping apartment was open, then. The light was not steady, but flickered. A candle, obviously.

"E's goin' to bed," thought Henry, and hesitated as to whether he should retire and leave the old man in peace or carry on with his original intention. The matter was decided for him by an injudicious step sideways which upset something or other that fell with an infernal clanging of heavy iron—a clothes-mangle, maybe, ill-balanced on a pile of other things.

"Drat!" said Henry aloud. "It's only me, Mister Lett!"

But, oddly enough, Mr. Lett made no sign of having heard the uproar.

"'E's asleep, that's what 'e is. And asleep 'eavy," said Henry to himself. "Why hasn't he blowed out that candle? A waste, it is, leavin' it burnin'. And dangerous. Start a fire, maybe." He considered briefly, and then:—

"Hi! Mr. Lett!"

His voice died in the darkness of the crowded shop, and that was all. No answer came from the room above.

Henry suddenly wiped his brow with the back of his hand, and it came away wet with perspiration. It was not a warm night.

Slowly picking his way amid the debris of the years, Henry made his way to the foot of the ladder, and there stood gazing upward, speculating. Everything was extraordinarily quiet—not with the quietness of emptiness, but with something else Henry did not try to define or understand. He was uncomfortable. He felt as if he had no business where he was at all; that he was intruding. But that was ridiculous. He was an acquaintance of the old man's, quite apart from their business dealings together.

He made up his mind.

"I'll go and blow it out without wakin' 'im."

It was nothing more than an excuse to have done with the nervous tremors that were assailing his legs and back. The mere movement of climbing the ladder eased the sensation.

He poked his head through the opening of the trap-door and saw the private apartment of Mr. Lett for the first time. It was in no way different from the shop below, save that it contained a rusty iron bedstead which stood up uncertainly on three legs in the middle of the same kind of rubbish that filled the lower regions.

On the bed lay Mr. Lett himself. Henry could see the hump of his shoulder and the shadow thrown by the candle on to the ceiling. His hawk nose seemed monstrous, and below it a wide gap before his chin began—his mouth lying slackly open.

The candle stood on a low table at the bedside, and every now and then its flame, touched by a draught of air, wavered from its straight serenity. The shadow of Mr. Lett would dance grotesquely.

Henry straightened his back and advanced into the garret, making for the candle. He felt in his pocket as he came; yes, he had a box of matches. They would be necessary if he was to retrace his steps in the dark.

Suddenly Henry stopped. The hand which had been touching his pocket dropped to his side and there clenched tightly. He was horribly, terribly frightened.

Mr. Lett was dead.

HENRY had been to the pictures often enough to have accustomed himself to the conventional attitudes of the deceased of film-land, but never had he seen anything quite as realistic, quite as wholly dead as Mr. Lett at this moment.

"Oh!" said Henry, softly, in a thick voice. "Oh, my Gawd, let me get out o' this quick!"

Even as he turned he saw something else which in a moment of time was able to exert sufficient influence over his lax muscles and shocked mind to bring him up with all his wits working sharply. He stood still again, and again stared. Then, after a second, he advanced, overcoming his terror of the body of Mr. Lett with the wild curiosity that this new thing aroused.

What Henry saw was money.

It lay in an iron cash-box under the dead hand of Mr. Lett. The lid of this box was open, and the light fell on the bundles of notes it contained, so that they stood out clearly, every line and design on the top ones vivid to the gleaming eyes of Henry.

He put his hand to his mouth to stifle the exclamation of excitement that the sight of such untold wealth called to his lips. It was like a vision in a dream; a dream beyond the imaginative powers even of a Henry, with all his desire for money. They were Treasury notes, pounds and ten shillings, neatly piled and clipped together with elastic bands. The box was twelve inches square by six deep. Hundreds of pounds' worth of notes!

Henry reconstructed the affair, now that he had passed from his first horror. He saw that the old man must have died naturally, for, apart from the fact that there was no sign of blood about, if he had been murdered the murderer would obviously have taken the money with him. He persuaded himself to look more closely at the remains of Mr. Lett. He might be asleep, indeed, save for the stupid vacancy of that fallen jaw and the wide staring of those sightless eyes. No wonder the shop had been closed a little early if Mr. Lett, feeling unwell, had decided to seek his bed. Henry saw the whole thing. And the presence of the cash-box—in that the old man had obeyed the promptings of his miserly, hoarding soul when he had dragged it from its hiding-place in his last hour to reassure himself that it was safe; that the collected profits of a lifetime were indeed there.

Very cautiously Henry advanced closer, and putting forth a forefinger he dug it into the cash-box, levering up the bundles. His nail touched a flimsier kind of paper—it crackled faintly. He peered, ignoring the bony hand of Mr. Lett, which still lay across the treasure. He whistled softly between his dry lips. Bank of England notes! Fivers! Perhaps of even higher denominations!

In the start of surprise which followed this fresh discovery he jerked the cash-box, and the movement dislodged the dead man's hand. It slid away from the money and fell on the dirty coverlet of the bed.

Henry looked at it. He saw the gesture, as in a flash of bright lightning, as an omen. Mr. Lett was dead. Mr. Lett could no longer have any use for the money he had saved. The money would be quite useless to him—in fact, he had definitely left it behind, wherever he had gone.

Henry looked over his shoulder furtively, as though he feared there was someone to overhear his thoughts. They ran swiftly through his brain. Logical they were, too.

He saw, and realised acutely, one salient thing. Nobody but himself knew of the existence of this hoard. The only other person who might conceivably have an inkling of it would be the niece—but she hadn't. He was utterly certain of it. He knew the neighborhood and the people in it too well. The niece could never have kept quiet all this time had she possessed such thrilling and romantic knowledge.

There was the matter in a nutshell. Lett was dead and the money was under Henry's eyes—the only stranger who had ever seen it.

Carefully, exerting his muscles slowly, he lifted the precious box until it rested in his arms, pressing against his thin chest. He looked down into the bundles. They were his now, if he could pull it off. The scent of them came up to his nostrils; quite a definite, distinctive smell.

He put the box on the table and closed the lid gently and noiselessly. Then he turned to the desk which stood behind the bed—a mass of papers, letters and so forth.

Please turn to Page 34

Do You Know...

That the ancient Romans made imitation flowers of wax which have never been approached in excellence in modern times. The ancient Egyptians also had artificial flowers which they made of thin plates of horn stained with brilliant colors. Sometimes they were made of leaves of copper gilded or silvered.

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FEES MOST MODERATE.

Write for interview or call.

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O'REILLY'S CHAMBERS (Opp. Palings).

325 GEORGE STREET.

Sound advice

"If individuals would give attention to a daily clearance from their bodies of the waste products of food, indigestion would cease and dyspepsia vanish."

—A. Bjorn, Ph.D., M.B., F.R.A.E., F.L.S.

The vegetable extracts in Bile Beans make them ideal for banishing constipation. Their action is gentle, non-habit forming and non-griping.

1/3 & 3/- per box. You will enjoy better health and greater energy by taking

1 BILE BEAN —each night

ISN'T it amazing how young Mr. Maxwell looks? He must be nearly fifty, and he doesn't look a day more than thirty-five.

Yes, my dear, it's his hair. I was talking to Mrs. Maxwell the other day, and she told me that at one time he had the most awful dandruff, and his hair was very thin.

Thin! I can't believe that! What did he do?

He consulted Thea Von Bryce. He says she has never had a failure.

For all scalp troubles everyone should consult

THEA VON BRYCE

Room 5, First Floor,

Wingello House, Angel Place, Sydney.

The NEW CLYDE LAWN MOWER

AN ALL AUSTRALIAN PRODUCT

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OLD Gold Purchased. Highest possible price. E. E. Smith, 113a Pitt St. (Near Hunter St.)**

HERE'S YOUR chance to enjoy winter sport this year like these girls are doing.

READERS *Will* Enjoy *These* Winter Tours

Special Concessions Arranged To Kosciusko And Jenolan

The Easter tour to Koscinsko specially arranged with the Government Tourist Bureau by The Australian Women's Weekly and 2UW proved so successful that we have arranged a series of new tours.

In addition, a special week-end trip to the Blue Mountains and the Jenolan Caves has been organised, at a cost within the reach of almost every reader.

THE first on the list is a week-end tour to Jenolan Caves. This tour leaves Sydney on Saturday morning, the 26th of May, and returns to Sydney late on the Sunday night. The full cost of the tour is only two pounds seven shillings (£2/7/-). This includes all transport, rail from Sydney to Mount Victoria and motor to Jenolan and return, all meals on train, both ways, and a full day's accommodation at Caves House, and also two caves inspections, which, under ordinary circumstances, would cost approximately 10/-. From this can be seen the actual concessions we have been able to secure for our readers and listeners. Bookings for this tour may be made now, and early booking is advisable. You may pay a small deposit on your booking now at the Government Tourist Bureau, Martin Place.

The next tour is to Kosciusko for the winter season, leaving Sydney June 1, and costing £10/10/-.

The holiday parties will travel in specially reserved carriages, and, in addition to three days at the Chalet, all meals en route will be provided.

Special tuition in ski-ing will be arranged, and certificates of proficiency in three grades will be made available at the end of the tour. It is anticipated that every member of the tour will qualify for one of these. And remember, all sporting equipment will be provided free of cost to the tourists. Similar trips have been arranged for June 8 and June 15. On June 22 a special tour will be arranged which will cost £12/12/-.

Those who join the party on June 22 have the option of extending their trip for a further week at an additional cost of £5/18/-.

A grand winter tour will also be conducted leaving Sydney on June 22 and returning on July 8—a glorious 16 days in the snow for the remarkably small cost of £18/10/-. The first week will be spent at the Hotel Kosciusko, where experts will give free tuition in ski-ing. The second week will be spent at the Chalet, where there will be many attractive sporting events in the snow.

The cold snap of the last few days heralds an early winter.

Snow has fallen on the Southern Tablelands, and there is now a certainty of ideal weather for ski-ing and other winter sports which are to be had only at Kosciusko.

Booking for any of these tours can be made at the Government Tourist Bureau, Martin Place.

Readers should listen to 2UW for further details of these tours.

Don't Forget—

The St. Catherine's Old Girls' Union are entertaining Miss E. M. Lenthall upon the occasion of her retirement as Principal of St. Catherine's at afternoon tea at the Pickwick Club on May 5.

☆ ☆ ☆

A play night has been organised by the Fort Street High School Old Girls' Union, to be held in the School Assembly Hall on May 9 to help raise funds towards the presentation stained glass window for the school entrance hall.

☆ ☆ ☆

On April 30, Charles Nicts will give a concert at St. James' Hall devoted to romantic music. Alice Prowse (contralto), Elizabeth Rathenyi (harp), Cedric Ashton (cello), and Lute Drummond (accompanist), will be the assisting artists.

☆ ☆ ☆

The St. Joseph's College Old Boys' Union grand annual ball will be held at the Empress Rooms (Mark Foys), on May 30.

The Earlwood branch of the Red Cross Society will hold an afternoon tea in the Botanic Gardens on April 27. Members and their friends meet at the Kiosk at 2 o'clock sharp.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Insurance Musical and Dramatic Society are producing a revue, under the direction of Mr. Ray McLean, at the Savoy Theatre, on May 23 and 24, in aid of the Picton Lakes T.B. Settlement.

☆ ☆ ☆

The annual staff dance of the N.S.W. Bookstall Co., Ltd., will be held this year at Hordern Bros. on June 28. Proceeds will be divided between the Cudgelo Red Cross Home and Coosinoo Children's Home at Burwood.

☆ ☆ ☆

To assist the funds of Karitane the Independent Theatre are presenting "Peter Pan" at the Savoy Theatre on April 27.

☆ ☆ ☆

Miss Norah Frost, social organiser for the N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Dumb and Blind Children, will be pleased to give full particulars to any enquirer ringing her at MA1232 about the sponge sandwich and scone competitions organised for the benefit of the institution's funds. These competitions are held twice weekly, and cover the whole of the metropolitan area.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Shoe, Leather and Allied Trades' Easter Ball will be held at David Jones' on April 28 to maintain the Trade Cots at the Children's Hospital.

☆ ☆ ☆

Her Excellency Lady Isaacs has signified her intention of being present at the second annual ball of the Federation of Parents and Citizens' Associations of N.S.W., to be held at the Hotel Wentworth on July 18.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Havilah Childrens' Homes at Wahroonga are almost entirely supported by voluntary contributions, and the struggle to raise funds is a never-ending one. The Havilah Ladies' Committee are organising a Linen Tea and Gift Afternoon at the Homes on April 26, from 3 p.m. to 5.30 p.m. Lady Game will be present, and a number of people are lending their cars to carry visitors from the station to the Homes.

THE HUB'S 16th Anniversary SALE

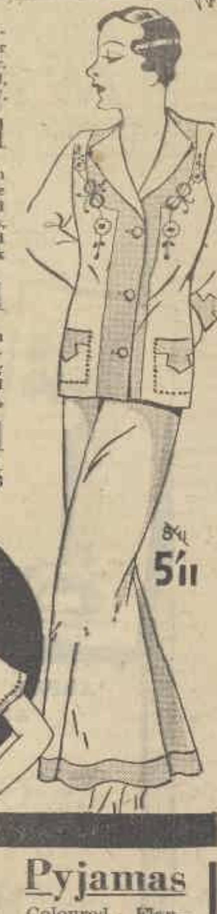
Warm Undies

1.—Dressing Gowns of All-wool Flannel. Wrap-over style, with long roll collar. Nicely embroidered. Royal, Saxe, Rose, and Red. S.W. and W. Usually 21/-. SALE PRICE, ea. 15/11

2.—Figured Molleton Cloth Dressing Gown. Wide range of patterns on light and dark grounds. Long sleeves, long roll collar, scalloped and trimmed with silk stitching. S.W. and W. Usually 9/11. SALE PRICE, ea. 5/11

3.—Heavy ribbed Molleton Cloth Dressing Gown, embroidered, roll collar. Long sleeves, gauntlet cuffs and patch pocket. Saxe, Red, Rose. W. size. Usually 15/11. SALE PRICE, ea. 9/11

O.S. fitting. Usually 17/11. For 12/6



Pyjamas

Two-piece Flannelette Pyjamas. Smart striped coat. Plain trousers trimmed with panels in stripe. Pink, Blue and Green shades. Usually 10/6 Hub Price, 7/11

Night Dress

Cosy Warm Night Dress in British Flannelette. Neck and sleeves are strongly bound and hemstitched. White only. Silk embossed sprays. Usually 3/11. Hub Price, ea. 2/11½

Pyjamas

Coloured Flannelette Pyjamas. Coat style, long sleeves. Trimmed contrast facings, embossed sprays. Pink, Sky, Cream Nile and Lemon. Usually 8/11 Hub Price, 5/11

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AGE WRITES ITS STORY ON YOUR FACE

Every man and woman admires an attractive, youthful complexion—and what a thrill to be both envied and admired! Correct cleansing beneath the skin surface is the basis of a lastingly youthful appearance and "beneath-the-surface" dirt must first be scientifically removed if the mask of age is to be lifted. Facial Youth Cleansing and Day Creams, together with Kathleen Court's Night Cream, really give the advantages of an expensive rejuvenating facial treatment. The Cleansing Cream—so soft and light—melting the instant it touches the skin, removes all beauty-destroying deep-pore accumulations. The Night Cream nourishes the skin during sleep, preventing tissue-sagging, double-chin, puffiness, lines round the eyes, near the mouth, and on the neck and throat. The Day Cream gives an exquisite finish to the freshened and mollified skin, and supplies the benefits of a vanishing, soothing and revivifying beautifier. Facial Youth Day Cream takes the shine from oily skins; affords pliability to dry skins, and is a perfect base for powder. High-class chemists and stores everywhere sell these three modern rejuvenating beautifiers.

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PRICES:—Cleansing Cream, one size only, large jars, 2/6. Day Cream, handbag tubes, 1/3; large tubes, 2/-; large jars, 2/6. Night Cream: metal containers, 2/-; large jars, 2/6.

Pictures Worth Framing. *Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the front page of The Australian Women's Weekly may be had from this office for 2/-.*

My Favorite Poem

The World's May-Queen

By ALFRED NOYES

When Spring comes back to England
And crowns her brows with May,
Round the merry moonlit world
She goes the greenwood way:
She throws a rose to Italy,
A fleur-de-lys to France,
But round her regal morris-ring
The seas of England dance.

When Spring comes back to England
And dons her robe of green,
There's many a nation garlanded,
But England is the Queen;
She's Queen, she's Queen of all the world
Beneath the laughing sky,
For the nations go a'maying
When they hear the New Year cry.

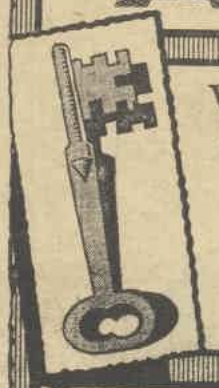
Come over the water to England,
My old love, my new love,
Come over the water to England
In the showers of flowery rain;
Come over the water to England,
April, my true love,
And tell the heart of England
The Spring is here again.

Sent by Miss M. Moore, Roseville, N.S.W.

MAN is an intellectual animal, and therefore an everlasting contradiction to himself. His senses centre in himself, his ideas reach to the ends of the universe; so that he is torn in pieces between the two, without a possibility of its ever being otherwise.—Hazlitt.

SELF-CONFIDENCE is the first requisite to great undertakings.—Dr. Johnson.

QUICK ACTION with SAFETY is the KEYNOTE of 'ASPRO'



WHEN Headaches — Pain — High Temperatures, and numerous conditions of ill-health appear you want RELIEF, and Quick Relief, to get back to normal. This is where the use of 'ASPRO' is so valuable. It acts quickly and safely. Quickly because you get rapid relief—Safely because it is pure and conforms to the standards laid down by the British Pharmacopoeia, the guiding authority of the Medical Profession. Furthermore, 'ASPRO' relieves the numerous complaints listed below, because, after ingestion in the system, it is a powerful germicide, and is anti-pyretic—anti-periodic and anti-fermentative. Always keep 'ASPRO' in the Home ready for emergency. 'ASPRO' DOES NOT HARM THE HEART.

'ASPRO' for Headaches and Neuritis

167 Union Street,
Erskineville, N.S.W.

Dear Sirs,

I am an obstetric nurse, and my profession takes me on numerous journeys, which mean long hours in all kinds of weather, and at times I have felt that I could not carry on, but thanks to the wonderful 'ASPRO' Tablets—which I am never without—I have had instant relief from Headaches and Neuritis.

I have nursed four generations, and have always advised my patients to try 'ASPRO' Tablets for complaints too numerous to mention, and all have been loud in their praise for the wonders which 'ASPRO' has done for them.

You may use this testimony in any way you wish, for I am very grateful for the relief which I had from 'ASPRO.'

Yours truly,
(Sgd.) NURSE ELDER.

7Fb/34.

15 PROVED USES

1—It relieves Headaches in 5 to 10 minutes.
2—It brings Sweet Sleep to the Sleepless.
3—It relieves Rheumatism in one night.
4—It will ease the Nagging pains of Neuritis and Neuralgia.
5—Take 'ASPRO' to relieve Toothache.
6—'ASPRO' taken according to directions will smash up a Cold or 'Flu attack in 24 hours.
7—It brings relief without harming the heart.
8—It soothes away Irritability.
9—It speedily reduces Temperature.
10—The stabbing pains of Sciatica and Lumbago can be hunted out with 'ASPRO.'
11—It can be taken at any time, in Train, Tram, at Home, at Business — anywhere —everywhere.
12—It gives great relief to women when depressed.
13—It relieves ill after effects of Alcohol.
14—It relieves Dengue and Malaria by reducing the Fever.
15—As a Gargle 'ASPRO' is wonderful for Sore Throats and Tonsilitis.

Obtainable at all 'ASPRO' Chemists and Storekeepers 3D. 9D. 1/3 4/-

HENRY of *Greton* STREET

Continued from Page 32

FOR two hours he went carefully through the accumulated rubbish of a lifetime. Old accounts, bills, lists of goods, addresses written on scraps of paper, on the backs of envelopes—everything imaginable in the way of personal literature. But nowhere was there a vestige of evidence concerning the existence of the cash-box and its contents. Nothing at all.

Henry sighed, for the tension was greater than anything he had ever known, and cunningly returned everything to its place. Throughout that time he had never forgotten Mr. Lett. Mr. Lett lay on the bed, dead, but not without a certain physical presence.

Henry decided against blowing out the candle. It stood away from anything inflammable, and it would look more natural if it burnt itself out—as if, as indeed was the case, Mr. Lett had been overtaken by death before he could make ready for sleep.

HE negotiated the ladder and the shop below, making no sound. The cash-box impeded his movements a little, but he strained every nerve to make his withdrawal inaudible from the street. He pulled the back-door shut, so that the lock clicked, and stood for many minutes listening to the sounds at the end of the passageway. It was midnight, but midnight is not a period of peace and emptiness in Greton St. There is a constant movement of pedestrians and a certain amount of traffic.

Henry was glad of this fact. It enabled him to slip out of the shelter of the passage between the houses into the wake of three people, who covered his sudden appearance in the street. With the cash-box tucked negligently under his arm he strolled up Greton St., past Trip's, and so home, to his attic. Nobody remarked him; much less his burden.

The thing was done.

It was as he had passed the ironmonger's that he had allowed his mind to look at the future; to begin the triumphant dream that had now come within the range of possibility.

He locked the door of the attic and then, sitting on the bed, turned the cash-box upside down, so that the bundles cascaded in a heap. One or two dropped on the floor and he let them lie there. It amused him hugely to think of such carelessness. He began counting.

When he had finished he sat back on his ankles and rubbed his eyes. It was fabulous. A fortune! It would last for years and years.

Henry had no idea of big money; beyond a certain point it lost significance. The sum before him amounted to something like nine hundred pounds—little enough as fortunes are reckoned in these days—but to Henry it was the world. He thrust his arms into the bundles, and let them rest against his cheek.

It occurred to him suddenly that by rights this money belonged to old Lett's niece, but he did not permit it to trouble him. She'd never miss it because she didn't know it existed—besides, she'd spend it on gin and be robbed of it by her friends. He would find a much better use for it.

He lay for hours, dreaming. He thought a great deal about the girl in the two-seater. He began to make plans.

To begin with, he wouldn't turn up at Trip's in the morning. He just wouldn't go any more. It was the recognised way of dropping a job. Then he'd take, say, twenty pounds and buy himself an outfit of clothes. Equipped with an outer air of respectability he would rent one of those safe-deposit chests like he'd seen on the pictures, and keep the money in it, drawing it out whenever he needed it. He would live in an hotel somewhere up West, in the fashionable quarter, and then set about acquiring a semblance of education and the requisite mannerisms of high society. He would fit himself to know beautiful girls—like the girl of the car.

HE fell asleep when the sky was grey, and did not awaken until the noon whistle from the motor factory blared. He saw the money lying about him, and in feverish haste set about restoring it to the box—all save five one-pound notes. With these he would begin his shopping, bringing back the parcels to the attic against the moment when he could leave, under cover of night, for the new life.

He washed himself with a greater thoroughness than his body had ever known, and after carefully locking the attic door set forth into the world which had changed for him, so miraculously yet so simply changed. He walked down to The Pond, intending to catch a bus that would take him up the Goldhawk Rd. to the shops which did not know him. The sun was very bright, and the faces of the crowd were unusually pleasing; Henry marched with his head high.

On the corner by The Pond he drew up and stood with the people who were waiting for buses and listened to the fragments of conversation on the chance that he might hear something about the death of Lett. It would have been discovered by now—by his niece coming to get his breakfast, probably. Ah! If she only knew, that niece!

The traffic was thick just at this point, and a medley of cars and drays, trams and carts, filled the cross roads. There was a bit of a block for a moment, and Henry allowed his eyes to rove over the motor cars with a pleasant sense of familiarity. There was no longer reason to be envious.

Then for the third time within a week he saw the girl in the grey two-seater—the girl who had fired his latent ambitions into such a fury of longing. She was sitting back, waiting patiently for the jam in front to unravel itself and let her through. She passed this way every day at this hour, and there was always a crush. It made her late for her father's office, where she was learning to type—just for fun.

Henry feasted his eyes on her face. Its beauty lay there, unconscious of his inquisitive glances. Now, now—he was within reach of it—soon he would be able to watch it and beauties like it as one who possesses the right. Old Lett had opened the narrow door for him, and he had passed through it. He felt suddenly breathless, constricted. It was all so very big.

Then, because the block showed no signs of clearing, and she was tired of looking in one direction, she moved her head, and looked full into Henry's eyes. There was a distance of perhaps six yards between them—not more—and every detail of the other's face must have been visible to them. Henry went very red, and made signs of recognition. He felt like a kid—and there was all his soul in his eyes.

But the girl in the two-seater did not realise it. She gazed blankly at the unprepossessing young man on the pavement and wondered what on earth made him stare so rudely. It did not occur to her for a moment that she had seen him before. He was utterly strange to her.

She tossed her head ever so slightly in disdain, making light of the matter, saw that the block had at last thinned, and slipped the gear-lever into third. The car moved, and she was carried round the corner into Greton St.

But passing the ironmonger's she suddenly remembered the assistant who had helped her with the rattling mud-guard. It had been he, down there at the corner. Funny how one associated people with places, always. Fifty yards away from the shop she had not recognised the youth from Adam, and yet she knew his face quite well. She must remember to smile next time he was at the door. She hated snobs and tried never to behave like one.

But Henry; Henry had allowed the bus which was to have taken him to the shops to pass without boarding it.

He stared stupidly at the pavement. There was pain, and something else, stirring in his heart. The breathlessness increased. What was the matter with him? What were these new thoughts; these doubts? Where'd they come from? Just because a girl had ——? No! That was blasted foolishness! As like as not she'd just not recognised him. Her not smiling at him like she'd done before had nothing in it. Nothing. She didn't know about the money. How could she? He paused as this train of thought brought him to the question: Suppose he told her what he was going to do, what would she say —and think? Just suppose. She wouldn't like it, would she? No. She'd say it was thieving—that that wasn't the way to become a someone.

"Oh! Blast!" said Henry, uncomfortably, and turned and walked slowly up Greton St. in the direction of the shop, and Lett's, and the world he hated so much. His head was still downcast.

A voice stopped him suddenly. It was Alldyce, the policeman.

"Hullo! Lookin' for fag-ends? Heard the news about old Lett? He's dead—died in his sleep, they say. The sergeant's up there now. What's that?"

"I got something to tell you—and show you," said Henry, clearly. "Listen; last night I was down there and——"

HE explained later to the Coroner's Court that he had intended taking the money, but had thought better of it, and the coroner, a whiskered philanthropist, commented on his honesty and the greatness of his temptation; a discourse to which Henry listened with half an ear. He did not pretend to understand what had made him behave in that odd way, and he was quite sure nobody could ever tell him. It would remain an eternal mystery, just as he would remain—Henry of Greton St.

And the girl of the two-seater, the grey two-seater? She kept her mental promise. Next time she passed the ironmonger's and Henry was standing at the door with his thin hands folded tightly under his dirty apron, she smiled slightly and nodded.

It was almost, thought Henry, as if she understood.

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Let's PLAN *Our* GARDENS!

Make your Garden as distinctive and attractive as the area at your disposal will allow . . . *says the Old Gardener*

Those about to plan a garden, as well as all those who would like during the next month or so to remodel their gardens, will be interested in this article. They will also find inspiration and help in the plans given on this page—drawn up by the "Old Gardener," who is an outstanding authority on general and landscape gardening.

HEALTH, wealth, and happiness!

How often have we heard that old, old wish, and how many of us have yearned for those three blessings. But how seldom do all three go together.

We all know, Miss, that wealth is desirable, but not necessary for the enjoyment of the other two, but the greatest gifts of all in this world are health and happiness, and those who are garden lovers, and work hard to achieve success, find these two: Health and happiness.

Yes, Miss, I have always noticed those women who take pride in their garden, and work hard, are always cheerful and happy folk.

If you ever feel cranky, and everything seems to get on your nerves, just go and have an hour in the garden. Why, it's better than all those nerve tonics!

Let the garden be your doctor. Make it a place of beauty, of rest and contentment. . . .

COMING along this morning, Miss, I thought we would just have a chat on the laying out of a garden.

Last week, you remember, you were telling me about that friend of yours wanting to make a new garden.

Well, suppose we just take a walk along and see her. And we'll have a talk on the way. . . .

What a nice lot of gardens in this street! Now, here is a well-laid-out garden. See how the path winds up to the front door.

Yes, Miss, the more irregular the path the more beauty can be seen.

Over there, in that bed along the fence, notice how those shrubs are planted: Tall ones along the back, then the dwarf ones, and flowers all along the front. Everything uniform and easy to work.

See the nice creepers over the lattice, and roses over the archway and pergolas.

What a difference to the place next door! Look at that straight path and the front gate right opposite the front door, with just a square lawn on each side. No beauty there, Miss. Everything planted on the "straight" idea.

See how those plants and shrubs are planted. Just jammed in anywhere.

Expert Advice

OH, this is the place where your friend lives. Well, just tell her the Old Gardener is here. . . .

Good morning; glad to meet you! Yes, you can make a nice garden here.

Now, all you have to do is to arrange your garden on lines suitable to the amount of time you will have to attend to it. A small garden, well kept, is much better than a large, untidy one.

Always be the master; never let the garden become the boss. Make the work a pleasure, and not a worry.

No, don't copy your neighbor. Make it distinctive, and attractive as possible.

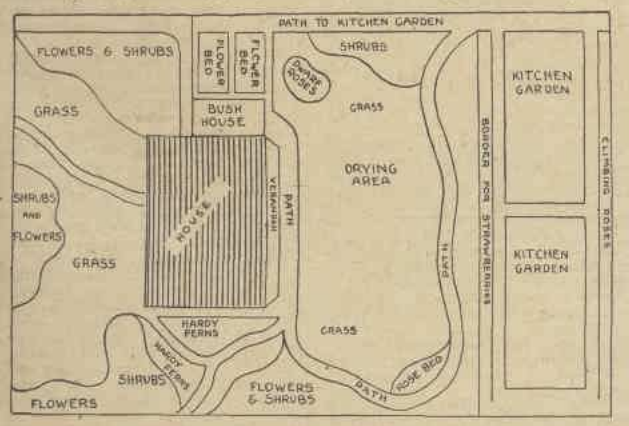
Have a nice pergola over there. Run a golden hedge, or Crataegus hedge along here. A nice bed for roses over there.

Have the place for lawns dug deeply and the turf laid thoroughly.

Remember that in laying out a garden the natural features should be taken advantage of as much as possible."

The position of the flower bed, for instance, is a point of great importance. The ruling point must be the position of your dwelling, because to get the largest amount of pleasure from the flowers they should be so placed as to be admired from any direction.

WHEN everything seems to get on your "nerves," just go and have an hour in the garden. It's a wonderful nerve tonic.



HERE IS an ideal plan for a garden, submitted by the Old Gardener. Scale: 36ft. to 1in. In many homes, of course, allowance must be made for a motor drive. However, any portion of this attractive plan could be adapted to your existing area.

Lime for Heavy Soils

ONE of the main considerations, also, is drainage. Waterlogged soil becomes sour and poisonous.

In heavy soils use plenty of lime for sweetening purposes. Deep and thorough digging is necessary, and the laying of agricultural drainpipes to take off excess water. Keep this in mind: When laying out a garden have the job done thoroughly—a thing worth doing is worth doing well.

For your paths and walks immediately around the house use cement. Then, during wet and muddy weather, no soil is carted indoors. A good hosing around the house, and everything is kept clean. Certainly gravel paths are the more natural, but in many cases suitable gravel is very hard to procure, and, failing that, the cement path is more economical and can be colored to any desired effect.

The Kitchen Garden

NOW we'll have a look over the back portion of your block of ground, Miss, and see what can be done with reference to a vegetable garden.

The shape and form of a kitchen garden varies, of course, according to the area.

First we will peg out the pathways. Now we must leave room for the clothes-lines; you'll need plenty of room on wash days!

To give as much room as possible both for the growing of vegetables and the drying of clothes, have a post put in each end, with cross-arms, to run the clothes-line, and ropes on the arms to let up or down as the case may be. This method does away with the old-time clothes-props.

A neat and tidy lawn of either couch or buffalo is also most essential on the drying area.

In large back yards which we see in many of our suburban and country areas one of each of the following trees could be planted: a lemon, orange, peach, quince, apricot, nectarine, and plum. This gives a general supply of fruit, and quite enough for the average family's use. A grape-vine trained along the fence is also an asset.

Long, narrow beds are always the best, so that most of the vegetables can be gathered without having to walk on the beds. This is very necessary during wet weather. Weeding and digging can also be done much easier.

The borders can be filled with lettuce, eschalots, radish, etc. By growing these along the border space can be saved for other varieties.

See that these new plots are deeply dug, trench down to the subsoil if necessary, and manure well.

Always remember, Miss, in making a garden the foundation work is the most important. If the roots of plants can go down easily and deeply, flourishing results will follow.

Take your time in making a new garden. A little done each day in a thorough and business-like manner will bring gratifying results. Nothing succeeds like success.

Oh, yes, I'll come again one day and see how you're progressing. Good-bye for the present.

Arranging Flowers . . .

A LIBERAL use of foliage often softens the intensity of color, thus adding beauty to an arrangement. A vase or bowl of calendulas is too vivid in its coloring unless toned down by foliage.

HOST HOLBROOK says: Spread Holbrook's Anchovy Paste on hot buttered toast. Remove crust, cut into strips. Ah! how tasty★★★

LONG SLEEVES . . . *for Evening*

The great success of the long-sleeved dinner dress is not surprising. It lends itself to variety, and also offers opportunity for good hard wear, which is surely a boon, because, unless a woman lives a really special life in a city, or a fashionable centre, the formal evening dresses do not get their full importance displayed sufficiently often.

FASHION provides many styles for night-time parties. But it is the long-sleeved dinner dress that is very sure of being the season's success. What better can we pack than our long-sleeved dinner dress for a week-end? It is by far the smartest for the country selection, as apart from being fashion's latest whim it speaks common sense for chilly evenings. Any styles that are in keeping with environment are altogether in better taste; the ultra-backless model might easily annoy the country hostess.

Now that the long-sleeved dinner dress is newer and far more chic, much of the worry of what we shall take for the week-end visit is eliminated.—M.C.O.

CENOVIS
Irradiated Yeast
The New Health Marvel!!

Cenovis Irradiated Medicinal Yeast has become the safeguard of the Nation. It is irradiated, as it is impregnated with the ultra-violet ray which, when in contact with other constituents of the Yeast, forms Vitamin D, the Vitamin which keeps the digestive organs functioning normally. Thus:—

CENOVIS IRRADIATED YEAST
is invaluable in all disorders of the digestive tract.

Prevents Colds and all Pulmonary Complaints, Indigestion, Ulcers of the Stomach, Tiredness, Constipation and Piles.

Cenovis Yeast has also wonderful healing powers when applied externally to wounds, ulcers, and other sores.

GROWING CHILDREN
need Cenovis Yeast, for the prevention of rickets and bone troubles, and it ensures a healthy growth of teeth.

Sold by Chemists in 1/6, 2/9, 5/, and 8/- Size tins. See our other advertisement for FREE sample of Beauty Face Pack.

CENOVIS YEAST CO.
Finks Buildings,
6a Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, C.1.
Central 7589.

A cube makes a cup of delicious chicken broth for one penny. At all grocers. . . . Made by the makers of Anchovette — Harry Peck & Co. Ltd., London. . . .

CHICKUBE
CHICKEN
BROTH CUBE

A WOMAN'S HANDS SHOULD CHARM . . . but there's nothing charming about grimy or roughened hands. Don't let housework win – keep your hands *attractive* by using SOLVOL. Housework grime penetrates into the skin, and cannot be removed by ordinary soap – but – *Solvol penetrates too*. Hands are smooth and soft and white again after thirty seconds with SOLVOL. And SOLVOL is as gentle to the skin as fine toilet soap . . .

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WUNDERLUST and Fred had been invited up to a Mr. Hudson's place for a week-end. Mr. Hudson had said in his letter for them to bring as many friends as they liked, but on no account to forget to come themselves.

Mr. Hudson's home was built on a very high mountain, which was covered with snow most of the year, and for that reason alone, it was considered a wonderful thing for anyone to get an invitation there. Needless to say, Fred and Wunderlust quickly got together a small party of children, and set off to Mt. Topnotch (that was the name of this very high mountain).

They arrived all safe and sound at the Topnotch railway station at about half-past ten on Saturday morning and sat down on a little seat outside the station to await the big motor-car that was to take them to Mr. Hudson's home.

It came, about ten minutes late, and the little party quickly got into the car and were driven off.

"GOODNESS ME!" said a funny little chubby man, as he opened the door nearest to Wunderlust, "If it isn't my good friend Wunderlust. I'm delighted to see you once more, and what have we here? A fine lot of children they are to be sure. I'm so glad you brought them along."

"Yes. They are a fine lot," said Wunderlust, patting each one on the head as they jumped out of the car.

The children raced into the house, and were soon in their snow clothes, and out among the snow, throwing snowballs.

A little girl called Emily, who was a niece of the chubby Mr. Hudson, held most of the children spellbound, when she did some wonderful tricks in the snow.

PAINTING COMPETITION
For the best coloring of Tweedledee and Tweedledum, R. Chambers, 5 Mount St., Strathfield, N.S.W., wins the 10/- prize.

All went well until Baby Betty (she was the youngest in Wunderlust's party) said: "I wish I could learn to do things like that. Do teach me that one where you jump right off the ground and then go terribly fast down the hill, Emily."

Emily, of course, began to teach her but after a while she tired of explaining things to her, and went off and left her all alone.

No sooner had Emily left her than she went too far away from the rest of the children, and there was a loud scream as she fell down a big hole that was on the other side of the mountain.

The children ran to where she had fallen, but none of them had the faintest idea of how to get her out.

Fred had heard the scream, and came racing over.

"Run and get me a big piece of rope Johnny, but mind you don't tell anyone what it's for, or they might be alarmed," said Fred thoughtfully.

Johnny was back within a few seconds with a big rope in one hand.

Fred tied one end of the rope to the trunk of an old tree nearby, and threw the other end down to the sobbing Betty in the hole.

She quickly clutched at the rope, and in that way was brought to the surface.

Beyond this little accident nothing out of the ordinary happened at Mt. Topnotch that week-end, and it was quite a tired party that boarded the train for Mushroom Grove on Sunday night. (Another complete story next week).

Connie's Letter

MY DEAR PALS,—

This week such an interesting letter came from Joyce Deignan, "Boxleigh," Surat, Qld. Joyce tells me in it all about a beautiful trip to the East.

A LITTLE JAPANESE GIRL.

"After calling at the Australian ports, the ship reached Thursday Island. Then, threading its way through many islands, the ship came slowly into Manila. Manila is an old Spanish town, and many relics of Spanish rule are still to be viewed. After crossing the China Sea, the next port of call was Hongkong. On the way to Nagasaki many peculiar Chinese crafts or junks are encountered. Kobe next comes into view, and then Yokohama, and lastly Tokio."

This is just an extract from Joyce's letter, for which she wins a 5/- prize.

Well, good-bye Pals until next week.

Cheerio,
From Your Pal,
CONNIE.

TO CONNIE

By HELEN ROWE

This is the last time I can write,
As I have passed the age,
But I'll not forget the happy times I had
While writing to your page.

I enjoyed your page so very much,
And I'll read it every week;
And it'll remind me of my writing days,
And the riddles I use to seek.

So good-bye Connie dear,
I have to fly away;
But I'll not forget you and your page,
And the nice things that you say.

Prize of 3/- to Helen Rowe, Waratah St., Mayfield, Newcastle, N.S.W., for this clever verse.

A RHYME

There was a young lady named Carr,
Who caught the three-three for Farfar,
For she said I believe,
It will probably leave
Far before the four-four for Farfar.

Prize Card to Joyce Martin, Werri Beach, Gerringong, N.S.W.

FLYING KITES. Prize Card to Marjorie Hill, 42 Heidelberg St., East Brisbane, Qld.

FOR FUN & FANCY

AN old villager had been offered a pound note if he would let an artist paint him. He hesitated for a while.

"It's easy money," prompted the artist.

"Oi know that, mur," was the reply. "Oi was just thinkin' how Oi should get the paint off afterwards."

Prize Card to Josie Thornber, Decane St., Forrest, Canberra, F.C.T.

What living creature never takes off its shoes when it goes to bed?—A horse.

Why should shoemakers work all night?—Because it is never too late to mend.

When do all cooks break the law?—When they poach eggs.

What word contains twenty-six letters?—Alphabet.

Prize Card to Gwen Begg, St. Heller St., Muswellbrook, N.S.W.

Mother: John, did you take the note to Mr. Jones?

John: Yes, but I don't think he can read it.

Mother: Why so, John?

John: Because he is blind. While I was in the room he asked me twice where my hat was, and it was on my head.

Prize Card to Betty Williams, 177 Tyler St., East Preston, Vic.

Mick: I say, Pat, my grandfather is so absent-minded that yesterday he searched an hour for his glasses, and they were on his nose all the while.

Pat: That's nothing, my grandfather struck a match last night to see if he'd put the candle out!

Prize Card to Tony Wilkins, "Padua," 5 Acton St., Croydon, N.S.W.

Son: Father, a man called to see you while you were out.

Father: Did he have a bill?

Son: No, he just had an ordinary kind of nose.

Prize Card to Conrad Murphy, West End, Brisbane.

Head Cook: Didn't I tell you to notice when the soup boiled over?

Assistant: I did. It was half-past ten.

Father: My son changed his name to Minute when he went for his exam.

Friend: Why?

Father: Because Minutes always pass.

Prize Card to Edna Isherwood, No. 2 Flat, 19 Marks Rd., Randwick, N.S.W.

PAT: Where have you been, Jack?

Jack: With Bob.

Pat: Where have you been, Bob?

Bob: With Jack.

Pat: Where have you both been?

Both: Together.

Prize Card to Geoff Goodfellow (9), Railway Hotel, Girilambone, N.S.W.

Teacher: Give me an example of a collective noun.

Boy: Dormitory, Sir.

Prize Card to Martin Connor, "St. Albans," Otterburn, via Mackay, Qld.

"DONE ME DEED"

The ninth Scout law teaches the Scout to be thrifty, to save every penny he can, and put it into the Bank in readiness for the time when he needs it.

Every Scout should be thrifty, not only as regards money matters, but in all other undertakings—thrifty in the use of his own and other people's goods, frugal in his habits, for all things cost money and the thrifty use of them is another form of saving.

Do your good deed by opening an account to-day. It costs nothing, and can be opened at nearly every Post Office, School, and every Branch of the Bank.

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia

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A PRINCE of GOOD FELLOWS

Continued from Page 12

ADA smiled a hard, tight little smile.

"Oh, yes, he's married."

"Party of the name of Sally?"

"Good God!" An expression that was partly consternation, but that held some measure of malicious delight, flickered over Ada's normally impassive face. Jenny mentally registered the fact that "Sally" was not just a name that Jim had invented. It meant something to Ada, and she knew whatever there was to be known.

"Yes, Sally," repeated Jenny. "Doesn't his wife mind his running round after Miss Beaumont?"

"How—how on earth should I know? Did he say anything else?"

"No. Just to give her his love."

"All right." Ada's mouth shut very tight, as if she feared she had already said more than enough. She put her hand on the door handle in a gesture of dismissal.

Jenny lingered hopefully. "You won't forget. Madame gets in an awful way if we make a muddle over a message."

"I won't forget," said Ada with emphasis. "Now run along. I've a lot to do."

"All right. Good-bye."

Jenny crossed the road triumphantly. Her ruse had worked. Masters—Jim Masters—and he was married. To Sally. Her plan had really got her a step further. But who was Sally? How, among London's seven millions, could one find Sally, who obviously held the clue to the mystery. And why only London? There were forty-three million people in England alone. Sally would not be easy to find.

Yvonne's indignant whisper broke in on her meditations. "Nice three minutes I must say."

"Well, you know what these theatres are."

Before she turned to deal with a waiting customer Jenny extracted half a crown from her bag and put it in the cash register. "The first, last, and only bouquet I shall ever give Christine Beaumont," she thought, "but well worth the money."

Then, with her best professional smile, she turned to serve a lady who wanted what she described as "a few blossoms for a sick friend—something heartening, you know." Jenny successfully sold her a peculiarly glaring bunch of marigolds.

CHRISTINE was, as usual, late for rehearsal, but it mattered less and less, as her part had been cut to almost nothing. She no longer cared. Once she and Toni were married she did not intend to continue this foolish business. Toni loved it. She would never stand between him and his career, between him and his money-making gifts. For herself she would take many little trips abroad. She had a suspicion that after marriage her health was going to need a lot of foreign travel.

She was not, however, prepared for Ada's greeting. "So Jim Masters is alive," she said.

Christine gasped. "How do you know?"

"Never mind. You knew?"

"Yes."

"And are you still going to marry Toni Gerrard?"

Christine paused a moment to plan how to meet this unexpected attack. "That depends," she said.

"On what?"

"On you."

"How?"

"You know. Well?"

"Well—naturally I am open to listen to your offer."

"The point is this—Toni makes a lot of money, and I expect to have the handling of a good deal of it, but if you and Jim between you try and bleed me too white I won't go through with it, because it wouldn't be worth my while. You understand? I'm not going to risk being bored for perhaps thirty years in order to keep you two sharks in comfort."

"I see."

"So make your terms reasonable."

"Don't worry. Jim will drink himself to death quite soon, and I don't want much. I want to be pensioned off. That's suitable to a faithful maid, isn't it? Toni himself would probably do it willingly, so you won't have to bother about secrecy. Toni's generous. I'm not greedy. I just want to be free of you. I was a fool in the past. I'm not denying it. I got myself into plenty of trouble. You'd hardly think there could be so much trouble in the world for one person and I ran slap into it all. Then we came to this arrangement. We were useful to each other. You needed such an extra confidential maid—and who could be more confidential than your own sister? Now I'm dead sick of it all—I want to live like a sane human being. With what I've saved I could do that on another two hundred a year."

It was not an exorbitant demand. "All right. I'm agreeable. Now tell me how you knew."

"He sent you those flowers from the shop opposite. A girl brought them."

"Good God, is he out of his senses?"

"He'd probably been drinking." Christine shivered. "Frightened?"

"Yes," said Christine unexpectedly. "Scared to death. And sometimes——"

"Sometimes?"

"I wonder if it's worth it."

"That's since you've seen Jim."

"Yes. Jim makes all the difference." Christine looked thoughtfully at herself in the mirror.

Ada smiled wryly. "Only remains to find some way to have 'em both."

"Yes." Christine was silent for a moment. "Who brought the flowers?"

"Pretty little girl—brown hair."

"Jenny. There may be a way," said Christine slowly.

"What do you mean?"

"Toni likes Jenny," she went on very slowly. "Thinks I don't notice. If we could have"—the words fell each one separately like icy water dropping on a stone—"infidelity, alimony, and Jim."

"I see."

"You know I'm damn clever, Ada."

"Yes, you've done a lot, but this last lap I'd advise you to go very careful. You've never attempted anything so difficult or dangerous before."

The velvet brown eyes were flecked with golden light. "It's exciting, and I love it."

Ada shrugged her shoulders. "Rather you than me," she said.

JENNY reflected mournfully that it was all very well to have the information, limited as it was, but she had not the slightest idea of how to use it. Every day Toni came into the shop, but she never saw him alone, and he was abstracted and preoccupied. Although since the incident of the bracelet he sent no more flowers to Christine, yet he had a large circle of acquaintances who seemed to be perpetually in some crisis of their careers in which they needed floral encouragement.

But Toni's visits were very short these days. Often he would go into the Odeon just after the shop had opened and Jenny would leave work in the evening without his having reappeared.

Moreover, she herself was busy, and was quite honestly able to refuse Clive Freeman's invitations for the rest of the week. Madame needed her, could not even spare her for Eve's wedding, which took place on the Thursday. But Dad went and fetched Mum home again.

All this time Jenny was desperately conscious that the days were hurrying by, that Toni proposed to be married almost immediately after his first night, and that if the Jim Masters mystery was to be solved it must be done before that date. It was not going to be easy to get that truth from an experienced liar like Christine. Sometimes Jenny suspected that she was beaten. Still she would go down fighting. Toni had no one else to defend him. She tossed her curls defiantly. She would be "terrible like an army with banners." But in Madame's silver mirror Jenny looked very young and frail and defenceless.

CHAPTER IX.

THE opening night of "Golden Girls" was fixed for Wednesday, and Dixon was working Toni grindingly hard to get from him a spirit that seemed to be lost. Walters had had to yield over the question of social engagements. Rehearsals started early and finished late, and still Dixon was totally unsatisfied.

Please turn to Page 38

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Tragedy at the Tennis Party

JOAN felt like kicking herself. To let her partner down like this after doing so well in the first two sets—it was simply sickening! But how COULD you concentrate on the ball when your feet complained at every step? And she was going to the club dance tonight, too. Well, there was only one thing for it; the minute she got home she'd have a Radox foot-bath. *That* would make those feet feel springy, joyous, absolutely free from tiredness. Thank goodness for Radox. It's too, too wonderful!

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A PRINCE *of* GOOD FELLOWS

Continued from Page 37

IT became daily more difficult for Toni to put across that carefree irresponsibility which was one of his chief charms for the public. In their worried lives filled with work and bills and sickness and unemployment Toni was everybody's wish fulfilment. He was the free man that they all longed to be.

Yet Toni was doing his best. He slaved patiently at Dixon's bidding, was polite to the backers who looked in, learnt whatever additions or alterations were made in the script, discussed with Walters how certain important people should be accommodated with first night seats in a house already full, listened patiently to the comedian's stories, and even laughed at his jokes, in fact to all outward seeming he behaved like a reasonable actor and a prince of good fellows. But everything he did was the result of old custom. The spark of life seemed to have flickered out within.

Dixon had relied on a number called "I Haven't a Care" to be the hit of the show, but it seemed as flat as all the rest.

"To see you singing 'I Haven't a Care' and looking as if you'd lost the Crown Jewels, gives me the hump," raged Dixon. "What's the matter with you? What is all this Weary Willie business? All this Pagliacci stuff? Hundreds of hard-working people have paid good-looking money in advance in order to be reassured that in this wicked world at least you, Toni Gerrard, 'haven't a care'—and you're letting 'em down."

"Sorry, old man. I'm doing my best."

"Your best! Oh well," with heavy sarcasm, "at least you're not singing noticeably out of tune. Try again."

Toni walked up stage. He had got to remember that he "hadn't a care." He repeated the words blindly to himself. He tightened his features into a grin. He gripped his ebony walking-stick. He stuck his hat on with a suspicion of jauntiness. The pianist banged out the opening chords. The chorus got into line. "He hadn't a care—he hadn't a care." No, only that everything in his whole damned world seemed suddenly to have gone awry.

"I haven't a care tho' the world looks blue,
For blue's my—lucky—hue
Blue skies shine for me
Blue eyes pine for me
Golden girls, dear, like you.
I'll say I was born with that—silver-spoon
I'll say when I cried they gave me the moon,
And a blonde to flirt with every June,
And so I haven't a care."

In his nervous condition Toni thought the words the most dangerous defiance of the gods, bound to call down retribution on his head.

THE music started on its mad race. They were jazzing the chorus now at a tremendous speed. Then there followed a frenzy of dancing, a madness that spread from himself to the other principals, from them to the chorus, till the whole stage was a whirlwind of action. Quicker, quicker, it was a good idea, capably executed. Quicker, quicker. Why didn't it come to life? Everything danced before Toni's dazzled eyes. His feet moved mechanically. Quicker, quicker. He had a feeling that Dixon would have liked to flog it out of them. Then suddenly the music stopped. They were left hot and exhausted, breathing a little noisily, staring a little foolishly, with a dim sense that they were absurd.

"Terrible, terrible," said Dixon for the hundredth time. He drew Toni aside. "You're rotten," he said frankly. "You're giving a wonderful understudy performance of yourself. All the tricks, all the mannerisms, and nothing more. Empty—empty as the house will be on the second night."

"I'm stale. I never felt like this before. I hate the show and the theatre, and most of all myself. If it were a book I was writing I'd tear it up and begin all over again."

"Well, we've postponed this show once, so that's out. Come on."

"I can't," said Toni. "I'm all in. I'm not doing any good."

Dixon looked at him meditatively. After all, he supposed he was trying. He certainly looked ill. Wouldn't do for him to crock up before Wednesday.

"Well, what am I to do with you?"

"I don't know. Let's have a break for a drink, anyway. I suppose if I'd any sense I'd follow historic precedent. I wouldn't just have a drink. No, like the late lamented Clarence, I'd get drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine."

Dixon refused to be amused. "If you were as funny on the stage as you are off it we might have some hope."

"It's always darkest before the dawn." Toni was determined not to lose his temper. He collared a passing call boy. "Get me a double brandy."

"After that," said Dixon bitterly, "I take it you'll be as funny as Grimaldi."

"Force of suggestion—best Freudian manner—you're just the producer to make me feel I haven't a care."

"Well, have you any suggestion?"

"Yes, I'm going to take the week-end off."

"What!"

"Pure country air, early hours, simple life—do me the world of good. I'll come back to you a changed man."

"If you could promise that——" said Dixon grimly.

"I'll go away to-night and come back fresh on Monday for the first dress rehearsal."

Dixon sighed, beaten. "All right. I'll keep the chorus and the small part people at it. I'll do what I can, but my heart's not in it. Looks as if we're going to have a real jolly evening next Wednesday."

A respite of a few days from the strange nightmare of this production. Toni heaved a sigh. What he wanted above all was a respite from thought. He would get roaring tight. There was always that last resource. But he was not a man who could drink alone.

Toni decided that the week-end must be a riot. How could a fellow keep on pretending that his sole occupation was kissing ladies when in point of fact he was living virtuously, soberly, and, above all, industriously. They would have a mad week-end, one that would annihilate remembrance and leave no time for speculation. They would forget that Wednesday hung over them like an ominous cloud. A riotous week-end, the last, perhaps, for before the next he would be a married man. He didn't want to think too much about that, either.

"Listen, Christine," his temporary exuberance filled her dressing-room, "Dixon agrees that we're getting stale. He's letting us off for a wonderful week-end. We'll have a party. I'll borrow a habitat—a cottage or a mansion, a castle or a bell tent, a shooting lodge or a houseboat. If that fails I'll buy a hotel. That's the kind of mood I'm in."

She smiled indulgently, indifferently. "All right, Toni. Just let me know what clothes to bring and I'll be there."

An hour later Toni had succeeded in borrowing a house at Henley. His next move was to invite a large miscellaneous party.

Marie Wilson refused for herself and her husband. "Not this week-end, Toni," she said reproachfully.

"But Dixon agrees we're all stale."

"Well, I'll just rest at home, thanks all the same."

"Don't look at me like that, Marie. I'm going to come back a tower of strength and we'll paralyse them on Wednesday."

"I hope so," she said doubtfully; "I've never known you like this before, Toni."

"No, dear. I've never known myself like this either." He laughed uneasily. "I suppose temperament gets the best of us in the end."

"Is it temperament, Toni?"

"I don't know, my dear. It feels like death by slow torture."

"Oh, Toni."

He patted her arm. "Don't you worry, Marie. Everything will be all right."

Despite Marie Wilson's refusal Toni had no difficulty in collecting a party. Jenny was included, even honest Clive Freeman was included, and Jenny was glad to be able to say quite truthfully that he was in Manchester on business.

When the shop closed on Saturday, Jenny went home to pack her shabby little suitcase. She did so with many misgivings. She wasn't going to enjoy Toni's party. She hadn't the right clothes; she didn't know the other people; she wasn't in a party mood. She was going because she must have a show-down with Christine. Probably there was some simple explanation of Jim Masters, but Jenny was determined to know what it was. This was a wonderful opportunity.

She wore the little blue dress to travel down in, which wasn't very wise, for it got creased in the crowded third-class carriage, and every now and then a rain of smuts fell on her when someone grew too desperately hot and opened the window. She felt very forlorn. She had never seen Toni among his own friends. She guessed that she would find a difference. She was almost sorry that Clive Freeman had not been able to come. At least he would have been a sort of protection.

To be continued

LOVE PHILTRE

Continued from Page 30

MISS WIDGERY was, in truth, keeping cool and composed in a cotton slip. To have moved about in the heat of the day would have imperilled a masterpiece of which all the artists aboard the cruise ship were warrantably proud. She rested and dreamed and waited, patient, certain. At eight-thirty she emerged in all her splendour.

"Great heavens on high!" gasped the Rev. Parker Widgery—an unprecedented oath for him. "Who is it?" He started to his feet and stood there goggling.

"Your charming daughter," said Miss Widgery, dropping a pert curtsey.

"I don't—I can't believe it!" The Rev. Parker had had little experience of what was possible in the way of aiding nature.

They had done things to Miss Widgery aboard that ship. Under the inspired direction of Ivy—passionately grateful for a silk-lined future—she had been turned, as promised, into an ash blonde with the skin of a rose and a wind-blown bob that became her astoundingly.

"Don't you like me, pop?" demanded Miss Widgery, quite sure that he had no choice.

"No doubt I shall when I can identify you."

IN the still water the flagship floated, not grim and grey that night, but a bouquet of light and hunting from which music drifted like perfume through the soft air. Everybody who was anybody in Rabaul was there, and the naval officers in white and gold made perfect hosts.

Miss Widgery was not the most beautiful woman on the quarter-deck, neither was she the most perfectly gowned, but she looked so much better than Rabaul had ever seen her before that she appeared absolutely lovely. The chrysalis she had shed made her the more the butterfly. Also she was certainly the happiest woman there, and that made a difference. Then, too, she had the early dances booked with all the very nicest local men. That created an immediate impression on the observant naval folk. They flocked about this girl rated so highly by those in the position to know best.

And Miss Widgery, who in the past had stumbled round with hobbledehoy boys, found that a good partner who wanted to dance with her lent wings to her feet, particularly when she wore a frock worth dancing in, and was sustained by the knowledge of secret power.

All thanks to Maku.

Mrs. Hemmington said behind her fan: "Where could the Widgery girl have got that gown? Look at the men dangling round her. If you ask me, she must have sold her soul to the devil. How else can you account for it?"

However it was accounted for the fact remained that Miss Widgery was a success, and unspoilt by it.

Surgeon-Commander John Wyman had eyes in his head. They were eyes of deepest blue. He was not much of a dancing man, but he knew a fine girl when he saw one. Quiet and tall and thin and brown, he had a way with him which, if not spectacular, was remarkably effective. He squared his shoulders and sailed in to capture that young woman even though she was in such demand.

Surgeon-Commander John Wyman sailed in and made the young woman his prize and was captured himself. For the rest of the Fleet's five days at Rabaul they voyaged in company. Poor Wyman, an innocent sailor in that isle of white magic—what hope had he? Miss Widgery, for her part, discovered why love philtres had been invented. He proposed on the evening before they sailed, and confirmed it by radio daily.

When Miss Widgery caught the steamer for Sydney to marry him she left Maku the richest witch-doctor in the Pacific.

For she never knew the mean trick Maku had played in giving her in return for twenty bright shillings a harmless white powder ground from the pith of reeds, nor did she know that he had boasted of this deceit to George Warren's servant. It follows, therefore, that she remained in blissful ignorance of the truth that the interest of Warren and his cronies was started as a rag to make a cruel mockery of the woman who had been silly enough to buy Maku's love philtre.

They kept their secret, being somewhat ashamed of themselves when they found what hope was doing for little Miss Widgery. They even counted themselves fortunate to be abetting Maku, for it is a heartening and disturbing experience to share in the creation of romance. Sometimes when liquor has loosened their tongues they sigh sentimentally and wonder, eyes reminiscent, whether Maku's potion may not have been the genuine article, and then one says, "That naval bloke was in luck, confound him!" Thus Miss Widgery, lost, lingers romantically among them, a memory, a ghost about which they can never be sure.

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ON THEIR ARRIVAL IN SYDNEY the members of the Queensland and Victorian baseball teams were welcomed at a civic reception by the Lady Mayoress, Mrs. Parker. This group, which was taken outside the Sydney Town Hall, includes representatives from all three States.

Important THREE-STATE BASEBALL *Meeting*

The interstate baseball matches, concluded in Sydney last week, were the occasion of the formation of the Australian Women's Baseball Association.

The constitution was drawn up by delegates appointed by each State and various questions affecting the actual play were discussed.

THE New South Wales team was successful in winning all its matches with Victoria second and Queensland third.

The different styles adopted by the various States were noteworthy. Queenslanders were attired in white shirts, plus fours, caps and stockings. New South Wales players wore saxe blue shirts and light royal blue plus fours, caps, and stockings, with a saxe blue band around the stockings.

Victorians afforded a complete contrast in their navy blue tunics and black socks and shoes.

The Victorians were rather severely handicapped in their play. In Victoria the method of pitching is underarm, whereas in New South Wales and Queensland they pitch overarm. The latter method seems far more effective. At the meeting of the State delegates held prior to play, it was decided to use the overarm pitching throughout the matches. On the final day the Victorians gave a demonstration of underarm pitching.

It was unanimously decided that the overarm was more difficult to hit, as the ball was descending when it reached the striker; further, that it was faster and more accurate.

At the delegates' meeting for the formation of the constitution, it was decided that the next interstate baseball contests should be held in Queensland next year, and that, therefore, the president, secretary and treasurer of the association will be selected from that State.

The decision that the officials of the new association will be drawn annually from the State in which the interstate contests are played is not universally approved. It entails the appointment of new officials every year, which cannot be considered the ideal method of achieving the best results particularly from the point of view of secretarial and organising work.

However, with the association in its infancy, it is obvious that the methods most expedient for the time being will not necessarily be regarded as unalterable, and the association has chosen the most economical means of carrying on.

It was also decided that the junior professional ball would be the standard ball for all matches. It is slightly smaller than the one previously used. The distance of 46 feet for pitching was decided on; also, that a smaller diamond would be used in future, and 70 feet was the chosen distance.

Three delegates from each State took part in the formation of the constitution. Miss Warneke, Miss Arrowsmith, and Miss Iris Skodder represented Queensland; Miss Rowed, Miss South and Miss Hornabrook represented Victoria; and Mrs. Peatfield, Miss Jones and Miss Drennan, New South Wales.

SELECTORS' TASK *is Not an* EASY ONE

By RUTH PREDDEY

Representatives from both city and country clubs have repeatedly discussed with me the salient points to be considered in choosing a representative cricket team.

That the selectors' task is far from being a simple one is a fact generally admitted by those to whose lot it has fallen to fill the role.

THE first consideration, as with the selection of the Empire Games team, is the question of the character of the player or players under consideration. In cases where individual performers are being selected, their previous records or averages are taken into account, and, in that respect, the task of the selectors is made easier than that in which a team of eleven or more is under consideration.

If, for instance, a cricket team of eleven is to be selected, then the most outstanding player can only be considered as one eleventh of a whole.

Contrary to discussion, Don Bradman, with all his colossal scores, has not won a match. He has no doubt done more than his share, but without the help of his team mates he would probably not have reached more than 60 runs.

Every selector has a definite idea in mind of the type and style of players that would produce a perfect team. Some consider that there must be two fast bowlers, two slow bowlers and two medium-paced bowlers, and, if possible, others who can be used while these are rested.

The two fast and the two slow bowlers should be as near perfection as possible. Variety of attack, however, is the main consideration for the selectors. That does not mean, however, that a bowler's only usefulness will be at the bowling crease.

A bowler must also specialise in some position on the field, preferably close to the wicket. If two girls with the same bowling qualifications, one of whom was an excellent outfield, and the other was only a fair field, but could take a position close to the wickets, the selectors would be forced to select the last girl.

Their contention would be that the former could not be expected to give her best at the bowling crease after balls in the outfield.

* * *

CLUB captains have often jeopardised the selection of members of their teams by not placing them judiciously in club matches.

Selectors cannot go round each team asking the players individually what they can do, neither can they rely on the word of someone else. So, if they see a bowler placed at square-leg to field during the overs the natural conclusion is that the bowler cannot field closer to the wicket.

The selection of a captain and of a wicket-keeper has many aspects in common. That is because their ability to bat and, in the case of a captain, to bowl is of minor importance. A wicket-keeper must be considered as a keeper only. Weaker wicket-keepers should not be chosen because they can secure a number of runs for their side. The captain is considered and selected on one attribute only, leadership. But there is a considerable amount of knowledge embodied in the word captain.

Selectors look for the player who inspires confidence and commands respect from her team, who upholds the dignity of cricket, and does not allow her team to indulge in any unfair tactics. She must be modest in regard to her team's success, and also tactful.

The selectors consider her knowledge of the team and the observance of all the rules, written and unwritten. They look for the girl who is firm without being dogmatic; and who will study the weaknesses of her opponents, and at the same time will study their social welfare and endeavor to assist them whenever possible.

The selectors are required to fill eleven places on the field. Each position is taken and the best candidates for that position are discussed until the one nearest to perfection fills it. Then the next is taken and so on down the line until the selectors feel they have filled every position, including that of twelfth man, to the best of their ability.

German or Dane?

MADAME SPERLING, formerly Fraulein Krahwinkel, the German woman tennis champion, will be competing at Wimbledon this year. Speculation is already rife as to what nation she will represent. As her husband is a Dane, it is thought she may take his nationality. It is, however, understood that she will defend her German title at the tennis championships to be held at Hamburg in August.

COMPETITORS *to go* on *Different* BOATS

There has been no query raised regarding the advisability of sending a chaperon with the South African representatives to the Empire Games.

The South African Olympic and Empire Games Association committee has ruled that the men and women competitors shall travel by different boats.

IN view of the discussion that has attended the sending of a chaperon to England with the Australian representatives to the Empire Games, tidings of the attitude of the South African Association bear more than ordinary interest.

The South African Olympic and Empire Games Association has found instances in the past in which men and women representatives travelling on the same boat have arrived in a far from satisfactory frame of mind.

The South Africans, it is claimed, found it impossible to disregard the personal element and, therefore, for the future the women must not only be adequately chaperoned, but they must travel on a different boat from the men.

The rule, however, has been waived for the return journey, for the secretary states that "there is no further need for esprit de corps."

This is a view held only by the South African Association. The reports of various officials who have managed overseas teams in the past bespeak the utmost harmony between the members of teams.

Mrs. Chambers, who chaperoned the women's team competing at the Olympic Games in America, said: "It was suggested to me that perhaps I would like the girls to travel by a different boat. I thought it a ridiculous idea, and one that would prove that I was not capable of fulfilling my position. In this matter, Mr. Eve, who managed the team, concurred."

URGENT NEED *for* Adequate Sports Areas

One of the most serious obstacles with which the sportswomen's associations have to contend is the lack of playing grounds. English women send forth a constant appeal for more fields, but even in Australia, where lack of space does not present a problem, the scarcity of grounds is just as acute.

IT is of paramount importance that in each State a portion of ground should be set apart by the Government or Municipal Council to become a central playing area for the sportswomen.

With the amazing increase of interest in the interstate fixtures it becomes vitally important that, in every State, grounds should be available for the women, instead of forcing them, as is so often the case at present, to rely on the generosity of men's clubs.

It is a matter in which the respective State Government's should assume the responsibility. In the meantime, a scheme formulated in Maryborough (Q.) suggests excellent possibilities to women's sporting associations as a whole. An association has purchased five acres of ground, on which there will be three playing fields. Debenture bonds were issued to players at five shillings each. These will be resumed by the association from time to time by ballot, and it is anticipated that the ground will be fully paid for within five years.

To achieve this object, players will be charged 6d. each Saturday and a fund formed from the proceeds together with that paid by the spectators.

In Queensland grounds are leased from the Brisbane City Council for a nominal fee, and, while the council controls the rental of the grounds, marking and reconditioning must be arranged by the sports committees themselves.

Cricket teams have their own wickets, usually in State school grounds, for which some arrangement is made with the head teacher. Alternatively, private land is lent at a small rental or free of charge. The same conditions apply to vigoro and basketball with one exception, the Albert Park, where the ground is leased from the council.

Most of the grounds around Melbourne, where sports girls play, are leased by the Government to a committee of management. The money paid as rent by the various sports clubs is used for maintenance.

Following the article in The Australian Women's Weekly drawing attention to the deplorable lack of accommodation in the Albert Park ground, the location for the largest number of sports clubs, the Government has provided certain accommodation, but there are still no shelter sheds or dressing rooms, with the exception of the Y.W.C.A., which was built at their own expense.

Women's cricket teams are facing the same difficulty as teams overseas, the problem of finding cricket grounds to play on on Saturdays when men's teams have the use of the various club grounds.

In New South Wales the Government has leased ground at Maroubra to the City Girls' Amateur Sports Association. This association is not affiliated with any of the New South Wales women's sporting bodies, and consequently cannot take part in interstate fixtures.

The New South Wales Women's Amateur Sports Council, representing six State associations, is at present requesting the Government to make land available as playing fields for all the sportswomen in Sydney and suburbs.

* * *

WOMEN'S sport is not so strong numerically in South Australia as in the other States.

Though the Government has done nothing to facilitate the matter for them, the Municipal Council in Adelaide offers adequate accommodation for all clubs at a fixed rental. Permits for clubs to play on the Parklands tennis courts, cricket pitches, hockey grounds or basketball courts must be obtained for the season from the Town Hall.

Opening Day

MRS. F. J. DAVY, secretary, and Mrs. Holt, vice-president of the N.S.W. Women's Hockey Association, will captain their respective teams in the old-fashioned hockey match, the highlight of the opening day of the hockey season on Saturday at Woollahra Park Oval, Rose Bay.

Both captains were prominent players in the Kookaburra team, Mrs. Davy being a speedy right wing, and Mrs. Holt a dashing centre forward. Mrs. Davy was then known as Mysie Jarvie, and Mrs. Holt as Janet Guthrie.

Farewell Appearance

NEXT Saturday Claire Dennis will make her last public appearance in Sydney before she leaves for England to compete in the Empire Games. Miss Dennis, with Edna Davy, Kitty McKay, Pat Norton, Dorothy Withers, Joan Davies, and other well-known swimmers will take part in the Roseville Carnival to be held at the Roseville Baths during the afternoon.

The proceeds from this carnival will go towards the Chaperon Fund, organised by the New South Wales Women's Amateur Swimming Association.

FINAL *Cricket Match*

THE final cricket match of the season will be played at the University Square on Saturday.

This will also be the last of the three matches to be played by Combined Clubs against the New South Wales team. It is expected that the New South Wales Women's Cricket Association will benefit to the extent of approximately £40 from the recent two matches, which will be set aside for the entertaining of the English women's team when they arrive here in January.

The following have been selected to represent the Combined Teams from Cypress, Annandale, and Teachers' College: E. Bloomfield, E. Courtney, H. Dunnicliffe, A. Jackson, E. Jenkins, A. Hudson, E. Lulham, I. Penton, D. Ogden, A. Ryan, A. Wegemund, and T. Ryan (12th).

Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Competition

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FREE PATTERN COUPON

In return for this coupon, free patterns are available for one month from day of issue at the following addresses:
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Pattern Coupon, 28/4/'34.

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Winter Shoes in the Fashionable Lead!

• COUNTRY READERS

David Jones' say, "If style and comfort is to last throughout the entire life of the shoe, it must be built on a QUALITY foundation. These serviceable welts, certain of their style, certain of their comfort and fit, are in the biggest demand of the moment. They'll sell instantly! So, country readers are particularly urged to post orders at once for these unusual values! Ordering by mail is so easy!

DAVID JONES'

DAVID JONES' FOR SERVICE. POSTAL ADDRESS: BOX 503AA, G.P.O., SYDNEY

"Campus"—An instep Tie Shoe that you can wear for walking or sports and you'll look perfectly shod. Our new "Economy" insoles make them ideally comfortable. They're flexible and featherweight, and you'll be able to wear them all day without any discomfort. In brown Willow Calf with leather heels. All sizes. Pair 16/11

16/11

Bring forward 9,000 prs. WELTS

To Key with the new Woollens!

Each with a new feature of comfort

"ECONOMY" insoles

The "Economy" Insole.

Because David Jones' believe that it is definitely going to be a "Welt" Winter, 9000 pairs of popular styles are featured to "start it off," . . . .

Here are the important new insole improvements:

1: Free from the usual hard ridges.
2: Processed Tanned to prevent burning. 3: Featherweight.
4: Reinforced at the points of strain.

In all sizes.—From

16/11

Introducing "Pallette," an open perforated Tie Shoe in brown Calf. All sizes, fittings. 16/11

"Colt"—Black Calf and Suede have been cunningly combined ...to make this a smart Shoe for all occasions. It's a popular Moccasin Tie with covered heels. All sizes and fittings. Pr. **23/6**

Wear these severely classical "Monk" Shoes with your English Tweeds! Brown Calf, and featuring a comfortable leather heel. All sizes and fittings. A Shoe of distinction at, Pair **35/-**

For Walking or "spectating" of course you'll choose these popular Ghillies. In brown or black Calf. They're Welts, too! All sizes and fittings. Pair at **23/6**

29/6 **29/6**

A Welt by the famous house of Whybrow! Brown Calf Monk Shoe, with Cuban heels. All sizes and fittings. Pair at **29/6**

Bedegood's have chosen brown Crocodile Calf for this smart Court Shoe. Welted Soles, too. All sizes and fittings. **29/6**

29/6 **35/-**

From its appearance you'd never guess it! It's a Dr. Meyer HEALTH Shoe, in black or brown Kid. All sizes. Pair at **29/6**

For smart dress—"Parade." A Dress Welt in black or brown Kid. Made on an extended last. Cuban heels. All sizes. **35/-**

16/11 **29/6**

It's just the weather for Kiltie Brogues! In brown or black Calfskin. Welted soles. Leather heels. All sizes. **16/11**

Another popular Dr. Meyer Health Shoe! In black Kid or brown Calfskin. Comfy flat heels. All sizes and fittings. **29/6**

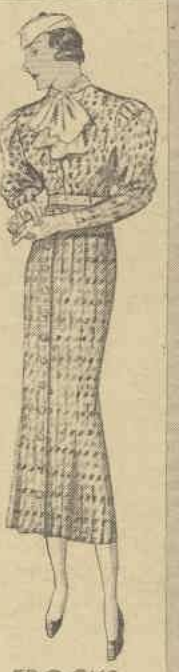
LADIES' SHOES—FIRST FLOOR

It's always been . . .

DAVID JONES'

FOR WOOLLENS

Get your share of these marvellous Values NOW!



WINDSWEPT ALL-WOOL CREPE

4/11

David Jones' have the undeniable leadership to-day when it comes to woollen dress fabrics. This "windswept" crepe is the most remarkable value in Sydney! All wool! Dress weight and comes in all wanted Autumn tonings. 54 inches. Per yard..

Angora "Kempe" at

7/11

Smart hairy surface that is so much in demand. Angora woollen Kempe cloth features all the new shades for Autumn. In such quality it is priced amazingly low! 54in. wide. It will sell in no time. Yard, 7/11.

D.J. Dress Flannel

Forty Shades! **2/6** *Three Widths!*

David Jones' Tailor-finish Dress Flannel is the most popular in Sydney to-day! A collection of over 40 shades in this superior quality flannel for frocks and coats. In three widths—54 ins., Price, Yard, 4/11; 36 ins., Yard, 3/6; and 28 ins., Yard, 2/6.

Woollens: First Floor.

DAVID JONES' PAY CARRIAGE.

Wool Crepe de Chine

3/11

David Jones' Standard Woollen Crepe-de-Chine. Reliable weave in every wanted shade for the season ahead! Exceptionally keen value, 54 inch, 5/11; 36 inch wide, 3/11

Wanted Tweeds at

7/11

David Jones have the largest and most fascinating array in Sydney of these TWEEDS. Donegal and Harris tweeds specially priced. 54 inches wide. Price, yard, 8/11, 7/11.

Chevron Weaves at

5/11

Chevrons now find their expression in woollens at David Jones'. All wool, for frocks and coats, in browns, blues, greens, vintage, black, navy, beige, greys. 54 inches wide.

FROCKS CUT OUT FREE

A David Jones' service, of which all sensible and smart women are taking advantage. Your frocks will be cut out by experts. Select your material and your McCall pattern from David Jones', the entire responsibility of the cutting out will be ours.

READ! Another Free "Cutting Out" Service

Home sewing is greatly simplified if you let David Jones' cut out your Pyjamas, Dressing Gowns, Shirts, etc. . . . If you buy your materials at David Jones', the following are the garments you may have cut out FREE. 2 styles of women's pyjamas, 2 styles children's pyjamas, 2 styles men's and boys' pyjamas, and one style of dressing gown for men and women; also one style of shirt for men and boys.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HOME MAKER

Saturday, April 28, 1934. *A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.* Page One

WHAT READERS THINK . . . *of this* New Section

The addition of the special Home Maker section to The Australian Women's Weekly has been most warmly welcomed by readers, and our thanks are due for very many letters of appreciation received during the past few weeks.

WOMEN appreciate the fact that this paper, which has pioneered a new field in woman's journalism in Australia, has now added yet another important service which no other newspaper has so far attempted.

A few extracts have been selected for publication here, but, unfortunately space considerations make it impossible to do more than express the thanks of The Australian Women's Weekly to the many other readers who have been equally enthusiastic in their reception of the Home Maker section.

☆ ☆ ☆

FROM Mrs. J.W.A., Petersham:

"Your new section interests me tremendously. I believe every woman should take an intelligent interest in matters that affect the home environment, and surely furniture and furnishings are most important to every home lover.

"A tastefully-furnished home, however simple, is a joy to all the family. I think this is especially true of the living-room. I have always tried to keep my living-room up to date because in it the family spends so much of their time. A woman who studies the question can make the living-room a restful, cheery, inviting place—or just the opposite. It's not a question of money, either. It's mostly keeping your mind fresh and interested so that you keep your judgment in good trim.

"Your new section will help us all to do that. It is full of interesting reading and helpful advice and fine pictures."

This cheery correspondent added to her letter the following delightful postscript: "My daughter, who is seventeen read this letter and said, 'I don't altogether agree with you about the living-room, Mum. I think my bedroom is awfully important, too, because don't I spend at least a third of my life there?' She's made up her mind to get new curtains out of some fabric she saw advertised in The Australian Women's Weekly, and already she's christened them 'happy-making' curtains!"

☆ ☆ ☆

ANOTHER correspondent (Miss N. Jamieson, Old South Head Rd., Bondi) writes:

"I quite agree with the visiting editor of the famous American magazine, 'Good Housekeeping' when she says she's sure The Australian Women's Weekly must be the best twopence worth in the world. And now you have added the new home section it is better than ever. I'm just completing my 'glory box,' and I read every line of the new section. Thanks and congratulations on it."

☆ ☆ ☆

A MOSMAN reader (Miss Rose Warrener, Bradley's Head Rd.), in a long and interesting letter, writes:

"It is a woman's business as a home maker to keep herself informed about everything pertaining to the home. We all hate 'dated' dresses because they make us feel frowsy and old-fashioned. I'm sure that's a good thing. I know I feel more alert and more efficient and generally happier when I'm sure I'm smartly dressed.

"Well, the same thing holds good of the home. We should all try to keep our homes up to date and modern and charming. So I, for one, welcome the chance your new section gives us of keeping up with the latest in home furniture, and I'm sure other women feel the same."

THIS IS Charles Arthur, son of Sir Charles and Lady Kingsford Smith. Charles Junior has almost reached the mature age of 16 months. Following in the wake of his famous father, he may one day blaze a trail across the airways of the world, but, at present, his main ambition in life is to win a race to the family telephone. Every time the phone rings, Charles Arthur sets out on the marathon track along the hall, but, so far, some wretched adult has always beat him to that phone! However, he stands hard by, a most intrigued little eavesdropper, and one of these days he will make the grade and secure the star turn in the telephone talk-fest.

—Raymond Sawyer Home Study.

Loyal Readers. . .

TWO weeks ago, we asked you to mention The Australian Women's Weekly when buying goods advertised in this section. Since then, reports have come in from advertisers to the effect that you ARE doing so. For this practical evidence of your loyalty, we are very grateful. The section is receiving the advertising support of firms of the highest commercial standing, whose reputation is the best guarantee you can get when buying home furniture and furnishings. By mentioning The Australian Women's Weekly when buying, you help us to secure their continued support and to give you, in turn, the fullest benefits of a first-class home section.

CLEVER IDEAS

READERS are invited to submit items for this section, but they must be of things which they themselves have tried and tested. Responsibility for their accuracy rests with contributors. For each one published 2/6 will be paid.

YOU WILL save yourself time and trouble, not to mention stains on your hands, if you wash your carrots and cook them in their skins like potatoes. When they are done the skins will slip off quite easily.—**Mrs. Homan, 29 Banks St., Kogarah, N.S.W.**

ALWAYS KEEP a small bottle of 1 per cent. picric acid on a shelf in the kitchen. A chemist will make this up for you. It will save many a bad burn if applied at once to the injured part. The pain ceases in a very short time, and no blister will result. The acid makes a yellow stain when first applied, but this soon disappears and leaves no scar.—**Mrs. A.B., Melbourne.**

IF YOU put away your rubber hot-water bottle at the end of the winter and then forgot all about it, you will probably find that it has become stiff and hard when you need it again. Provided the rubber has not perished, the bottle can be restored by putting it into warm water for a few minutes, and then immersing it in really hot water for about half an hour. Be careful, however, that the water is not actually boiling.—**"Swanlow," Wattle Flat, via Ballarat, Vic.**

TO MAKE steak tender, rub over with salad oil and dip in vinegar.

WOODRUFF MAKES delightful sachets for wardrobes and drawers, keeping its lovely scent for years. Gather as much woodruff as you require and dry it in an open tray, out of the sun's direct rays. When quite dry, put it into muslin bags, and lay them among your linen, lingerie, etc. This little white flower is very plentiful in the woods in spring and early summer.—**S.L., West End, Brisbane.**

WHEN BLACKING becomes dry the next time you leave the lid off, fill up the tin with vinegar and replace the lid for a few hours. It will then have become moist and ready for use again.

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MARK FOY'S

Spotlight

3 Outstanding

Light Values

New. . . . and very beautiful these Electroliers. Illustration on the left shows a five light 42in. drop, with a spread of 21in. The Electroliers have to be seen to be appreciated. . and at Mark Foy's they are sterling value.

Foy's price, **87/6**

Complete with lamps.

Three-light Electrolier, with Amber-tinted shades. . . 45 inches drop. . . spread of 15 inches.

Priced complete **59/6**

Wall Bracket to match the 3-light fittings are priced at **22/6**

Also other designs to suit all types of rooms are displayed.

"Target" Iron, the Iron with the guarantee for quality and efficiency. Complete with 3 yards of Power flex and plug to suit your power point.

Foy's Value **11/9**

"Target" Jug . . . 6/9

"Target" Boiling Jug will boil 3 pints of water in 4 to 5 minutes. Guaranteed against element failure for 12 months.

Foy's value: **6/9**

MARK FOY'S Ltd.

Liverpool Street, Sydney

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

SPECIAL OFFER!

Cleverly Cut Pattern of This Smart, Tailored Blouse . . . will Cost You Only 9d.

STYLED with smart simplicity, this little blouse, exclusively designed, will make instant appeal to all.

WHY not choose one of the new tweed weaves or fine jerseys to fashion it? Select a pattern or color to match your costume, and you'll step forth immaculately smart.

The veriest amateur at sewing could make this blouse with ease — with the pattern and the following simple directions as a guide.

Note: Three sizes are available to fit 32, 34, and 36-inch bust measurements. Any other size can be had on request.

You will need 1¾ yards of 36-inch material for the 32-inch or 34-inch bust size, a length of elastic to fit the waist, and the paper pattern.

The sleeves are cut on the cross; the fullness pleated or gathered into the armhole, and the lower edge gathered into a double band 1½ inches deep and long enough to fit around the arm.

The tie is a strip of the material 1½ yards long by 5 inches wide, cut on the bias and hemmed all round.

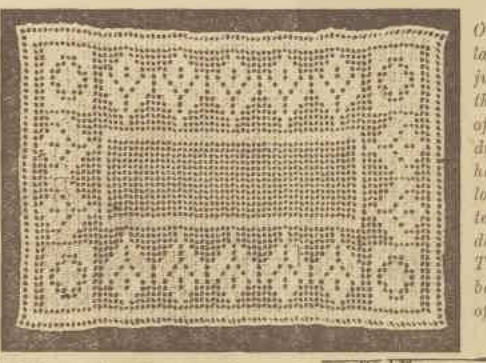
Fit pattern on and make any adjustments before cutting out. Place centre-front and back on fold of material; place sleeve pattern on the cross. Allow ½-inch turnings.

Join underarm and shoulder seams, face the neck with a crossway strip of material. Turn a narrow hem at lower edge, and insert elastic.

Make up the sleeves and insert; seams matching.

THIS delightful blouse would look ever so smart made in one of the new tweed weaves or fine jerseys. The pattern will cost you 9d.

A Charming Refectory Table Set in Crochet



OBLONG crochet lace table mats are just delightful for the refectory type of table. The directions given here can be followed by the amateur with confidence and ease. The chart, given below, will prove of great assistance to beginners.

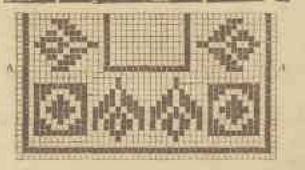
Those who love crochet and would like a most attractive luncheon or dinner set for a refectory table, or for any table for that matter, will be interested in this charming and easily-worked design.

THIS set can be crocheted in ecru or white mercerised cotton. It can be worked with either fine cotton or coarse cotton, whichever suits your particular taste.

If coarse cotton is used, a correspondingly coarse needle is necessary.

The design is quite simple to follow, and amateurs will find the chart of considerable help. In fact, so explicit are the directions that even a beginner may undertake this work.

The runner can be made any length desired by simply repeating the pattern. For a wide table two runners may be crocheted and two small oblongs to be used between runners on each short side.



Chain 140 sts., d.c. (see note below) into 8th st. from hook, work 45 spaces on chain. Second row: Turn, ch. 5, d.c. over first d.c. for space, 43 blocks (d.c. over each d.c. and 2 d.c. in each sp.), end row 1 sp. Third row: Ch. 5, 1 sp., 1 bl. (4 d.c.), 41 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp. Begin figures according to chart; repeat from A-A on chart for desired length, allowing for border on opposite side.

Note: To double crochet (d.c.) wrap thread over hook, insert hook in stitch, thread over hook and draw through stitch, thread over and draw through first 2 loops on hook, thread over and draw through last 2 loops. A space (sp.) is made by chaining 2 sts. and skipping 2 sts. on chain, or previous row of crocheting, and d.c. into 3rd st. Blocks are formed by working a group of d.c.; 4 sts. make one block when used between sps. When blocks are consecutive there are 4 d.c. to first block and 3 d.c. to each additional block.

Cross Stitch is So Decorative

Send for this transfer (No. 500) and embroider

blouses, house linen, children's frocks. Four rows. Price 4d.

Here is Help for the Housewife

Make this very handy container for your dusters, string, recipes, cooking and wrapping paper, etc.

THIS was made from linene by our cookery expert, who finds it very, very useful.

All you need are two pieces of board, 22½ inches long by 1 inch wide, two curtain rings, and 3 yards of linene.

Cut a length from the linene 47 inches long by 26 inches wide, turn a 1-inch hem at the bottom on the right side, and machine across. Turn back 9 inches of this end on to the right side, and pin down. Cut another length the same width and 35 inches long. Make a hem as before, and turn back 13 inches.

At the top edge turn a narrow hem and machine across first length, 1½ inches from lower edge. This will make a slot at the back to take one piece of board.

Turn a hem at the top for the second piece of board. Cut a strip of linene 18½ inches x 9 inches. Make a 1-inch hem along edge. Turn up lower edge and sides, and machine in centre 4 inches from the top. Cut another strip 26 inches x 9 inches. Turn a hem and machine lower edge right across, 2 inches below top strip.

This neat container hangs behind the kitchen door.

Now machine down the top strip, dividing it into three pockets, and the three lower strips down the centre. Turn a 1-inch hem at both sides and machine down. Insert boards, sew a curtain ring at each end of top. Write on each pocket, as shown, and embroider.

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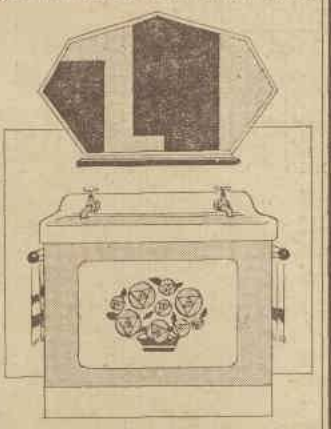
AROUND the HOME

Here is given in printed and illustrated form worthwhile suggestions and practical help for home-lovers.

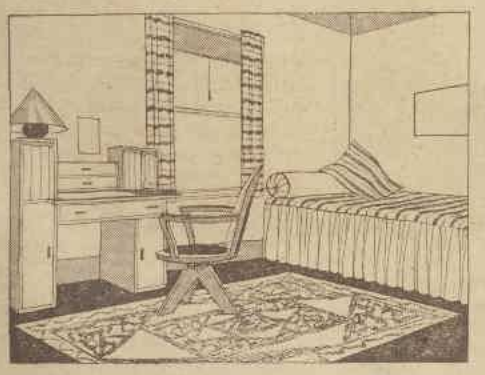
Attractive WASH-BASIN Screen . . .



HERE is an ingenious idea for a washbasin screen that will add to the attractiveness of your bathroom. Plywood is the best to use. Measure front and sides of stand, and buy three pieces cut exactly to measurement, and join. The whole box slips into position, and so can easily be removed to allow access to pipes at any time. The front can be decorated to suit your taste. Towel rails can be fixed—one on each side.

A SUGGESTION For An Up-to-Date STUDY-BEDROOM

EFFORT should be made by parents to give the boy studying for exams. a room to himself. He is entitled to it. And why not make it into a cheerful study-bedroom? This little sketch will give you inspiration. An attractively covered divan bed, plenty of space for books, a combination desk (note design illustrated) a cosy rug, curtains to match bed-covering. Here he could have in a friend or two on occasions.



Such a room would inspire him to greater efforts, and at the same time assist in the moulding of character.

Step Cleaning Made Easy

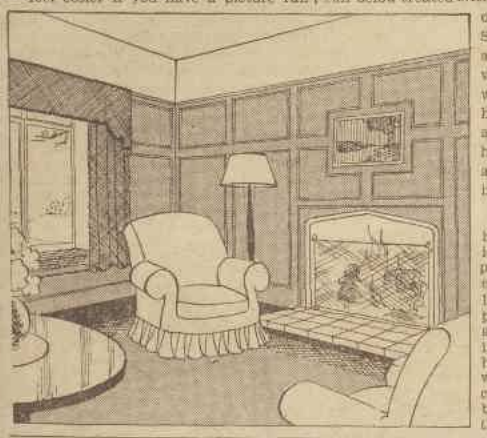
AN easy method of whitening steps or hearths is to keep a jar of whiting ready, add water to make a paste, and apply with a flat paint brush. This is not only less trouble than using a flannel, but saves the hands.

Drawers That Stick

DID you know that drawers which do not run smoothly can often be made to work easily? Try coating the bottom of the side pieces or runners, also the parts over which the runners slide, with lead pencil.

Defeating Height in the too-lofty Room

THE too-lofty room will look lower and feel cosier if you have a picture rail fitted about 8ft. from the floor and the wall below treated with plywood panelling or wallpaper panels. Short curtains with a deep pelmet or valance is another way of eliminating height; and still another way is to have ceiling, walls, and carpet matching.



The sketch shown here gives you an idea of how the panelling can be effected. Note the landscape type of picture showing above the fireplace in keeping with the horizontally-treated walls. Any desired color scheme can be combined with the panelling.

Eiderdown Time is Coming

EVERY minute, every hour, is bringing winter closer to us. Now is the time, therefore, to overhaul your eiderdowns — unless you contemplate buying new ones. And here is the very way to rejuvenate them.

PROVIDING the coverings are in good order they can be washed easily.

Have a sufficient supply of warm water ready, to which you add soap flakes or prepared soap; also a small quantity of glacial acetic acid to tone up the color, this to be used only in the rinsing waters. You will find it very inexpensive to buy.

The next step is to immerse the quilt in the suds and squeeze and knead gently. Under no circumstances must you rub soap on the quilt. It is advisable to put it through several lots of suds if very soiled.

Squeeze out, and then put it through several rinsing waters. Be sure to add six drops of the acetic acid to every gallon of clear water used.

Now hang perfectly straight in a shaded but draughty spot. Change its position regularly and shake vigorously during the drying process.

When dry, spread flat on the bed and beat with a light cane. Then press both sides with a warm iron, and air.

Supposing you want to transfer the down from an old case to a new. If you are the lucky possessor of a vacuum cleaner you can do it quite easily.

Spread the old eiderdown on the floor and rip up the rolls lengthwise between the rows of stitching, in order to expose the down.

Release the brushes from the vacuum cleaner and fix the blowpipe instead of the dust bag.

Insert the nozzle end of the pipe in the new case, and turn on the switch.

The vacuum cleaner must now be held just above the down, which will be sucked through the cleaner along the tube and into the case.

PULSFORDS

119 BATHURST STREET (between Pitt and George Sts.)

where Quality Furnishings Cost Less!

The Ellesmere Lounge Suite

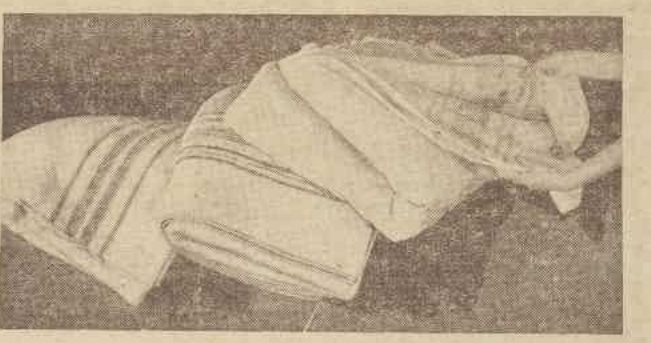
This handsome Elizabethan Suite has an air of solidity and dignity. The heavy frames are hand carved and finished with effective cane panels. The upholstery and loose cushions are in tapestry, with soft pattern of blue and rose on twine coloured ground. **Cash Price** **£21/19/6**

Also shown in the setting are: Elizabethan Coffee Table, 29/6, and Axminster Carpet, in rich Autumn colourings, 10ft. 6ft. x 9ft., £12/12/6.

Buy Blankets before Prices Rise!

We were fortunate in buying before the recent rise in the price of wool, and our saving is passed on to you, giving wonderful values. We stock only superior quality All-wool Blankets, which we can guarantee for warmth, softness, and service.

54 x 78in., 21/-, 22/6, 31/6.
72 x 90in., 31/9, 36/6, 45/9.
81 x 90in., 42/-, 43/6, 49/6.
Grey, 54 x 78in., 21/-.

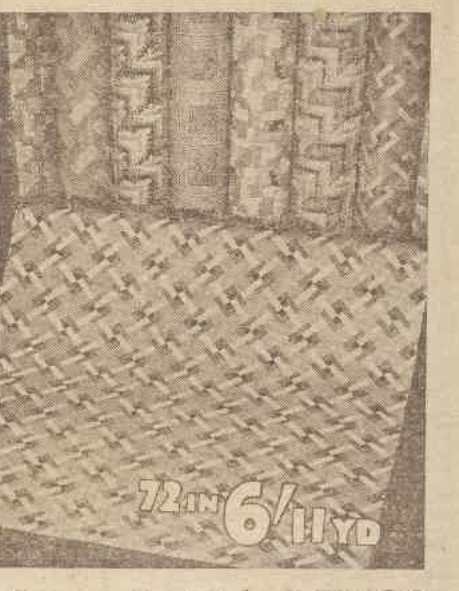


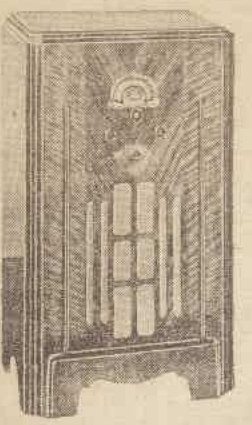
Pulsfords Easy Terms Available on any Metropolitan Purchase

DOWN QUILTS

—Warmth at Low Prices!

The new season's Quilts are showing in many smart designs and colourings in a full range of sizes and prices. The covers are of satins and sateens, filled with feathers or kapok.
Prices range from **33/6**





No Extra for Terms

32/6 Deposit
5/6 Weekly.

12 Months Free Service in Metropolitan Area.

Valves Guaranteed Three Months.

Free Radio Installation in Metropolitan Area.

New British LINOS

Wonderful success met the opening of our new season's Linos. Famous for their wearing qualities, these bright new patterns and colourings make them doubly attractive. You should call and see them before making a choice. The finest range in Sydney to choose from! 72ins. wide, **Price, per yard, 6/11.** **Felt-Paper Base for Linos,** to smooth out roughness of flooring boards. 72ins. wide, **Price, yard, 1/2.**

The *"Bathurst"* Superhet

Pulsfords Special Offer! 5-Valve Superhet, with latest 6-pin valves and Amplion Q. type Speaker, for £16/19/6. In metropolitan area, you can have one installed for three days' free trial. We have an expert ready to call on you.
The "International" Six-Valve All-wave Set will bring in overseas stations. **Special Price, £24/10/-.**

PULSFORDS

119 Bathurst St., Sydney

We Pack Free for Country Clients. Special Country Terms on application.

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Sparkling Glass can be PAINTED

With the Aid of Our Exclusive Transfer . . . the Process is Fascinating and Easy

By . . . OUR HOME DECORATOR

PLAIN glassware of every description, many pieces of which cost but a few pence, can be turned into exquisite, costly-looking sets in a surprisingly short space of time with colorful enamels or lacquer—and our transfer.

SOFT and gleaming, colorful glass . . . Why not have a dressing - table set like this, painted with your own capable hands?

This exclusive transfer, costing 6d., post free, comprises seven harlequin posies, sufficient to decorate a set of six glasses and tray (similar to the three glasses and tray illustrated). It can be used for many other purposes also.

IF WASHED with care, painted glass will last for many years, and then it is a simple matter to touch it up with a little fresh paint. Send for the attractive transfer, which costs 6d., post free, and set off confidently to add charm to your home with hand-painted glass.

JUST take another peep at the painted wineglass set (top right) for which our transfer was used. How pretty for party use! Yet the painting of this was such a simple matter.

The colors used were blue, red, yellow, mauve, with a leaf-green circle of flowers. A few touches of white, here and there, made a charming contrast.

Of course, as regards coloring, you can follow your own fancy. Perhaps you have already some small tins of colorful lacquer or enamel paints on hand—then use them in this most delightful way.

Thoroughly cleanse the glasses and tray (this applies to any glass article to be painted), by washing in soap and water, then wiping with a rag dipped in methylated spirit. Give a final polish with a dry cloth.

Now cut out each posy separately from the transfer sheet, and paste each down lightly on the **inside** of the glass. Note that the glasses are painted on the **outside**.

The leaves are painted first in green and allowed to dry. The flowers of various colors are formed by allowing a drop of paint to fall off the end of the brush, care being taken to prevent one drop merging into another.

The large flowers have centres which are formed by allowing a small drop of a different colored paint to fall on the larger one when the latter is thoroughly dry. A black centre for a yellow flower looks well, or a white for a blue flower.

The tray is painted in the same way, the transfer being placed underneath in the centre.

An improvement is to give the rim a touch of gold paint.

You can carry this idea further by using the same transfer to decorate a charming glass set for your dressing table, or sandwich trays and dishes to match the wine or cocktail glasses for your supper table; also goblets painted to reflect the colors of the flowers used on the dinner table.

WHAT could be more charming than a gift of painted glass to a bride-to-be, or favored friend?

Practice Makes Perfect

IF you are clever with the brush you can paint your own designs with artistry and effect—in fact, similar designs to those shown in the two illustrations featured, in addition to the wine-glass set which, of course, shows our own transfer design.

To buy colorful, decorated glass is quite an expensive matter—so why not paint your own? Use our transfer, and follow the directions previously given. Remember, the transfer costs only 6d, post free. Send for it to-day—send for several and commence.

Oh, by the way, this fascinating transfer design can be used for embroidering tea cloths, serviettes, tray cloths, or dressing table sets in keeping with the painted design of your sparkling glass. How delightful!—E.E.G.

WINTER IS COMING!

Easy Way to Clean a Fur Coat

AN easy and economical way to clean a fur coat at home is to warm some bran in the oven and rub this well into the fur with a soft cloth or brush. If the fur is long, part it with the fingers and make sure that you work the bran right down into the skin. Go over the whole of the fur article in this manner, shake vigorously, beat lightly on the reverse side with a thin cane, and brush well with a very soft brush. Hang in the sun for an hour or two, and then it will be beautifully clean.

Rich CREAM Cheap . . . with this machine

WOMEN of the home will be interested in the latest household wonder — a cream machine. You can make cream in its most hygienic form, rich in flavor, within the space of two minutes. The ingredients are simply milk and butter.

THIS MODERN invention, christened the "Altrucrem," made in Australia, is by no means costly.

The invention was shown to a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly. One quarter-pound of butter and half a pint of milk were heated slightly in a saucepan and then poured into the mouth of the machine. Instantly, by the simple process of pumping, a stream of deliciously thick cream flowed forth—enough to satisfy a large family.

Imagine, a few minutes before any meal, being able to make your own cream, sufficient to meet any emergency.

This machine has been installed in one of our leading hospitals on the recommendation of the Health Office and Hospitals Commission. Where previously one ward only received cream, four wards are now benefiting at no increase in cost.

Of outstanding importance to the housewife is the fact that this machine will not only turn out cream equal in quality to the best, at a moment's notice and at one-third the usual cost, but the cream will keep perfectly fresh under normal conditions for days. Moreover, mayonnaise can be mixed instantly and thoroughly. It will also make ice-cream in readiness for freezing, and Devonshire cream.

Finally, there is nothing about this scientific invention to go wrong. It is rustless, being constructed of aluminium and steel, chromium plated. It is remarkably simple of operation, easily handled, assembled, or dismantled. It can be cleaned in a jiffy—and will last a lifetime.

HAND - GROUND STAINLESS STEEL

700—STAINLESS STEEL, Square Handle, Plain Finish. TABLE KNIVES, 11/6. DESSERT KNIVES, 10/6 per half-dozen.

179—STAINLESS STEEL, Oval Xylonite Handle, Plain Finish. TABLE KNIVES, 12/6. DESSERT KNIVES, 11/6 per half-dozen.

484—BEST HAND GROUND STAINLESS STEEL, Highly Finished Square Grained Xylonite Handle, Round Edged Bolster, Diverse Handsome Patterns. TABLES, 27/6; DESSERTS, 25/- per half dozen. 699—As 484 above, but Oval Handles, same price.

POST FREE FOR CASH WITH ORDER.

W. JNO. BAKER LTD., 3 HUNTER ST., SYDNEY

Handy Heaters

A HANDY little kitchen appliance which is becoming increasingly popular in up-to-date households is the sink heater. This device is fixed above the sink, its purpose being to provide an immediate flow of hot water whether for washing-up, to fill the kettle, or for general cooking purposes.

Some sink heaters work on principles similar to those of bath-heaters, others are thermostatically controlled, storing water at a predetermined temperature. They are all very economical in respect of gas consumed.

They vary in size, but even in small kitchens are not found cumbersome in bulk. The running costs of sink heaters are almost negligible, a gallon of nearly boiling water usually costing less than one halfpenny.

ELECTRICITY in the HOME!

IF there is one thing a woman wants to know it is to understand something about electricity in these days of electric cooking stoves and appliances, fires, and radios. That is perhaps why the Women's Electrical Association, only six weeks old, has developed the astonishing numerical membership of one thousand strong!

On Thursday of this week some two hundred are going to Anthony Horderns' big electrical department to see at first hand how to use the intricacies of electrical cooking appliances. The demonstration is free, and all are welcome, at 3 p.m., when it begins. Mrs. MacKenzie, organising secretary of the association, will accompany the members.

When Washing Blankets

If you would have your blankets delightfully soft and fluffy, take advantage of these suggestions.

WHAT a strenuous job washing blankets is for those women who do not know the correct and simple method for washing them. Hours of hard work all for nothing, that's all it amounts to. Now, next time you are washing blankets, never use a cheap variety of soap, as it tends to take all the oil out of the wool, and makes the blankets dry hard. It pays, therefore, to make soap jelly at home, or to use specially good castile or yellow soap.

Put into two tubs sufficient soap to make a good lather and pour over it enough hot water to dissolve it. Add cold until the water is warm, then plunge the blankets, one at a time into the first tub, kneeding and squeezing the blanket, but not rubbing. A little ammonia added to the water will help to loosen the dirt.

If you possess a wringer, loosen the rollers slightly and wring each blanket well before plunging into the second tub of lather. Squeeze and kneed again, and wring for the second time.

The blankets must now be rinsed in two or three warm waters to which has been added a little soap. This is important, for it is needed to replace the small amount of oil which will by now have been washed out of the blankets. After the final rinsing pass through the wringer and hang out to dry in as windy a position as possible.

Allow each blanket its full width on the line, as it will dry much more quickly than if the blanket is hung double. Shake every now and again, and the blankets will dry beautifully soft and fluffy.

BEAUTY of OLD LACE

SO many women have pieces of exquisite old lace given to them by mothers and grandmothers, and lament that they can never wear it on modern dresses.

Women clever with their fingers can make sets of lace d'oyleys for dinner and luncheon party use, and dip them when made into a weak coffee or tea solution to give them the vellum shade that harmonises with a walnut, dark oak, or mahogany table.

Since on this type of dinner table, a hot plate mat must be placed underneath the d'oyley, it is possible to buy cheaply sets of these mats in different sizes that exactly match a table.

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2UW HIGHLIGHTS for Readers

Conducted by Linda P. LITTLEJOHN

Women's Weekly Sessions, 9.45 to 10 and 2-3 daily

Radio Offers Infinite Variety

FROM the "Best Letter" competition, which concluded last week, many helpful facts have emerged regarding not only the particular hour in question, but the value and the interest of radio programmes as a whole.

Actually it would be impossible to exaggerate what broadcasting has done and is doing for women, for there are women to-day who, amidst their multitudinous household tasks, their tennis, or their bridge, have time to discover for themselves the never-ending novelties in fashion, in cooking, in the wider range of world news, travel, books, or the newest music.

Quite naturally, then, they turn to the radio, for their information, and they receive it from 2UW in a manner that embodies the maximum of entertainment value. Each morning from 9.30 to 10.30 Myra Dempsey, and each afternoon from 2.0 to 3.0 Dorothea Vautier, serve radio fare de luxe.

A great variety of matters of special interest to women is programmed. Competitions are a feature of these sessions and attract many original and clever replies. In addition, Mrs. Linda Littlejohn speaks on Mondays and Wednesdays at 4.0, and on Friday mornings at 11.15, offering a most varied range of subjects.

YOUTHFUL PLAYWRIGHT

DOROTHY PURDY, the clever daughter of Dr. Purdy, City Health Officer, is one of the younger members of theatrical circles in Sydney. She has already written four plays, in two

of which she appeared under the management of the Repertory Theatre. 2UW listeners will have an opportunity of hearing her on Tuesday, May 1, at 2.40, when she will produce one of her own 10-minute sketches.

—Monie Luke.

"THE TOILERS OF THE SEA"

VICTOR HUGO, who was 83 when he died, lived through many eventful periods. He was a child during the Napoleonic era; he witnessed the Royalist period, and lived 15 successful years under Louis Philippe. He spent 18 years in exile, and concluded his life by working and writing for the coming of the Third Republic. After the revolution of 1848 he stood for the Presidency of the Republic, but obtained only a few votes. His last years of exile were saddened by the sudden desertion of his family—his wife went to live in Brussels, and his daughter ran away with an English officer. Only his old friend, Madam Drouet, who lived next to him in Guernsey, remained faithful to the veteran egotist.

The scene of the story to be presented by Mayne Lynton and Nancye Stewart, "The Toilers of the Sea," is laid in Guernsey; the action revolves round the lives of the seafaring folk, culminating in a great climax, the magnificent self-sacrifice of the hero. Listeners will thrill to this story on Sunday next at 8 p.m. from 2UW.

SHORT STORIES, BY REQUEST

SHORT story writing is an art in itself. O. Henry in America, and Maupassant in France, have stood for all that is highest in this form of achievement. England and Australia have produced so many short story writers that it is impossible to select any one as the outstanding exponent. But undoubtedly there is a great demand for short stories over the air.

In response to this request Dorothea Vautier will, every Wednesday at 2.40 p.m., from 2UW, read a famous 10-minute short story.

FORTUNES, IF BORN IN MAY

THE ancients set great store on the magical qualities of precious stones. The wine-colored amethyst received its name, which means "not drunken," because it was supposed to keep the wearer sober. When the Queen of Sheba came to visit Solomon she arrived, we are told, "with a very great train, with camels, rare spices, and very much gold and precious stones."

To-day, probably, the finest collection of precious stones is in the possession of the Indian Princes. Those who have been privileged to see them report that they are without price, and that the size and magnificence of the stones beggar description. Outstanding among them are the emeralds. The emerald is the birthday stone for May, and it means "success."

On Wednesday, May 2, at 2.40 p.m., Beatrice Phillips will tell of the romance of emeralds and the fortune that should be the lot of those born in May.

MUSIC OF THE MASTERS

MUSIC lovers have come to look eagerly for 2UW's Sunday musical programme. From 10 a.m. to 11.30 "Music of the Masters" is presented, embodying works by Brahms, Schumann, Verdi, Saint-Saens, and Liszt. In the afternoon at 3 o'clock a series of concertos are the feature. Next Sunday the selection is the Concerto in G Minor by Saint-Saens, played by Arthur de Greef and the New Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Landon Ronald. Sir Hamilton Harty, who is shortly coming to Australia, will be heard at 4 p.m. in Constant Lambert's "Rio Grande," and at 6 p.m. the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra will perform Tschaikowsky's Capriccio Italien—altogether an enjoyable list for the day of rest and recreation.

WOMEN AND JUDAISM

JEWISH women enjoyed a large measure of freedom before their society was conventionalised and the law formulated. Even with all her apparent disabilities the Jewish woman was always queen within the home. There were many famous women of early Judaism—Deborah, Miriam, Sarah, etc. The Talmud bristles with references to women: "A man's happiness is all of his wife's creation," "Not money but character is the best dowry for a wife."

Last week Mrs. Linda Littlejohn began the first of a series of four talks on the position of women through different ages and under various religions. The first was on women under Buddhism. The second, on Monday next at 4 p.m. from 2UW, will deal with women under Judaism.

WHICH "MASTER'S VOICE"?

PETER DAWSON, Richard Tauber, and Lawrence Tibbett are names with which we are all familiar. More than that, we pride ourselves on knowing their voices and enjoying their songs; but do we? If you heard, for instance, a deep, rich baritone voice singing "Boots," "Mountains of Mourne," or one of the old favorite selections, could you be certain that it was our own Peter Dawson to whom you were listening?

Every Friday morning at 10.15 Myra Dempsey plays some well-known numbers by famous singers, and listeners who recognise the artists write in, for there are two tickets for the State Theatre for the winner of this intriguing competition.

Radio Tour Through Japan

THRILLED at its picturesque architecture, gratified at the service, hospitable to a point of embarrassment, it was disconcerting, says Mrs. Brian Newson, to find that the bathrooms in the typical Japanese Inn were conducted on community lines! Mixed bathing and the nude cult are two subjects to which the Japanese attached not the slightest importance. However, with a little persuasion, the English visitors were able to reserve one of the bathrooms for their own use, temporarily.

On the subject of bathroom etiquette, though there were still points to be observed. At the bidding, and with the assistance of an obsequious, but persistent man servant, Mrs. Newson donned a green, and her husband a blue kimono.

During the "Feminine Foibles" session conducted every Friday afternoon from 2UW by Miss Marjorie Skill, Mrs. Newson describes her many diverting experiences abroad. Next Friday listeners will take a radio tour through Japan with this engaging cicerone at 3.15.

Miss Skill, who has the distinction of being the only woman on the air whose voice is ideally suited both to announcing and to singing will sing four selections during the session. As a lyric soprano Miss Skill made her debut with the national stations in 1924.

Let Your Rooms Reflect Your Own Personality

—Says Famous Actress

Many of you remember Jean Forbes-Robertson as the clever actress with the wonderful personality, who visited Australia some years ago, but none of you, perhaps, have ever associated her with homecraft.

Just read what she says here and you will realise that her thoughts are not all for the stage.

"YOUR room is as much a part of you as your clothes. It should be moulded as closely to your character as they are to your body.

"Just as it is a mistake for a girl with an Old English lavender personality to wear vivid Andalusian scarlet, it is unfortunate for her to live in a room which is not a reflection of her personality and character.

Color Harmony

"YOUR room is one of the few places where you can be sincere with yourself, and face facts as they really are, without the veneer which adorns them when they are revealed to the world.

"It is essential that so personal and intimate a possession should bear the imprint of the person who lives in it. If the tenant is to live there happily, and enjoy it to the full.

"Living in some rooms is like serving a sentence in gaol. You should strive to decorate it to your taste, no matter how cheaply, so that the walls reflect a color that is in harmony with your tastes. The furniture may not be your own. Even though you may not be able to purchase new, you can at least rearrange it so that the balance of the pieces is restful, and you do not spend hours of mental torture during your leisure saying, "That table really ought to be against the opposite wall, and that picture would look better if it was six inches higher!"

Find Yourself

"IT is a mistake to live in other people's rooms, just accepting them as you find them, with a 'This is good enough for me' philosophy. It simply makes you lazy, and robs you of that unique part of your character which makes you different from anybody else. It casts a spell over you, and you will soon find yourself not bothering about small details. You will lose that vital power of choice, finally accepting all that comes your way without a word of criticism.

"Living in the wrong rooms can be a serious business. When carried to an excess it can simply rot a temperament. If particularly foreign to your moods it may turn you into a pessimist of the first water, transforming life from a spontaneous existence into a tiring, conscious effort.

At The Day's End

"DON'T let your room stifle your personality. Let it house some odds and ends which you really cherish. They may be very small things of no particular importance, but they will create an atmosphere to which you will warm when you set foot over the threshold.

"Your possessions will give your room a magnetism which will draw you home contentedly and happily at the end of a weary day to relax in the most congenial surroundings."

£150 IN CASH MUST & WILL BE WON BY SKILL

NO TICKETS TO SELL—NO CATCHES—NO MARKS FOR NEATNESS—NOTHING TO BUY

SIMPLY A TEST OF SKILL

Judgment and skill in selecting the slogans will mean winning:—

FIRST PRIZE **£100** CASH — SECOND PRIZE **£30** CASH — THIRD PRIZE **£20** CASH

A DEFINITE 30 % OF THE NET PROCEEDS OF THIS COMPETITION WILL BE DONATED TO THE FIVE HOSPITALS WHICH RECEIVE THE GREATEST NUMBER OF VOTES. EACH ENTRY CARRIES THE RIGHT TO A VOTE AS TO WHICH HOSPITAL YOU WOULD BENEFIT. THE FIVE HOSPITALS CERTIFIED MOST POPULAR BY A COUNT OF THE VOTES WILL SHARE THE DONATION EQUALLY.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

Choose the best six of the twenty slogans by placing a cross against those selected, in the blank spaces provided below. Each column represents one sixpenny entry. Insert six crosses only in each column, or you will be disqualified. No order of merit required. There are ten columns on each entry form. You can send as many entries as you wish. Ink must be used.

BEST SLOGANS COMPETITION

		One Entry 6d	Two Entries 1/-	Three Entries 1/6	Four Entries 2/-	Five Entries 2/6	Six Entries 3/-	Seven Entries 3/6	Eight Entries 4/-	Nine Entries 4/6	Ten Entries 5/-
1	Every charitable act is a stepping stone toward Heaven.										
2	Doing good is the only certain happiness in life										
3	Benevolence and feeling attable the most trifling actions										
4	A benefit is estimated according to the mind of the giver										
5	Benevolent people are always cheerful										
6	Your opportunities to do good are your talents										
7	Giving is true having										
8	A noble deed is a step towards Heaven										
9	A noble thought leads to a noble deed										
10	A little help is better than a lot of sympathy										
11	A little help in time is better than a lot too late										
12	A pal in "deed" is a pal indeed										
13	"Generosity" will be rewarded with gratitude										
14	A silent appeal calls for a sound response										
15	Kindness toward the sick is a step toward Heaven										
16	Always spare a fraction for those out of action										
17	Always help the pal that needs your help										
18	"Mankind they call you"—Do prove that it is true										
19	The sick suffer in silence; don't be "silent" to their suffering										
20	A pal will always help a pal										

NAME (Block Letters) ..... *I wish to record* ..... *votes for*

ADDRESS (Block Letters) ..... *the* ..... *Hospital*

..... W.W.28.

You may send additional entries on self-ruled form.

After the close of the Competition the list of twenty slogans will be submitted to a Committee of three Hospital authorities, who will decide the best six. Each competitor will score one point for each slogan which corresponds with one selected by the Committee. The competitor who scores the greatest number of points in any one entry column will be awarded the first prize, the next greatest the second prize, and so on. In the event of a tie or ties, the prizes so affected will be equally divided. PRIZE WINNERS WILL WIN ON THEIR MERITS, THE ONLY DECIDING FACTOR BEING THE NUMBER OF POINTS SCORED.

RULES AND CONDITIONS

1. Entry Form must be filled in as directed, in ink, and must not be mutilated or altered.
2. Six crosses only must be written in the blank spaces provided in any one column used. Columns for up to ten entries have been provided on the form.
3. Entrants must write their name and address on each Entry Form in block letters.
4. The subscription for the Competition is sixpence per entry.
5. Stamps will be accepted for single entries only. For more than one entry use postal notes made payable to Best Slogans Competition.
6. The closing date for the receipt of entries is Monday, the 21st May, but competitors are requested to send their entries as early as possible.
7. The decision of the Committee, and the Prize Winners will be published in this paper, together with the advertisement of the next competition.
8. No correspondence can be entered into with competitors, and no interviews can be given.
9. Failure to comply with any of the rules involves disqualification.
10. Acceptance of these rules is a specific condition of entry for the competition, and the decision of the promoters upon any point whatsoever must be accepted as final and legally binding. Every prize-winner will be notified.

CLOSING DATE 21st MAY, 1934 6 P.M.

ADDRESS ENTRIES TO
BEST SLOGANS COMPETITION
BOX 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.
Or entries may be delivered to Room No. 1, 3rd Floor, 28 Martin Place.

CLOSING DATE 21st MAY, 1934 6 P.M.

The amounts to be distributed to Hospitals on completion of the Competition will be certified to by Mr. R. B. Woods, Chartered Accountant, of Challis House, Martin Place, Sydney. A list will also be supplied of the Hospitals in the order of the votes respectively awarded to them.

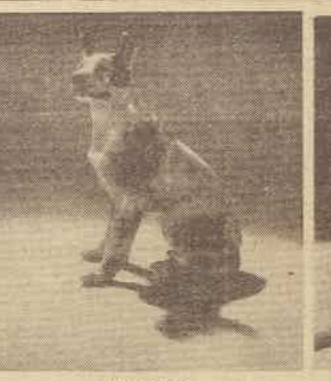
PRIZE MONEY HAS BEEN LODGED WITH "SUN" NEWSPAPERS, LTD., to be forwarded to prize winners.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604859

ENGLAND

SWEDEN

HOLLAND



DENMARK

GERMANY

Gems Garnered from the World's Treasure-Trove

Eight Countries outstanding in the production of China and Pottery . . . contribute to this most fascinating collection!

FROM among these you can select appropriate pieces for your home—no matter how small. The work of master craftsmen, any one of them will introduce charm and a note of true distinction to living-room, hall, or lounge. Several, too, will be found as convenient and adequate in service as they are exquisitely decorative.

NOW, let's take a magic carpet and visit for a moment or two each country responsible for the contribution to this interesting page.

Our first stop, naturally, will be England. From the inspired hands of artists was evolved the delightful piece illustrated top-left.

Everybody who collects rare and beautiful china, everybody who loves fine china, will be enchanted with this piece.

Produced by the Royal Crown Derby works, Royal blue makes a perfect background for the rich, red motifs and golden traceries—the work of a master-man. No corner of any room could remain dull with this colorful objet d'art around. And its beauty will never grow dim.

Reluctantly we turn from England, famous throughout the centuries for its ware of supreme artistry, but we're on the "Magic Carpet," and our next stop is—

SWEDEN

BEFORE we go further, however, take another peep at the beautiful specimen illustrated in the top row of this page. No reproduction could do full justice to its marvellous coloring.

Dull green combined with brilliant orange makes this an unusual and distinctive jug for both decorative and utilitarian purposes. The latter coloring, by the way, is used for the inside lining, mounted over the dull green glaze.

The famous Upsal potteries (famous on the Continent, but perhaps an unknown quantity to many of us so far removed from Sweden) are responsible for this lovely example, which with its simplicity of line, amounting almost to austerity, and its exquisite figure in relief, represents the modern trend in art.

HOLLAND

AND now Holland!

Holland shall offer us a different "dish" in the form of an inkwell portraying the very latest in Gouda art pottery. (Note illustration.)

Here on this self-same page a fortnight ago several very lovely and distinctive examples of Royal Gouda ware were reproduced. Perhaps you remember them?

Let me repeat that here at the Royal Gouda factory artistic color effects are produced entirely by colored glazes and on an entirely different basis to any other ware. The desired shapes are moulded in the usual way, but instead of a design being painted on the colors are just put on in blobs.

In the baking process the colors naturally run and merge together in a fantastic and fascinating manner. As a consequence no two pieces come out alike. Each strikes an individual note. Each piece is exclusive and unique.

DENMARK

AGAIN on our "Magic Carpet," Denmark now catches our eye, with a Great Dane (see him above) immortalised by the Dahl-Jensen factory at Copenhagen.

Undoubtedly a wondrous piece of work. Seen in the original, one cannot but marvel at its delicacy of coloring, for soft blue glazes merge lifelike with the grey underglaze. This combined with such consummate skill in the moulding gives us a delightful product—and yet it is but typical of the many and varied specimens emanating from these great Danish factories.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

CHINA

JAPAN

Once again we mount the "Magic Carpet" and pause at Dresden . . .

GERMANY

A FASCINATING place this. You know Dresden, of course, by name, and you are all familiar with Dresden china—if not as fortunate possessors of this exquisite ware, then by repute.

Just glance again at the lovely statuette reproduced at the end of top row . . . Study it.

Would you think it possible that human hands could fashion the lace, and piece by piece join it while still in the clay state?

What skill, what patience required to define folds! What delicacy of touch in the minute frills! Note, too, the rounded loveliness of the young girl's arms and shoulders; also the skilful moulding of chest and throat in the alert animal at her feet.

Doesn't a lovely piece such as this inspire one to become the possessor of at least one masterpiece?

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

DOWN to the country now with the almost unpronounceable name, yet a country so familiar to us because of the many dress accessories and ornaments we possess stamped "Czechoslovakia."

In this decorative work of art (shown top left, second row), from the Amphora potteries, one could almost say that East meets West.

The brilliant glazes are reminiscent in their design of Russian peasant embroideries. As regards the moulding of this fascinating piece Armenia, Turkey, or Egypt could have influenced its design. With its heavy matt finish, and bright, colored motifs, it makes instant appeal to the eye and heart.

We must not tarry, however, but jump on our carpet and allow ourselves to be whisked away to—

CHINA

HARDLY any need to specify the distinctive specimen illustrated on this page. You could pick it out from a hundred reproductions in the space of a few seconds.

But there it is, classical in its line, delicate in its moulding, perfect in its glazing. No other country in the world can teach China this art.

Just a step now, and it's—

JAPAN

SIDE by side with the specimen from China is illustrated this Japanese incense-burner—another example of Oriental craftsmanship and so expressive of the East.

But look again; there is evidence of Western influence here. And, Japanese-like, a clever combination, harmonious in shape and color, pleasing, novel enough to capture the imagination!

And now, a little surprise for you. We are off and heading for our own land—

AUSTRALIA

—Photos by courtesy of Grace Bros.

AUSTRALIA

THERE are many among us quite unaware of the fact that here in Australia we are producing ware comparing favorably in color and design with the age-old products of other countries.

It is good to know this, good to feast your eyes on the Melrose bowl showing above, with its cleverly-moulded spray of gum-nuts and leaves.

It is nice, too, what with so many tempting examples from other countries around, to present something outstandingly beautiful that is a native product.

This beautiful Melrose bowl . . . I can see it being used on the table as a central motif, flower or fruit filled . . . You will not only regard it from a decorative angle, but from the angle of utility as well. And you will be right.

Finally, if some day you would very much like to see these nine exquisite specimens in original form, call at Grace Bros. Here they are gathered together in all their beauty, awaiting you.—EVE GYE.

New Machine Detects Bad Coins!

So many bad coins are in circulation at present that few women are free of the fear that a spurious florin or other silver coin may somehow find its way into her change while shopping.

NEWS of the invention of an Australian, Mr. Robert John Lyrtle, will therefore be very warmly welcomed. Mr. Lyrtle has invented a machine which experts declare provides a perfect foil for the counterfeiter.

The machine, which is made of Australian parts, resembles a small cabinet. It is connected with an electric current and the coin to be tested is placed in a slot. The pressing of a button attached to the machine tests the coin. A genuine coin will register its denomination on the dial—sixpence, a shilling, and so forth. A spurious coin will not register.

So cunning are counterfeiters that many of these coins have passed all the usual testing methods. Coins can be so coated with silver that acid will not scratch them, and made the correct weight by the use of various base metals.

The general use of the machines in business, banks, post offices, and so forth will be only a matter of time, and the housewife, as well as the business man, will thus be rid of the veritable bogy which at present haunts shopping hours.

The Latest in Table Decoration!

Glass tanks with goldfish have been seen recently on some up-to-date dinner tables in other countries as the central decoration, in lieu of flowers!

The goldfish do not mind in the least swimming about in a brilliantly-lit tank of green, blue, or primrose glass, and the colors certainly do add to their attraction.

A GIFT for Cricket Fans

CRICKET fans—and aren't we all?—will delight in the gift booklet, "In Quest of the Ashes, 1934," which has just been issued by Wrigley's Ltd.

Beautifully printed on art paper, and lavishly illustrated with pictures of cricket heroes of the hour, in and out of action, the booklet gives a delightful summary of the career of all the actors on the Test match stage. A fine colored picture of Don Bradman appears on the cover.

Inset is a comprehensive "Don Bradman scoring sheet and record of tour," so that enthusiasts can keep their own current accounts of the progress of teams in the epic struggle.

Photographic Beauty

Charming Pictures For Your Home

The Australian Women's Weekly Photographs

May be obtained at the following rates on application to Photo Department, Australian Women's Weekly.

Size.	Unm'td.	M'td.
8 x 6	2/-	3/6
10 x 8	3/6	5/-
12 x 10	5/-	8/-

Larger Sizes on Application

THE modern trend for Home Decoration, probably through the influence of the "films," is all in favor of photographic art.

The heavy blacks, chaste whites, and serene greys of camera studies are effective in the extreme, and beautiful subjects are legion.

The photographs reproduced in The Australian Women's Weekly so often reach an unusually high standard of attractiveness and artistic value that readers must at times feel the urge to possess those with a particularly strong appeal.

At the cost of, say, a couple of visits to the "pictures," you may indulge in a private version of any chosen photo. You will want to make a collection of them and ring the changes on them at will.

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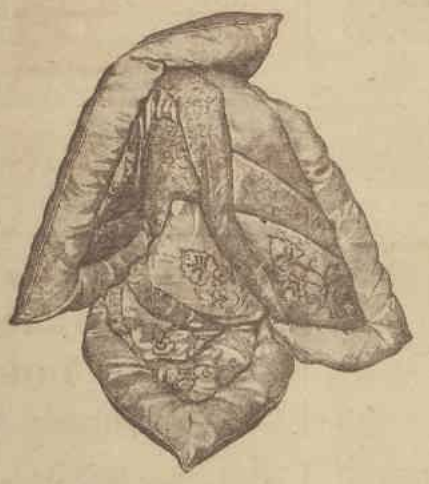
Special Winter Service by . . . .

DOWN QUILTS

Re-made or Re-covered



As an aid to practical economy and Winter comfort, why not have your old Down Quilt re-made or re-covered by Grace Bros.' experts? We have a special Department for this Service, and the work is guaranteed. Let us make your old Down Quilt like new—at a minimum of expense to you!

FULL SIZE QUILTS RE-COVERED
In Figured and Plain Sateen. Price, each, from **32/6**

LOOSE SLIP COVERS
In a variety of colourings. Full size. Prices, each, **18/6** and **24/6**

'Phone Grace Bros., M 6506, Furnishing Drapery Department, and arrange for your old Quilt to be called for and Estimate submitted.

Grace Bros

Extra Special Values in . . . .

NEW WINDOW DRAPINGS

"Home is what you make it!" Why not make your home bright and inviting with attractive new Window Drapings? Here are a few suggestions for smart window treatments from our new Stock of Curtain Nets—all the latest and keenly priced throughout!

COTTON SPOT NETS. Just opened! New Spot Curtain Net. 40in. wide. Fadeless colours in combination Spot: Orange and Green, Green and Red, Pink and Green. This is the very latest for Long or Short Curtains. Price, yard, only **1/11**

Special Offer! COLOURED NET. Cream ground with two-tone fancy stripe in Rose and Gold, or Blue and Gold effects. 36 inches wide. Price, yard, only **1/3**

SILK BORDER NET. Cream Cotton centre. Floral design, with Art. Silk borders in fast colours: Orange and Fawn, Blue and Fawn, and Rose and Fawn. 40 inches wide. Price, yard **3/3**

ARAB MADRAS. In the ever-popular Tulip design—and three others in floral effects. Nothing better made for washing. Noted for long wear. 50 inches wide. Price, yard **3/6**

Two Specials—Just Opened!

CARPET SQUARES . . .

in the very Newest Designs and Colourings!

BRITISH SEAMLESS WILTON PILE

Sizes	9ft. x 7ft. 6in.	9ft. x 9ft.	10.6 x 9ft.	12ft. x 9ft.
Prices	£7/10/–	£8/15/–	£10/10/–	£11/19/6

BRITISH SEAMLESS AXMINSTER

Sizes and Prices:

9ft. x 7.6	9ft. x 9ft.	10.6 x 9ft.	12ft. x 9ft.	12ft. x 10.6	13.6 x 10.6
£6/10/–	£6/19/6	£8/10/–	£10/10/–	£11/19/6	£13/10/–

Reversible BEDROOM RUGS

New Designs

As . . . . Illustrated

Heavily Fringed

New Colours

LINOLEUMS

We have the largest and most comprehensive range in the Commonwealth of all qualities of Linoleum. These include:

British Linoleum Squares
British Congoleum Squares
Inlaid Linoleum
Printed Linoleum
Plain and Moire Linoleums
Felt Base Printed Floorcoverings

Be sure to inspect our enormous range before ordering.

Patterns will be sent to Country Clients on request.

Remember that Grace Bros. is

"The Recognised House for Floor Coverings."

Insure Your Life by Purchasing a

RUBBER IRONING MAT

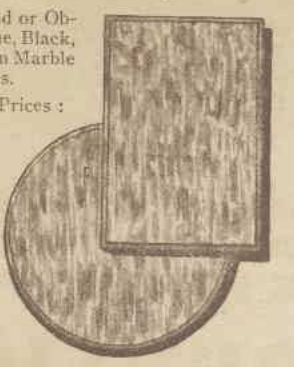
Non-conducting

Either Round or Oblong. In Blue, Black, Red, or Green Marble effects.

Sizes and Prices:

ROUND, 27-inch, **9/3** each.

OBLONG, 27 x 18in., **6/11** each.



Special Purchase!

150 WOVEN COIR MATTING RUGS. 6ft. x 3ft. Various designs and colourings. Usual Price, 10/9. Price, each **7/11**

DEER SKIN RUGS . . . .

The popular Rug for practically every room of the home—in natural colourings, which tone with all furnishing schemes. An excellent wearing Rug, and extra special value at this price. Size, 3ft. x 2ft. 6in. Price, each **27/6**

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Establishment of New Industry

Housewives Can Help

The importation of canned fish into this country amounts to a huge figure annually.

It is stated that in 1929 £750,000 was paid out for tinned salmon alone.

PACKING AUSTRALIAN BUTTERFISH at the Port Stephens canneries. The packers are all girls—attractive girls, too. There are over sixty of them employed in this growing industry, and they work under happy, hygienic conditions.

THIS state of affairs has been exercising the minds of enterprising Australians for a considerable period. One or two unsuccessful attempts have been made to market fish and so assist in the building up of our home industries.

The latest development of Port Stephens, however, where a factory has been established with installation of the most modern methods for canning, promises to reduce substantially these tremendous importations of salmon and other tinned fish.

The main product of this factory to date is "Royle Rock" butterfish.

Reports from all over Australia testify to the excellence of this deep-sea fish. Many are positive that it will supplant even the best of salmons, for it combines the richness of that fish with a greater delicacy of flavor. Moreover, it lacks the dryness frequently characteristic of salmon flakes.

There is no denying the fact that butterfish retailing at 11d. a tin is more than comparable to first-grade salmon selling at a much higher price.

Watching this young industry with unabating interest are many good Australians, among them Mr. T. C. Roughley, B.Sc., F.R.Z.S. Because he knows all there is to know about fish, and because of his tremendous desire to see our fish industry flourish, I had a talk with him.

Mr. Roughley said that he regards this as the most important development in Australian fisheries ever known; that there is every likelihood that those huge importations of salmon which have been for many years a blot on Australian industry and enterprise may cease.

Widespread consumption of this Australian product, canned under the most hygienic conditions, really devolves upon our housewives.

It is their concerted approval that will prove of utmost importance to the fisheries and the commerce of Australian fish.

They, in reality, govern the position. They will eventually determine whether the importation of fish will dwindle and the huge sums paid annually to other countries will remain here in circulation.—EVE GYE.

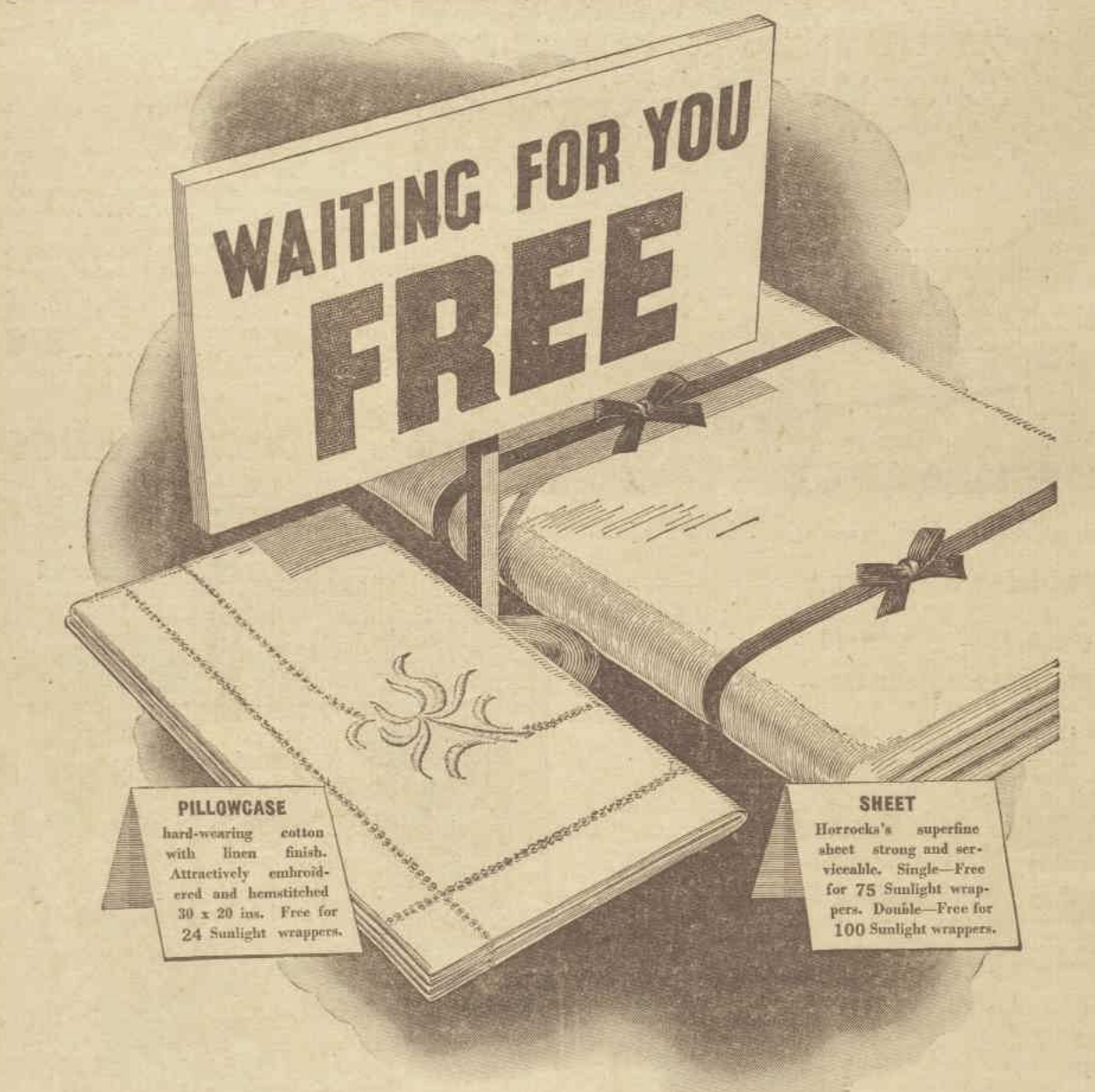
Did You Know?. . .

THAT color, like pictures, like languages, and like music, is a means of expressing ideas, and conveying thoughts? Every color has its own emotional message.

Red, for instance, suggests warmth and excitement.

Blue, on the other hand, creates sensations of coolness and repose; sometimes formality and restraint.

Yellow suggests light, and light gives life and cheer, so that when yellow enters your furnishing scheme it introduces the qualities of cheer, buoyancy, and life.



THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF SPLENDID SHEETS AND PILLOWCASES WAITING TO BE EXCHANGED FOR SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS . . . . . START SAVING NOW AND MAKE THE MOST OF THIS GREAT OFFER!

Cut off the required number of wrapper tops, the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap," (3 in each carton), and take them to Parkes House, 9-11 Hunter Street, Sydney.

Or post them attached to a sheet of paper stating: 1. Your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS. 2. The number of wrappers sent. 3. The gift required, to "SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT," Lever Brothers Limited, Box 4100WW, G.P.O., Sydney. Be sure to put correct postage on your envelope.

OFFER OPEN FOR LIMITED PERIOD

SUNLIGHT

. . . the soap with the £1000 Guarantee of Purity

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED

L.184.S

Do You Care for YOUR BOOKS As You Should?

BOOKS LEFT in this state will soon get to look shabby. Cover them at night, and during room-cleaning operations. A little care will double their life.

TO the question, "what should be done with books?" the most obvious answer is that they should be thoroughly read; which is perfectly true, and we entirely agree with it.

But books are not merely vehicles for information, or entertainment; they are also articles of decoration and, as such, require some consideration at our hands.

They have so much become a necessity in modern life, that no room looks complete unless books are present, and no one who cares for their contents can be wholly indifferent to their outward appearance. It is of the bodily, so to speak, and not of the mental, part of books that we are about to treat.

As a general rule, books should never be allowed to lie about. More injury is done by carelessness in this respect than by much reading. When one is done with, it is always easy to replace it on the shelf. They suffer much from dust, and should be exposed to it as little as possible.

To Preserve Collections

WHERE their preservation is a necessity, it is as well to know that a foot of glass costs very little, and will cover twenty-five octavo volumes; it should always be used to protect small collections.

In large collections, however, dwarf curtains of leather or some cheaper substitute, hanging from the shelf above to the tops of the volumes, prevents the passage of dust. They should be allowed to fall as low as possible without hiding the titles, and it is found a good plan to slit them half-way up at intervals of two or three inches, which allows the volumes to be taken out and replaced readily.

Another expedient is a roller blind in front of large book shelves. This can be drawn down at night and secured at the bottom with a padlock, if necessary, and the books are thus saved from the worst dust—that caused by early morning cleaning up.

What we have said about the preservation of books may seem simple and commonplace, but it is really quite important enough to be worth mention and attention.

How To Iron Smocked Frocks

SMOCKING gives such a charming finish to frocks, blouses, lingerie, etc., but after laundering its pristine beauty is so often lost. Here is a simple way, however, to bring back its original charm.

Never iron smocking flat, like the rest of the garment. When the flat parts are finished, turn the hot iron on its end on the iron stand. Now, holding the smocked part in both hands, run the wrong side of it backwards and forwards over the point of the iron. As the steam rises the material falls into the original smocking folds

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